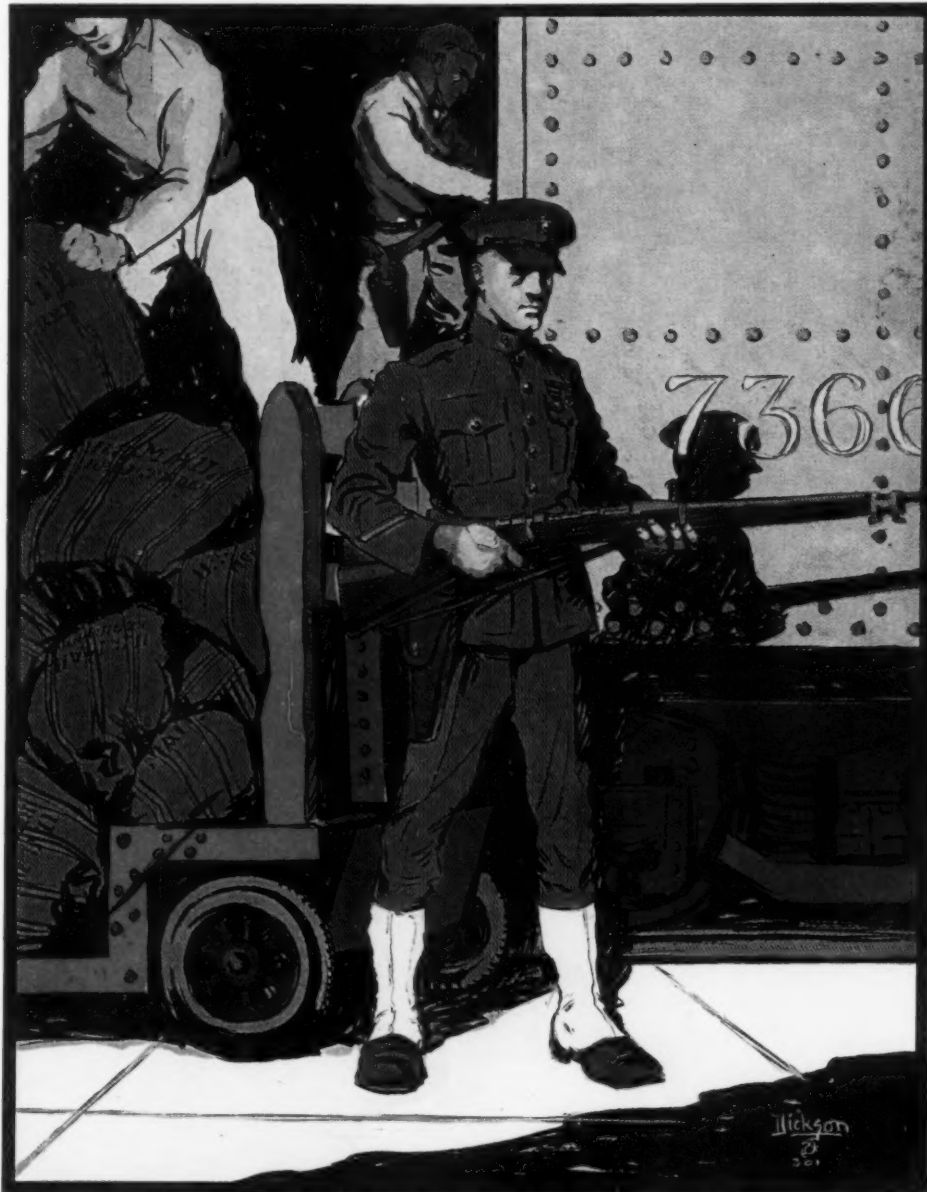


THE LEATHERNECK

August, 1934

Single Copy, 25c



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makes everything taste better
— *does something good for*
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baccos get from our own
Southland.

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and taste better — *blend them*
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ish and you have Chester-
field. They Satisfy.

*May we ask you
to try them —*

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LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD



Published each month by The United States Marine Corps Institute, Washington, D. C., for the advancement of education. Copy closes on the 10th of month preceding date of issue.

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Sketched by D. L. DICKSON

Cover Designed by D. L. DICKSON

Lieutenant Ellis Edits Leatherneck

IN ASSUMING the duties and responsibilities incident to the designation as Editor and Publisher of THE LEATHERNECK, it is opportune that sincere appreciation of the trust so incurred be expressed.

Boundless praise is due to those who have previously been charged with the destiny of the magazine, the success of which so well speaks for itself, and to the ability and zeal exemplified by the staff, which continues to function in well-directed efforts to higher attainment. And certainly not least to the entire personnel of the Marine Corps whose cooperation has enabled it to exist and prosper; and to whose service our efforts are humbly dedicated.

It is gratifying at this time to note that continued success and prosperity is insured by the recent trend toward wider circulation, exemplified by the fact that the last two issues have been in greater number than at any other time in the history of THE LEATHERNECK, and further supported by the fact that subscriptions have already increased in 1934 to the extent of 49 per cent.

Furthermore, the financial status of the publication shows the same healthy condition, which fact is particularly commendable in view of the course of the much talked of depression which has been a curtailment in many respects.

Marine Officers Promoted

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has approved the findings of the First Senior Marine Corps Selection Board, under which 71 officers with the rank of major and above are recommended for advancements.

When Congress convenes, the Chief Executive will send the names to the Senate for confirmation. This is the first time the Marine Corps has been subjected to the selective system below the rank of colonel, a program in vogue many years for senior ranks in the Navy. A Junior Marine Corps Selection Board is now finishing up its work, and its findings will be transmitted to the Chief Executive for approval.

Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, commandant of the Marine Corps, headed the Senior Board. Officials said no junior officers would be let out of the service by reason of being "passed over" for two years. No forced retirement in the senior grade is possible under the present law. Those who fail of selection this time might be "picked up" by a subsequent board, as these groups will meet annually, as is now done in the Navy.

The senior Selection Board of the Marine Corps, recommended 2 colonels for promotion to brigadier general, 11 lieutenant colonels to colonel, 53 majors to lieutenant colonel, 2 senior officers in adjutant and inspectors' department, 2 in the quartermaster department and Col. Harold C. Reisinger was chosen for appointment as head of the paymaster department, after Brig. Gen. George Richards, the paymaster, leaves office.

Col. Richard P. Williams, the president of the Marine Corps Examining Board at the Navy Department, was selected for promotion to the rank of brigadier general, as was Col. Thomas Holcomb, who is on duty in the office of naval operations.

Lt. Col. Clayton B. Vogel, who is commanding the Garde d' Haiti, was among the lieutenant colonels chosen for advancement to colonel.

Maj. Alley D. Rorex was picked for advancement to lieutenant colonel, as were Maj. Joseph C. Fegan, Roy S. Geiger, Charles D. Barrett, Oliver Floyd, Earl C. Long, Harry L. Smith, Miles R. Thatcher, Marion B. Humphrey, Harold C. Pierce, Keller E. Rokey, Allen H. Turnage, Matthew H. Kingman, Ralph J. Mitchell, James E. Davis, Karl I. Buse and John M. Arthur.

Brig. Gen. Rufus H. Lane, the adjutant and inspector, under the Selection Board's program will be succeeded when he reaches the retirement age of 64 years on November 1, by Col. David D. Porter.

When Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews retires as head of the Quartermaster's Department he will be succeeded by Col. Seth Williams, now in charge of the depot of supplies at Philadelphia.

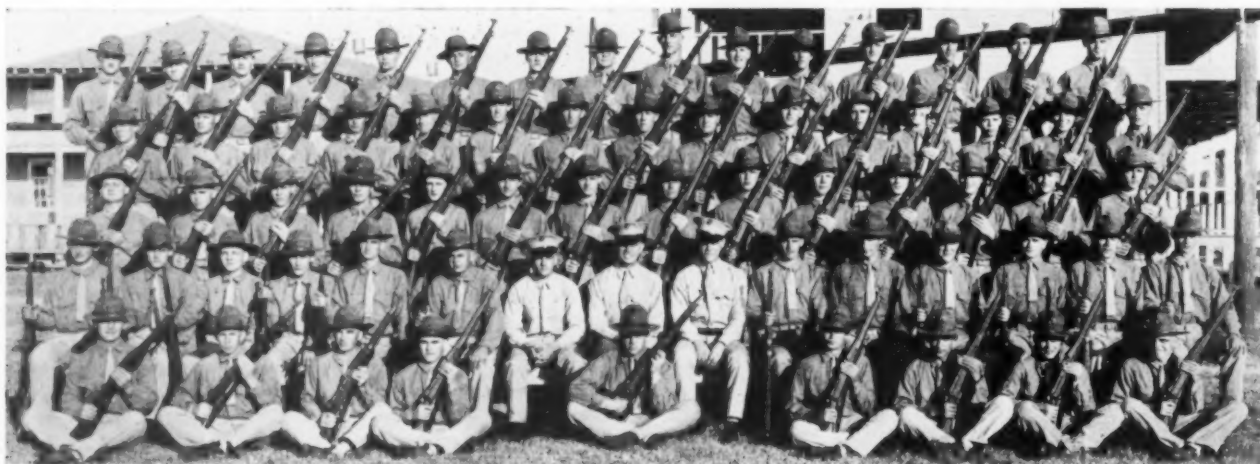
For promotion to colonel: Lt. Cols. Emile Phillips Moses, Henry Newman Manney, Jr., Calvin Bruce Matthews, Andrew Boggs Drumm, Holland McTyre Smith, Ralph Stover Keyser, Bennet Puryear, Jr., Phillip Huston Torrey, Robert Livingston Denig, Charles Frederick Berthold Price.

Others chosen for advancement include:

For promotion to lieutenant colonel: Maj. Samuel Milby Harrington, Harold Livingston Parsons, Thomas Edward Thrasher, Jr., Julian Constable Smith, Charles John Miller, Leander Alston Clapp, Thomas Stanley Clarke, Francis Thomas Evans, Alexander Areher Vandergrift, Harry Schmidt, Selden Brown Kennedy, William Buchanan Sullivan, Lowry Boyd Stephenson, Harry Kleinbeck Pickett, John Bridgman Sebree, Henry Louis Larsen, William Henry Rupertus, James Latham Underhill, Alphonse De Carre, Samuel Lutz Howard, Lyle Holcombe Miller, De Witt Peck.

Maj. Archie Franklin Howard, Raymond Race Wright, Pedro Augusto Del Valle, Walter Hoorsch Sitz, William Gillman Hawthorne, Oscar Ray Cauldwell, Arnold Windom Jacobsen, Earl Herndon Jenkins, Thomas Eugene Watson, Walter George Sheard, Lloyd Lorenza Leech, Raphael Griffin, Samuel Alexander Woods, Jr., and William Capers James.

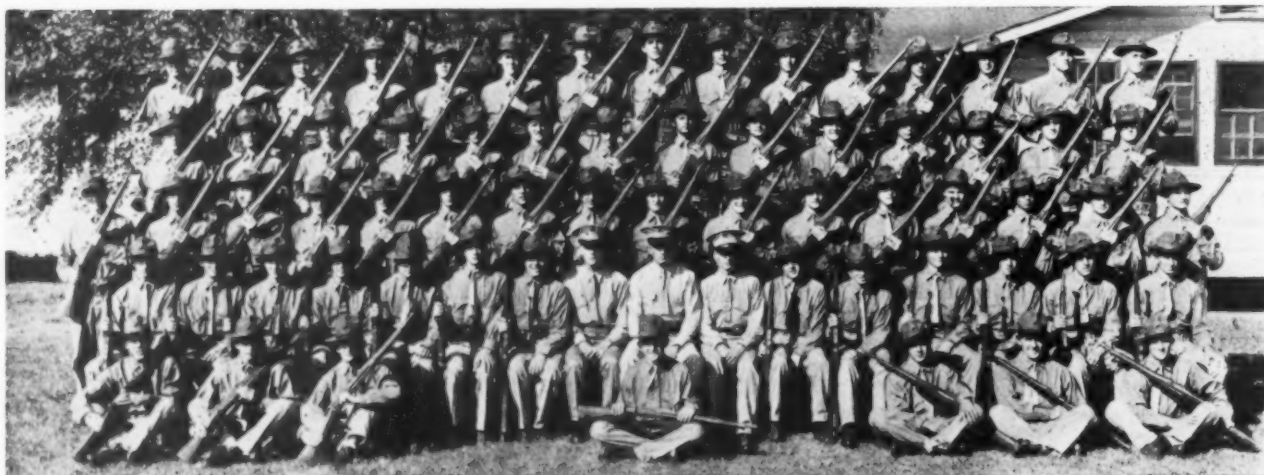
WELCOME TO THE RANKS OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES



Company 16, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Leppig, Corporal Marello and Corporal Liggett



Company 17, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Hollingsworth and Corporal Malone



Company 18, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Harney, Corporal Patterson, and Corporal Reid

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Lt. Arthur W. Ellis
U. S. M. C.

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MY YANGTZE ARMED GUARD DETAIL

EVERY ship flying the American flag and commanded by an American master which leaves Shanghai, bound up the Yangtze River, carries an armed guard of Marines or sailors "to protect American lives and property and prevent American vessels from being pirated." One of the more common ways in which pirates seize a ship is to have a crew of thugs come innocently aboard as passengers, and, when in some lonely spot well away from watchful gunboats, to hold up the officers and crew, destroy the wireless, and take command of the ship. A meeting is then effected with some junk at a designated rendezvous; the cargo is looted, the passengers despoiled of their valuables, and, usually, two or three wealthy persons are taken off to be held for ransom. Then the pirates transfer to the privateer and sail off, smug in their knowledge of work well done.

A still more common method, and one which requires no preparation beyond the procuring of arms, is to come upon a grounded steamer and loot it. Since elaborate preparation is unnecessary, this latter method is the most popular for bolstering up a waning exchequer.

Added to piracy, the soldiery along the shore have in the past made excellent use of foreign ships as targets for a bit of much needed practice. Here is an ideal moving target; and, moreover, there is always the possibility of winging one of the "foreign devils." The fact that the target is moving makes a little more difficult the puncturing of, say, the captain's left eye; and thus is added a piquancy totally absent on the prosaic rifle range. The seasoning in the soup, as it were.

And so, one cold Saturday night, we four Marines from Company M of the Fourth Regiment embarked on the motor lighter *I'Kiang*, bound for Ichang, a thousand miles up the Yangtze. We were unaware that we were destined to go much farther than that; that did not transpire until

By Paul Villere, Jr.

Photography by E. M. Murray

much later—in fact, not until we had reached Ichang.

The little vessel on which we embarked was one hundred-fifty feet in length, and was powered for use only on that portion of the river below the rapids. We carried no first-class passengers, but we did carry what might be termed steerage. We Marines were berthed in a little cabin about eight feet square. Whenever two of us were standing, the other two had to remain in their bunks or go outside. About the pilot house and the bridge were steel plates loopholed for defensive rifle fire, and behind which we would be safe from pirate bullets.

The city of Shanghai is not located on the Yangtze itself, but on one of its tributaries, the Whangpoo, some thirty miles from the Yangtze. It was early Sunday morning when we left Shanghai; and about seven we debouched from the Whangpoo and bucked into a stiff head wind on the broad Yangtze.

The Yangtze has its origin in the mountains of Tibet, among the Himalayan snows, and forges its way for thousands of miles to the sea. When one approaches the coast of China near the mouth of the river, one is impressed by the yellow water while still miles at sea. For navigational purposes, it is divided into three sections: the Lower

River, extending from the sea to Hankow, a distance of six hundred nautical miles; The Middle River, from Hankow to Ichang, a distance of about four hundred sea miles; and the Upper River, from Ichang on into the vastness of China. Different sets of pilots, recruited from among the junkmen, are employed on each section of the river.

The banks are far apart where the Whangpoo meets the Yangtze, and our little vessel rolled heavily as she hit the swells. The water continued choppy throughout the first day, throwing spray over the forecastle which quickly



Chinese Cargo Junks off Woosung, near Shanghai

froze on gear, ladders, and life-lines. At six o'clock that night we began the watch of four-hour periods. It was cold; in the early hours of the morning one was hard pressed to keep from freezing stiff in the bitter wind which swept the river and howled through the rigging. I stood watch from two until six that morning, and after the first hour I was certain that I should never be able to thaw out my feet. At brief intervals I ducked into the pilot house in an attempt to warm myself at the small oil stove, but I was driven out each time by the stench of opium. The pilot was "hitting the pipe" as is their custom, and the place was untenable for one not accustomed to the odor. But these pilots are efficient; the opium does not seem to have any dulling effect upon them.

When not smoking, the pilot stood by the forward windows of the darkened room, bundled against the cold; for the stove, beyond helping the opium to pollute the air, had very little effect. He stood peering into the blackness ahead, hands behind his back, swaying rhythmically on the balls of his feet with the motion of the ship, calling out every few minutes something which sounded like "Wah-li-wah" or "Yah-yah-aye" which the helmsman promptly echoed as he spun the wheel and watched the needle swinging beneath the dim binnacle lamp. Then, for a space, silence, broken only by the soft throbbing of the engines and the moan of the wind or the swishing wash of the water alongside. After a long while it dawned on me that the pilot was giving his commands in English, and not, as I had first thought, in Chinese. His "Wah-li-wah" was "Nor" by West," and his "Yah-yah-aye" was "Nor" Nor" West," believe it or not! But it took eight or ten days of keen auricular work for me to translate about half the terms used in boxing the compass. It was the same when the boatswain heaved the lead. His "By the mark ten" sounded like anything in the world but that until I had become accustomed to it.

About noon the next day we passed Nanking, the capital of China. At anchor were many gunboats and light cruisers of different nationalities, including our own *Sacramento* and a whole fleet of Chinese cruisers, six in all, one of which was of the very latest design. There seemed to be a great deal of activity along the waterfront; we could not see into the city itself. At the docks were several ocean-going steamers and the usual swarm of junks and sampans.

These Chinese junks are vessels of peculiar construction. Contrary to outward appearance, they are quite seaworthy, and are really very well built. They vary in size from the hundred-foot eighty-tonners down to the twenty- or thirty-footers. The seagoing variety are characterized by high, fluted poops, squared, barge-like bows, and a rather deep waist; the masts, in this part of China, are either two or three in number, stepped-in at different angles. The foremast leans well forward, the mainmast is erect, and the mizzen is raked aft. Each mast is fitted with a peculiar sail, almost what we Occidentals would call "lugger-

rigged" except that there is no boom, its place being taken by light bamboo poles dispersed at intervals of a foot or so along the sail and parallel to the yard. Fastened to the ends of these poles are light ropes, each like the string of a bow, passed on the side of the mast opposite the poles and the sail and serving to keep the latter against the mast. The sheets fan out to meet the ends of the poles at either edge of each sail, an arrangement which prevents the spilling of too much wind.

Forward, on each side of the bow, there is often a large, bulging, painted eye, to see the dangers lurking ahead and enable the junk to avoid them, of course. Amidship are the lee-boards, which have the appearance of the wings of some strange, huge bird, folded against the sides of the ship. And aft, under the high stern—occasionally one sees a beautifully carved counter—is an oversized balanced rudder. Parenthetically it may be mentioned that the balanced rudders was in use in China long before Western science "discovered" it.

In addition to sails as a means of propulsion, there are the large sculling sweeps on either side, ingeniously hinged

by a sort of universal joint to a heavy operating boom, so that a sculling motion may be produced by merely pushing the boom back and forth in a short arc. Four or five men—or women—are frequently employed on each scull, as they are enormous. The entire surface of a well-kept junk is varnished "mast-color" with wood oil, and presents a spick and span appearance.

The sampans are smaller boats, about twenty feet long, and are propelled entirely by means of a single stern scull having the same construction as those of the junks. In shape, the sampans resemble the junks. They present, from the side,



Foreign Steamer in the Gorges

the same crescent shape; but the construction of the stern is markedly different. Imagine a counter like that of one of our own dories, but having the sides of the dory projecting a foot and a half beyond the stern, and then cut, so that they curve at the bottom to project only a few inches beyond the counter. There you have the after end of a sampan. As far as I can make out, the reason for such construction is to break up the stern wave into three parts and directed away from the stern, dampening the force of the wave and actually lifting the boat forward!

The banks of the river continued, in the main, low-lying and of the same mud color as the stream itself. In some places were low humps rising like excrescences out of the flat plain, surmounted always by a building, the corners of its eaves turned up in true Chinese style. Here and there, however, were real, substantial mountain ranges with white pagodas etched against their flanks, their turned-up eaves grass-covered, and often with small trees growing vigorously upward through the red-tiled roofs.

On the third day, at dusk, we passed Wuhu, the first large city that was not hiding behind a dike. It was built on an elevation and fully exposed to view. The first thing which came under our survey was a large brick building surmounted by a cross. As we neared, a sign on its

compound wall could be read: "Wuhu General Hospital." Then the village emerged, shrouded in the dull haze of the afternoon. The buildings overflowed a cliff at the water's edge, and were supported by piling. The two most prominent were a large, double-spired church with a life-size white statue between the towers, and, close by, an ancient, gray, weather-worn pagoda with the usual crown of vegetation—the monuments of Christianity and of Paganism standing side by side in friendly intimacy! Next to the pagoda was a river, curving through the town to empty into the Yangtze, absolutely blocked by a mass of junks, whose masts made a thick forest of bare poles in the gathering dusk.

From Wuhu onward to Hankow the country was more mountainous. Some of the mountains were still covered with snow from a recent fall. We passed many small cities and villages, the houses of which were, for the greater part, built of coagulated mud and rice straw, and sheltered above with thatched roofs. There was remarkably little tree life, as is the case everywhere in China along the waterways. Centuries of overpopulation have caused almost everything woody to be cut down for fuel or building material.

It was late in the afternoon of the fourth day that we tied our lines at a pontoon on the waterfront below Hankow. This city is quite large, its size and importance being further enhanced by the two neighboring and almost contiguous cities, Hanyang and Wuchang.

The morning after our arrival I determined to go ashore for the purpose of visiting a friend in Hanyang. I had had the watch the night before, and so had the whole day free to do as I pleased. I had no idea how to get to Hanyang or how to find my friend once I got there, as the address I had was rather indefinite. Accordingly, I went up to the shipping office on the pontoon and asked the agent, a young blond German, for information. The gentleman was most affable. He drew a little sketch to show me the route I should take. He then sent his Chinese clerk out to change some money into small local currency, necessary for the ricksha coolies, and, in addition, had him write down the address I sought in Chinese characters on a slip of paper.

I hopped into a ricksha and proceeded down the Hogai, or waterfront. The street was well paved and, despite the fact that there was very little traffic of any description, especially a paucity of motor cars, there were Chinese traffic agents at almost every corner. The city is built on a bluff above the Yangtze, and I was afforded an excellent view of the shipping. There were many river steamers and gunboats, and, of course, the usual collection of junks and sampans. The buildings along the waterfront were quite large and modern and European in appearance, comparing favorably with those along the Shanghai Bund.

I rode for what seemed about three miles to the custom house, a large stone building with a clock tower, and decided to walk the rest of the way. I paid my coolie and struck out on foot. Up to this point I had seen a few European faces in the streets, but from here on I was

destined to see not another one. My uniform attracted considerable attention, particularly among the soldiery, of whom there were many in the streets. I could sense an entirely different atmosphere than is prevalent in Shanghai, where white people are quite common and where the Chinese are more or less under white domination. Here things were quite otherwise. The people stared at me with rather insolent looks; I felt that I was not at all welcome, and that upon the slightest pretext, steps would be taken to verify that impression. I was a foreign devil—and a hated foreign soldier at that, although, no doubt, few who saw me really knew that I was of the military profession, in spite of my uniform.

After a half-mile walk I came to the junction of the Han River and the Yangtze. A steep flight of stone steps led down from the high bluff where I was to the water's edge. A sampan-man approached me.

"Sampan?"

I nodded. He led me down the steep stone stairs to his boat, jammed in among a hundred others. We were next to the shore, and there were some fifty feet of tangled

junks and sampans to be forced through before we could reach open water. It was difficult to imagine how my boatman would ever manage to squeeze through that solid mass of shipping. However, he did not seem at all taken aback by the prospect. He went at it with a will, with scull and boat-hook, pulling, pushing and shoving at the mass ahead, hurling bits of choice invective at the heads of all about us, who answered, no doubt, in kind. After penetrating the sampans, we began the more difficult task of passing the denser junk stratum; my boatman shouted at the top of his voice to this man and that, and they shouted in return, using

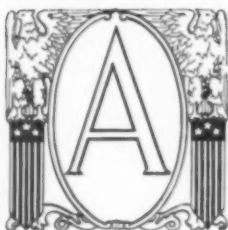
their poles against each other's boats, until a bit of open water showed. We flashed into the opening, avoiding a ramming by but a slight margin as the current swung the larger craft against our cockleshell.

Then we were in the channel. The current was running here at five or six knots. The coolie rowed away like one possessed as we were carried abeam downstream. Two heavily-laden junks bore down upon us, but my ragged friend, with a deft stroke of his sweep, guided our boat into the narrow space between the larger vessels. I gasped as the junks slid by in the grip of the current, one on either side of us, forging onward as though they were equipped with powerful motors.

Finally we reached the opposite side of the Han, upon which lies Hanyang. As I stepped from the boat, I handed the coolie twenty cents Mex, which, as I later learned, overpaid him fivefold. Accordingly he deduced that I was a greenhorn and tried to browbeat me into further remuneration. He seized me by the arm, seconded by half a dozen of his confreres who happened to be standing by, and made an angry demand for more. Glancing up to the top of the bluff, I saw two policemen. Ramming an angry elbow into the midriff of the boatman I pushed him off, dashed through the excited group, and (Continued on page 47)



The Bund near Hankow, China. This scene was taken during low water; at high-water nearly all this ground is covered.



CUP O' JOE

BY FRANK H. RENTFROW

(Illustrated by D. L. Dickson)

RED MORGAN was hungrier than a she-wolf with pups. Gladly would he have relished canned willie or salmon,

even omitting his customary growl at such unsavory rations; but there wasn't a crumb of food in the outfit. It had been two days since the mess sergeant availed himself of the sacred privilege of such deities and had taken the wrong road. Where it led, no one knew; and he remained only as a profane memory in the minds of the men. Ration parties had set out; but there was considerable shelling and none of them returned. Due to the inexperience of a flanking unit and the efficiency of the company's favorite burglar, there had been a frugal issue of hard tack and corned beef. But Morgan had missed it. He had journeyed far on an unsuccessful prowl for food and returned just as the last emptied container was tossed in a ditch.

"Where's mine?" he yelled at his buddy.

Dusty Rhodes (all "Rhodes" in the military service are "dusty") surveyed his friend in wide astonishment.

"Gee, Red, I thought you'd come back full of steak an' onions. We only had one can to five men—they caught Pete before he could police any more. Honest, pal, I'da saved you some of mine only I thought you'd . . ."

"Yeh, I know what you thought: 'Hooray fer me an' poo poo fer you!' That's the way with all you birds: 'I got mine—how'd you make out?' Swell buddies. Just one happy, big hearted family."

Red leaned his rifle against a shattered tree and sat down beside it on a carpet of rain-rotted leaves. He listened abstractedly to the rattle of small arms out in front. They were not alarmingly close, but it meant that the outfit that leap-frogged them the day before were at grips with the Germans. Red was unconcerned about such unimportant things as war. He was, as we have previously mentioned, hungry.

"Wouldn't be so bad if I could get a cup o' joe," he mourned. "I ain't had nothin' hot in me for a week."

"Listen," said Dusty, his face bright with inspiration. "I just happened to think. There's a Marine outfit over on our right. They had a ration issue this morning and I understand they drew for a full company. There ain't

half of 'em left 'cause they made a frontal attack when they should have fell back. We shouldn't have much trouble moochin' some chow an' a cuppa java from them."

"Ain't you th' li'l optimist," scorned Red. "A sweet chance a couple of doughboys would have getting anything from Marines. All they ever hand out is abuse; an' I've had enough of that."

"I thought you was hungry."

"Hungry!" There was a look of misery on Red's face. "Say, I'm so starved I could eat the eyes whole out of a skunk."

"Well, M'lord, do you want'm brung to you on a silver platter or have you got gumption enough to haul your bucket over to that leatherneck outfit?"

"What's the use?" Red asked wearily. "They won't put out to no soldiers."

"Maybe they won't—if they know it. Marines ain't so bright that they can't be hoopscooted just like the rest. We'll ask for somethin' to eat, polite-like, first; an' then if they don't come across, we'll police what we can."

For the first time that morning Red smiled. He got to his feet and slipped the rifle sling over his shoulder. "Dus-ty," he beamed, "if I can get a cup o' joe outta this I'll take back all the dirty names I called you—even if they are true."

Unnoticed by the rest of the company the two men departed through the woods. It was an unwholesome bit of forest that had been fought over, captured and recaptured and ravished by the shells of both forces. The trees were stark, splintered things, and the ground underfoot was squishy with the waters of many rains. Red sniffed.

"Phew," he complained, "don't those rotten leaves stink, though?"

"What you smell," said Dusty significantly, "is rot rotten leaves."

Red gulped and silently followed the narrow trail through the woods. He reflected bitterly that warfare itself was bad enough without the added discomfort of insufficient food.

A small opening in the woods disclosed some two-score men lolling about smoking and talking. Most of them were dressed in army olive drab,

but a few wore cleaner, greener uniforms with trousers instead of breeches. These were the recent Marine replacements. Across the clearing, where a slight fringe of bushes offered some protection against visibility, stood the company's soup cannon. Three or four men were cleaning up pots and pans under the strident and profane direction of a hatchet-faced cook.

Dusty nudged Red. "Here we are," he whispered out the side of his mouth. "Watch me put the bee on these birds for some chow."

He advanced to where a bearded giant lay with his head



A sweet chance a couple of doughboys would have getting anything from Marines.

pillowed on a battered helmet, smoking contentedly.

"Say, Jack," began Dusty with a friendly smile, "Who's in charge of your kitchen?"

The man spat and sized the two soldiers up and down. At last he growled out: "We ain't got no kitchen."

"No kitchen," echoed Red. "What do you call that thing over in the bushes?"

"Oh that," answered the Marine with exaggerated unstanding. "Why don't you say what you mean? That ain't no kitchen; it's a galley. But it wouldn't make no difference to you bozos if it was a dinin' car. I'm mess sergeant, an' I ain't puttin' out, see? I know your yarn: You ain't chowed since the push started, an' all that; but I ain't got more'n enough fer my own outfit, see? All you get from me is sympathy."

"We can get that out of the dictionary," snapped Dusty.

"Yeh, right after suicide and sweat."

Red broke in for the first time. "How's chances for a cup o' joe, anyhow?"

The Marine raised himself on his elbow and smiled at the soldiers. It was not a pleasant smile, but one like Nero might have bestowed on two captive Christians.

"Sure," he smirked, "we had a lotta coffee left over from chow. Just amble over to the galley and tell the cook or one of them grease-balls that I said to give you some."

Red and Dusty flung profuse thanks over their shoulders and walked hurriedly toward the kitchen. The aroma of coffee was strong in the air, and the suggestion of its comforting warmth brought smiles to the expectant doughboys.

"Well?" demanded the cook, wiping his hands on his greasy dungarees; "what are you guys after?"

"Your mess sergeant said there was some coffee left over and that you should give us some."

A weird grin split the cook's ugly face. He chuckled, then he guffawed mightily, doubling over and slapping his knees in a paroxysm of mirth.

"What's so funny about that?" Red wanted to know.

The cook couldn't answer. In weakness he leaned against a tree and laughed until the tears ran down his face.

"Oooo," groaned the cook. "Big-hearted Mickey, ha! ha! ha! Says you can have coffee. Sure you can. Help yourselves." He pointed toward some buckets on the ground. They were filled with a dark brown, greasy fluid. Chips of hardtack floated on the surface.

"Hey," Dusty called to a nearby Marine who was scouring a huge pan, "what's the matter with this guy? Is he shell shocked?"

"Always has been," replied the leatherneck. "He's got a great sense of humor, he has. I'm sorry, Soldier, but everything's gone. We had more coffee than we had fresh water so they made us clean mess gear in what was left."

Dusty lunged for the cook and the cook lunged for a meat axe. Red grabbed his friend. "Go easy, you idiot," he whispered. "There ain't nothing we can do but get out of here. Making a pass at that guy would be like heaving rotten eggs at some second lieutenant."

"Did you get your coffee?" leered the mess sergeant as the two soldiers walked past him.

"Not yet," snapped Rhodes; "but we will."

Too angry for words the doughboys hiked down the road toward their own outfit. The sun was slipping behind the trees and they faced toward it, trudging along, wearier and hungrier than ever. Except (Continued on page 41)



The foremost grabbed the flame-spewing muzzle of the Maxim and upset the thing onto its crew.



President at Canal

Cristobal, Canal Zone, July 11.—President Roosevelt's cruiser, the USS *Houston*, dropped anchor in the harbor here at 8:30 a. m. today and received aboard Secretary of War George H. Dern, preparatory to a trip of inspection through the Panama Canal.

The War Secretary, who is in charge of the Canal Zone, described the canal as not only a vital factor in national defense, but also as "the greatest of non-military activities."

The President came on deck early to witness the trip through the gigantic canal connecting two oceans.

Shortly after 10 o'clock the *Houston* started through the canal.

The Gatun locks were crowded with spectators awaiting the arrival of the President. Infantrymen and Canal Zone police were guarding all approaches.

Quantico Marines to Drill at Fair

Quantico, Va., June 27.—A crack outfit of Marines from Quantico, Va., is going to A Century of Progress at Chicago, leaving by train today, so the thousands of visitors to the fair may see how they operate.

Altogether, 130 Marines will be in the detachment, but 28 of them will be in the band, which Marine Corps headquarters is sending to the fair. The Marines are from the Fleet Marine Force, the new organization recently set up, under direct command of the commander in chief of the United States Fleet.

Commanding the outfit will be Capt. Frederick E. Stack, who was at one time aide to the Major General Commandant here. The Marines will be assigned to a joint camp with the Navy at the fair.

Warship Arrives for Visit

Washington, D. C., July 1.—The cruiser *Raleigh*, flagship of the destroyers of the Scouting Force, reached the Washington Navy Yard yesterday to be Washington's guest over Independence day. The warship pushed her way up the Potomac River from Hampton Roads, Va., where the Scouting Force has been sojourning the past week.

The vessel will be open to visitors from 1 to 5 p. m. today and this schedule will be maintained during the stay here. The *Raleigh* is expected to depart Friday.

The navy yard here will have other drawing cards, too, over Independence day. The destroyers *Reuben James* and *Goff* tied up at the yard yesterday and probably will be open to visitors at the same time the *Raleigh* is.

Senior Selection Board

Washington, D. C., June 24.—In obedience to orders of the Secretary of the Navy, the Senior Selection Board, upon completion of its deliberations will, conforming to the provisions of the recently enacted personnel bill (H.R. 6803), render its report to the Secretary. The composition of this board is as follows: Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, Commandant U. S. Marine Corps, president; Maj. Gen. Harry Lee, Brig. Gen. Rufus H. Lane, adjutant and inspector; Brig. Gen. James C. Breckinridge, Brig. Gen. Charles



MR. HERBERT HOOVER

Born August 10, 1874

H. Lyman, Brig. Gen. Douglas C. McDougal, members, and Capt. Edward J. Farrell, recorder.

The composition of the Junior Selection Board which will render its report to the Major General Commandant, follows: Col. Thomas Holcomb, president; Lt. Col. Calvin B. Matthews, Lt. Col. Bennett Puryear, assistant quartermaster; Lt. Col. Ross E. Rowell, Maj. Oliver Floyd, Maj. Harry L. Smith, Maj. Keller E. Rokey, Maj. Archie F. Howard, Maj. William C. James, members, and Maj. John M. Arthur, recorder.

No officer will be recommended for advancement unless he shall have received the recommendation of not less than two-thirds of the members of the board.

Administrative staff duty performed by

any officer under appointment or detail, and duty in aviation, or in any technical specialty, will be given weight by the selection board in determining his fitness for promotion equal to that given to line duty equally well performed. The authorized commissioned personnel of the corps is to be as follows: Major generals, two (excluding the major general commandant); brigadier generals, six (exclusive of staff and any additional numbers in grade by special act of Congress); colonels, 35 (common list); lieutenant colonels, 38 (common list); majors, 80; captains, 256; first lieutenants, 224. For the purpose of distribution, grade and rank mean the same. Further, henceforth officers in the grades of lieutenant colonel and major shall not be retired because of not being on a promotion list or on an eligible list for appointment as head of a staff department, and shall be eligible for consideration for promotion by selection boards without regard to completion of 28 and 21 years' commissioned service, respectively.

New Warship Bids Are Set Up for Aug. 15

Washington, D. C., July 1.—Secretary Swanson yesterday announced August 15 as the date for opening bids for construction of 24 new warships.

This program will include one heavy cruiser, the keel of which cannot be laid down, under the London naval treaty, until January 1 next; three light cruisers of 10,000 tons each, with 6-inch guns; two heavy destroyers of 1,850 tons each; 12 light destroyers of 1,500 tons each and six submarines of 1,300 tons each.

The bids will be opened at noon on August 15, in the presence of Secretary Swanson, Assistant Secretary Roosevelt and other high-ranking naval officials. Some are to be constructed in navy yards and some by private shipbuilders.

Navy Junks Only Warship to Sink a German U-Boat

Washington, D. C., July 6.—Taps was sounded by the Navy Department yesterday for the destroyer *Fanning*, only American warship to send a German submarine to the bottom during the World War.

The vessel has been scrapped at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, it was learned yesterday, the metal to be sold for junk. Somewhere in the heap of scrap metal that was the *Fanning*, there is a white star, a symbol the *Fanning* alone could bear—the badge of honor for sinking the U-boat.

Also stricken from the Navy's roster were the destroyers *Paulding*, *Roe*, *Terry*,

McCall, Beale and Patterson. During the war, these vessels operated out of Queens-town, Ireland, and off the coast of France, doing patrol and convoy duty.

It was on November 17, 1917, that the *Fanning* sank the German submarine U-58. In the company of the destroyer *Nicholson*, the *Fanning* was off Queenstown when the U-bout's periscope was sighted. While both vessels encountered the submarine, it was to the *Fanning* that the enemy surrendered.

This was the only time an American warship captured prisoners at sea in the World War.

Organize Shoots Throughout U. S.

For the third straight year the National Rifle Association's national high-powered rifle and pistol champions will be determined in regional and State tournaments rather than in one central tournament. Shoots are now being organized through the country.

While practically all of the rifle matches heretofore have been restricted to the service rifle, all this year will permit the use of any .30-caliber rifle of American manufacture.

Navy and Marine Memorial

Paving the way for the erection of the Navy and Marine Memorial Monument Dedicated to Americans Lost at Sea on Columbia Island, Washington, D. C., the House, June 3, approved a resolution authorizing an appropriation for its transportation to Washington and setting up.

Los Angeles Grounded

Washington, D. C., July 12.—The Navy yesterday officially sounded the death knell of the veteran airship *Los Angeles*, condemning it to training service in hangars because of old age.

The big dirigible actually was decommissioned a year ago, but Secretary of the Navy Swanson yesterday made its idleness permanent with an order it must never again go into the air.

The ship made its first official flight for the Navy October 12, 1924. It has had the longest useful life of any airship in history, but deterioration of its materials now makes it unsafe to take the ship off the ground.

The *Los Angeles* will be kept in the hangar at Lakehurst, N. J., and used for ground instruction.

Final condemnation of the airship, built in Germany, leaves the Navy with the *Macon* as its only large type airship and again brings up the question, always vigorously debated in Navy circles, whether the nation's airship force should be stronger.

Embargo on Arms Invoked for Cuba

Washington, D. C., June 30.—The United States struck today at terrorism in Cuba by clamping an embargo on implements of war destined for the island.

The proclamation issued last night by President Roosevelt was expected to strengthen the hand of President Mendieta in restoring tranquility to the republic, recently torn by violence.

Bombings have menaced Mendieta and Jefferson Caffery, American Ambassador. Two weeks ago machine gunners fired on a political parade, killing more than a dozen people.

Gun-running from Florida to Cuban ports had increased, Washington officials heard. President Roosevelt, acting under a joint resolution Congress passed in 1922, decreed

the embargo to enable the Cuban government "to maintain peace and tranquility."

Navy Cuts Use of Torpedoes

Washington, D. C., July 8.—The Navy, for practical reasons, is going to remove torpedoes and torpedo tubes from eight of the older heavy cruisers, the Associated Press reported yesterday.

Officials said that since the mission of the heavy cruiser is principally scouting and the raiding and destruction of commerce, it had been decided that the ships of this type were not effective for torpedo attack.

None of the Navy cruisers launched since 1932 has been equipped with torpedoes or torpedo tubes.

Officials said they would be retained on destroyers and light cruisers which, because of their speed and mobility, can use torpedoes to better advantage as weapons of attack.

The tubes and torpedoes are to be removed from the eight cruisers whenever they put into Navy yards again for their periodic overhauling.



BENJAMIN HARRISON

Born August 20, 1833

The change will remove about 35 tons of weight from each vessel.

Disabled Veterans Elect Volney Mooney

Colorado Springs, Colo., July 7.—Volney P. Mooney, Los Angeles, was elected national commander of the Disabled American Veterans at the final session of the national convention yesterday. Roy E. Hale, Parkersburg, W. Va., was elected senior vice commander.

Marine Students' Honors

Washington, D. C., June 19, 1934.—The Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps this date commended three enlisted men of the Marine Corps for their outstanding work in the Army Signal School at Fort Monmouth, N. J.

First Sergeant William Nelson, Master Technical Sergeant Lawrence S. Dyer, and Private Lyle Ellis Buck were, at their own request, sent to the Signal School for instruction, and all graduated from the Telephone Electrician's Course with the highest honors obtainable. The three men were

awarded Gold Seal diplomas in recognition of their outstanding achievement.

Marine Wins Life-Saving Medal

Washington, D. C., July 3.—The Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps this date forwarded to the Commanding Officer of the Fourth Marines, Shanghai, China, a Silver Life-Saving Medal of Honor, together with a letter from the Treasury Department, addressed to Private Spencer.

On January 8, 1934, Private Spencer rescued a comrade from drowning. The Major General Commandant has directed that the medal and the letter be presented to Private Spencer with appropriate military ceremony.

Lieutenant Good Reports as Aide

Washington, D. C., June 27.—First Lieutenant George Franklin Good, Jr., formerly stationed at Quantico, Va., has reported for duty at the Navy Department as the new aide to the commandant, Maj. Gen. John H. Russell. The announcement by Marine Corps headquarters said Capt. Lester A. Dessez, who has been aide for about four years, is slated to attend the Ecole de Guerre in Paris, starting about September.

Lieutenant Good is a native of Pennsylvania, and was born September 16, 1901. He was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1923.

Captain Dessez has had charge of the Marine Band and the great popularity of this organization on the radio is due in a measure to his handling of its assignments.

Captain Dessez was in command of the Marine detachment aboard the battleship *Maryland*, prior to duty here.

Promotion Boards

Two Marine Corps selection boards convened at the Navy Department, June 25, and began a task which is expected to take several weeks.

The junior board, which will select 92 captains and 89 first lieutenants for promotion, is expected to stay in session for at least three and probably four weeks. The senior board, to select two colonels, 11 lieutenant colonels and 53 majors for promotion as well as make up promotion lists for the heads of the staff departments, is likely to be occupied nearly as long as the junior board.

One problem which will have to be solved is how to get Presidential approval of the slates. President Roosevelt will be on the high seas on the cruiser *Houston* and is not due to return to Washington until September. It is stated, however, that if mail is to be forwarded to him for signature, the selection lists will be sent.

Non-Com Receives Reserve Commission

Washington, D. C., June 24.—F. Nelson Reeve, former gunnery sergeant in VJ-7MR, local Marine Corps Aviation Reserve squadron, has won a commission as second lieutenant in the Marine Corps Reserve, it was announced yesterday.

Lieutenant Reeve has been attached to the Eastern Reserve Area and will continue his training with VJ-7MR at the Anacostia Naval Air Station.

Foreign Duty Shortened

Washington, D. C., June 24.—The Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, announced that the three-year tour of duty on foreign stations has ceased.

In the future, said the bureau, the tour (Continued on page 39)



THE HONEYMOON

There had been a big family row; the police had been called; Mr. Blank was hauled into police court for beating his wife. The magistrate rebuked him severely.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," his honor began, "assaulting your wife like that. I never saw a nastier black eye. Do you know of any reason why I should not send you to prison?"

"If you do," answered the defendant, "it will break up our honeymoon."

—Kablegram.

The traveler arrived in the village in the early hours of the morning, and, proceeding to the inn, set down his bag and threw stones at the window to awaken the landlord. After a while a window was thrown up and a head peered out.

"Can I stay here for the night?" shouted the traveler.

"Sure," was the reply. A moment later a pillow came hurtling down. "Take this," the voice continued, "in case you find the doorstep a bit hard."—*Border Cities Star*.

Stout Lady—"Conductor, help me off this train."

Conductor—"Surely, ma'am."

Stout Lady—"You see, I'm stout and I have to get off backward, and the porter thinks I'm getting on and gives me a push. I'm five stops past my destination now."

—A. and N. Journal.

She was the kind of woman who could be relied upon to say the wrong thing wherever she was. At a recent dinner she turned to her neighbor and said:

"Doctor, can you tell me who that terrible-looking man is over there?"

"I can," replied the medical man. "That is my brother."

There was an awkward pause while the woman racked her brain for something to say. The doctor was enjoying her discomfiture.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she stammered, blushing. "How silly of me not to have seen the resemblance!"

—*Printers' Ink*.

Mrs. Brown—"She told me that you told her the secret I told you not to tell her."

Mrs. Green—"The mean thing! I told her not to tell you I told her."

Mrs. Brown—"Well, don't tell her that I told you she told me."—*Buen Humor*.

UNHEALTHY LIFE

After a temperance lecture in Scotland, one of the audience tarried and greeted the anemic speaker as follows:

"Did I understand ye to say ye never took a drink in a' yer life?"

"Yes, sir, liquor has never passed my lips."

"Weel, sir, my old man now deid was a bit o' a drinker a' his life, an' three days after he deid he was a healthier looking mon than you are now."—*Gris-O-Grams*.



First Marine—"Haven't you forgotten that two bucks you owe me?"

Second Gyrene—"Certainly not. Didn't you see me try to duck into the paint locker?"

"Why is Mabel so angry? The papers gave a full account of her wedding."

"Yes, but they put in that Miss Ogle was married to the well-known collector of antiques."—*Tennessee Tar*.

Teacher to Pupil—"Spell 'Straight'."

Pupil—"S-T-R-A-I-G-H-T."

Teacher—"Correct; what does it mean?"

Pupil—"Without ginger ale."—*Skipper*.

EXCESSIVE RENT

"Where have you been for the past week?"

"Oh, I moved."

"Moved?"

"Yep. Landlady asked too much for the rent."

"How much did you have to pay?"

"Three dollars a week."

"And how much is the new place?"

"Five dollars a week."

"But I thought you just said your old landlady asked too much for the rent."

"She did—four or five times a day."

—Kablegram.

A group of traveling men were swapping lies about their radios in a Smith Center drug store. An old man had been listening silently.

"Got a radio, old man?" asked one of the drummers.

"Yeah," replied the old fellow. "I got a little two-tube affair. It's a pretty good one, though."

"Can you tune out these little stations with it?"

"Well, I was listening to a quartet the other night, an' I didn't like the tenor, so I just tuned him out and listened to the three of 'em."—*Hardware Age*.

Farmer: "See here, young feller, what are you doing up that tree?"

Boy: "One of your apples fell down, and I'm trying to put it back."—*Printers' Ink*.

"My brother just got something on trial and I don't think he likes it."

"What is it?"

"Twenty-five years."

—*Dell Publishing Co.*

"Dear, dear, you mustn't play with daddy's razor, baby. Mother has a can of peaches to open."—*Printers' Ink*.

A three-hundred-pound man stood gazing longingly at the enticing display in a haberdasher's window. A friend stopped to inquire if he was thinking of buying the marked-down lavender silk shirt.

"Gosh, no," replied the fat man, wistfully. "The only think that fits me ready-made is a handkerchief."

—*De Laval Monthly*.

Doctor: "You have acute appendicitis."

Patient: "Don't get fresh; I came here to be examined, not to be admired."

CURRENT NEWS

"This stuff is all rewrites," growled the city editor. "We got to have something more up to the minute!"

"A man was electrocuted this morning," said the reporter. "Is that current enough?"



She: "Don't you think it's presumptuous to kiss a girl when you hardly know her?"
Gyrene: "Yes, so I presume."

Pat was a fresh arrival and had obtained a situation in a hotel as a sort of man of all work. "Now, Pat," said the landlord, "you see that sign, 'Gentlemen must use the spittoons.' If you notice any of the guests violating that rule, I want you to report the matter to me."

"Oi wull, sor." Pat kept a sharp lookout, and after watching a gentleman for half an hour, went to him and said:

"D'ye moind the sign forinst the wall, sor?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you observe it, thin?"

"I'm not spitting on the carpet," said the gentleman, rather astonished.

"Oi know yer not, an' yer not usin' the spettune nayther. Spet, ye thafe, or Oi'll report yez."—Clown.

Professor—"Here you see the skull of a chimpanzee, a very rare specimen. There are only two in the country—one in the national museum and I have the other."

—Wednesday Night Life.

Traveler: "Who's the close-mouthed individual in the corner? He hasn't spoken for ten minutes?"

Village Wit: "He's just waitin' till Pete comes back with the spittoon."

—Clown.

Mr. Cutter—No man with any sense would permit his wife to carry on the way you do.

Mrs. Cutter—How do you know what a man with any sense would do?—Pathfinder.

"The maid I require must be very economical."

"My last mistress discharged me for that very reason ma'am."

"What, for being economical?"

"Yes'm; I used to wear her clothes."—Tennessee Tar.

Sailor: "What a night! What a girl! What a moon! What a combination!"

San Pedro Sadie: "Heavens! is that showing, too?"—Tennessee Tar.

THE ULTIMATE OWNER

Judge (to amateur yegg): "So they caught you with this bundle of silverware. Whom did you plunder?"

Yegg: "Two fraternity houses, your Honor."

Judge (to Sergeant): "Call up the downtown hotels and distribute this stuff."

W. Va. Mountaineer.

Truck Driver (after the crash)—"Didn't you see me signal for you to stop?"

Haughty Motorist—"Yes, but if you think I'm going to take orders from YOU, you're mistaken!"—Tid-Bits.

They had knocked a man down with their car and the victim was giving vent to his feelings.

"What's he saying, George?" asked the motorist's wife.

"Oh, just the usual biased stuff from the pedestrian's point of view."—Punch.

Fair Motorist: "Oh, I'm dreadfully sorry I stopped so suddenly without warning you. I'm afraid I've telescoped your radiator and hood."

Second Motorist: "That's perfectly all right, I'm sure. My car was too long anyway."

—Walla Walla.



Captain: "Do you mean to stand there and tell me you saw the prisoner beat up his guard and escape without you making a move to stop him?"

"I couldn't, sir, I was busy."

"Busy! What was so important that you couldn't help the guard?"

"I was fillin' my pipe."

Two darkies were talking about the depression. "Boy," said one, "what would you do if you had all de money in de worl' right now?"

"Well, suh," replied the other, "Ah reckon I'd pay hit on mah debts—fah as it'd go."

—Alabama Highways.

A Marine Sergeant won the prize for dumbness. While calling off the names of men owing money on company lists, he reached the bottom of the list and called "Total." There was no answer.

"Total!" he yelled.

Then, to the gang, "I don't blame him for not piping up. He owes more than all the rest of you together."

—Walla Walla.

HARD-BOILED BURGERS

Eight boots had just blown into Great Lakes Training Station and were starting to get acquainted. As usual, the first question was: "Where are you from?"

"My town has a hard name," said the first. "You see I come from Granite Falls, South Carolina."

"Call that hard?" sniffed the second boot. "The name of my burg is Leadville, Colorado."

"Leadville sounds hard, all right," commented a third, "but my town isn't exactly soft, either."

"What is it?"

"Ironwood, Michigan."

"Hard enough!" remarked a fourth boot, "but my birthplace is Rocky Mount, North Carolina."

"Why don't you gents pick a town that's real hard?" queried a fifth recruit. "I was born and brought up in Stonewall, Texas. Laugh that one off."

"That's what I call a fair list of burgers," yawned the sixth man. "Still, everybody knows the rep of my town."

"Where's that?"

"Deadwood, South Dakota."

"Deadwood may be all it's cracked up to be," remarked the seventh boot, "but it takes my town to top it off. I come from Tombstone, Arizona."

By this time the eighth boot was tip-toeing out of the room, but his newly-found shipmates called him back.

"Where are you from lad?" asked one of them.

"Leave me out of the argument," parried the eighth man, as he continued walking toward the door. "I blew into this outfit from Rosedale, West Virginia."

—Our Navy.

A well-known colonel, a sticker for regulations, stopped opposite a rather non-regulation Marine whose service ribbon was an inch or so too far down. Fixing the man with his eye, the colonel asked: "Did you get that medal for eating, my man?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Then," thundered the colonel, "why the devil do you wear it on your stomach?"



Sergeant: "What kind of soup are you serving at the non-com mess?"

Cook: "Windmill soup."

Sergeant: "Windmill soup?"

Cook: "Sure; if it goes round you'll get some."

BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

WALTER REED

YELLOW JACK. By Sidney Howard with Paul De Kruif (Harcourt, Brace), \$2.00.

Ordinarily the dramatic form of literature is read less avidly by service men than are other forms of adventure writing. But *Yellow Jack* is as packed full of excitement, adventure and daring as is a contact with bandits in the Nicaraguan Hills.

The story deals mostly with Dr. Walter Reed and his belief that a type of mosquito carried the deadly yellow fever. The American army in the Cuban Occupation had been dying by hundreds, stricken by yellow fever. A harassed staff of physicians studied cause and effect. Corpses were dissected, blood tested, germs analyzed; but the epidemic could not be halted.

The theory that the mosquito was the carrier began to intrude itself. Animals were inoculated without result; they were immune. There was but one thing left: the human laboratory.

The idea is met with horror. Who would willingly subject himself to the almost certain fatal experiment? Of the four doctors one has had yellow fever and would probably not be receptive. The other three stand willing to stake their lives. Mosquitoes are obtained and permitted to bite patients who are dying of the disease. Doctors Lazear and Carroll then permit the insects to feed upon themselves, although the latter exhibits but little desire to become a martyr. Apparently there are no results. Perhaps they are wrong about the whole thing. Volunteers are asked for among the enlisted men. Four answer the call. They are to be isolated in pairs. Two are to be subjected to mosquito bites. The other pair is to be kept from the insects but made to stay in a shack "packed full of every stinking by-product of this disease . . . to sleep in the unaired, undisinfected and unwashed bedding and night shirts men have died in, on pillows and mattresses soaked with fever sweat and black vomit." One pair comes down with the fever, right enough; as do both the doctors.

The story is one of the most entrancing we have come across for many a day, and our suggestion is to request your librarian to get a copy if there isn't one on the shelves already.

SAGA OF THE SEA

MEN AGAINST THE SEA. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall (Little, Brown) \$2.00.

This story is the continuation of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, by the same authors. You remember in that book how the crew of H. M. S. *Bounty* mutinied against Captain Bligh and forced him with eighteen loyal friends into the ship's launch and sailed away. Wherein *Mutiny on the Bounty* followed the destinies of the mutineers, this present narrative presents the story of Captain Bligh and his men.

With no weapons save four cutlasses, with little to drink and starvation rations, the captain sailed his boat from May 3, 1789, until June 14, traversing 3,618 miles, a feat unparalleled in the logs of sea adventure.

Immediately after being driven away from the ship, the boatload of unfortunates headed for an island. They negotiated some trading with natives who suddenly became hostile and the seamen were forced to flee to their boat.

The days passed in a monotonous cycle of horror. The men became withered and wasted and their soaking clothes hung in folds on their skeleton frames. They were too weak to bail, but bail they must. Food was practically gone. "We had been on starvation rations for twenty-one days past, and, during the whole of this time, wet to the skin and chilled to the bone. Our bodies were covered with salt-water sores, so that the slightest movement was agony, yet we were compelled to move constantly for the purpose of bailing. Many of us were too weak to raise ourselves to our feet, but we crawled and pulled ourselves about somehow, and, knowing that our lives depended upon it, we could still manage to throw out water."

Days passed. The starving crew managed to snare a bird about the size of a large duck. This was divided and the men devoured it to the last morsel.

Then, on the fourteenth of June, they arrived at Timor, a small island just north of Australia. "There were but eight of our company strong enough to sit upon the thwarts; the others were lying or sitting, propped up in the bottom." Safe after sailing nearly one sixth of the way around the world.

THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

REBEL DESTINY. By Melville and Frances Herskovits (McGraw-Hill). A travel book of the different sort, an exploration of the Dutch Guiana, and the strange, voodoo-worshipping people who inhabit the bush. \$3.00.

SALT WINDS AND GOBI DUST. By Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr. (Scribner's). A collection of thirteen tales of Marines and Marine Corps activities. Some forty illustrations by the author. \$2.50.

INFANTRY IN BATTLE (Infantry Journal, Inc.) A text book of infantry combat principles embodying actual problems confronting all elements of infantry in the World War. Profusely illustrated with maps to explain the problems. \$3.00.

HIGH COMMAND IN THE WORLD WAR. By William Dilworth Paleston (Scribner's). A study of the important operations of the World War. \$3.00.

CAN WE LIMIT WAR? By Hoffman Nickerson (Stokes). A study of war in its many ramifications, its inevitability, and its limitations through economic, social and other deciding factors. \$2.75.

OLD GIMLET EYE. By Smedley D. Butler, as told to Lowell Thomas (Farrar & Rinehart). The adventures of General Butler in the Marine Corps. \$2.75.

TOO MANY BOATS. By Charles L. Clifford (Little, Brown). A story of an army post in the Philippines during the war. Tragedy and humor, with militarism shorn of its glamour. \$2.00.

VOODOOS AND OBEAHS. By Joseph J. Williams, S. J. (Dial Press). A comprehensive study of Voodooism, its history and characteristics. These data are the result of a quarter of a century's experience in the West Indies. \$3.00.

BLACK BAGDAD. By John H. Craigie (Minton, Balch). A Marine officer's story of the occupation of Haiti. Horror and humor stalk through the pages of this unusual yarn. \$3.00.

THE FIRST WORLD WAR. Edited by Laurance Stallings (Simon and Schuster). A photographic record of the World War. Some of the most beautiful specimens of photography ever gathered between the pages of a book, detailing the human element and emotion of the war. \$3.50.

AMERICA SELF CONTAINED. By Samuel Crother (Doubleday Doran). A timely discussion of an important subject. The economic independence of the United States is explained thoroughly. \$2.00.

HERE ARE MY PEOPLE. By Arthur J. Burks (Funk and Wagnalls). Mr. Burks, former Marine officer, writes the story of the state of Washington as seen through the eyes of those who helped fashion it. \$2.50.

WE SAIL TOMORROW. By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan (Longmans, Green). A romance wherein the eternal triangle, involving a pair of naval officers, develops an additional side. \$2.00.

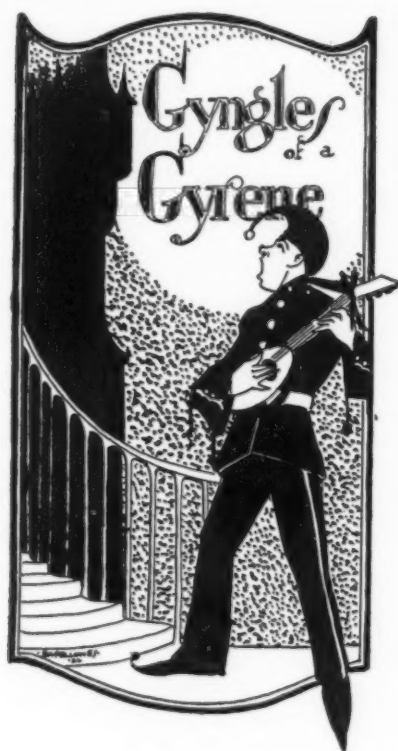
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WASTED ENERGY

Author Unknown

The rookie pitcher, tall and strong,
Stepped out upon the slab—
His arms were long, his shoulders seemed
As wide as any cab.

The conches instantly began
A fierce and furious din—
From manager to bat boy each
Wagged madly with his chin.

They strove to rattle that young man,
And scare him from the hill—
He gazed upon them mockingly,
And pitched a wicked pill.

And when the kid had shut them out,
And evening's stars had come,
They learned, too late by several hours,
That he was deaf and dumb.

A SONG OF LEGIONS

By Ten Eyck Van Deusen

Then the Legions turned from Britain
On the long white road to Gaul
From the purple patterned heather
Bound tight against the Wall.
The Little Painted Peoples
Ran shadows through the grass
As they clawed aside the branches
To watch our Eagles pass.
The gallant, vanquished Eagles
With their faces turned toward home.
The proud and polished Eagles
That led the shields from Rome.
The blazing day flung glory
From each rank of tilted spears
And the cohorts sang of Roma
As their thoughts rolled back the years.
The salt sweat burned the callous
Where the wet straps tugged and tore
And each shift of shield and armour
But seemed to cut the more.
This land was Rome's and Romans held it
Though the black seas bit the beach

And wing helmed through ice and snow
whorls

Came those of alien speech;
Huge men and brave in combat
Yellow haired and raiders all
But they dropped sail once near Vectis
And we pinned them near the Wall.
Good blades and mighty axemen
And they met us knee to knee
But our sullen, dark browed Legion
Turned and flung them back to sea.
Yes, they tossed their sails and left us
Bruised and battered, bloody, numb
Yes, we whipped them, whipped them,
whipped them

But they never ceased to come!
They'll come again and take this,
All this bleakly lovely shore
The Picts can never stop them
And the Eagles soar no more;
For the Legions turn from Britain
And their half completed task
Rome's will, there is no question
That a soldier dares to ask.
Dares to ask or stops to wonder,
There is no Law but Rome!
But this land my comrades died in
The Legions call it—Home.

KNOW-IT-ALL

By A. L. Lippmann

The man who never caught a fish
Will tell you how to hook one.
The man who never cooked a dish
Knows ninety ways to cook one.

The man who never steered a boat
Will tell you how to do so.
The man who never sang a note
Still deprecates Caruso.

The man who never wrote a tale
Makes light of Poe and Strindberg.
The chap who never flew the mail
Has several hints for Lindbergh.

The man who never trapped a mouse
Will tell you how he killed one.
The man who never built a house
Advises how to build one.

So why pay consultation fees
And why waste years at college
When everyone admits that he's
A Walking Book of Knowledge?

THIS OLD WORLD

By Tramp Starr

This world is a hard old world, they say,
But it doesn't seem hard to me;
It's good and bad, in a mixed up way,
And you see what you want to see.
For every frown you can find a smile,
And for every curse there's a prayer;
And for each heart-breaking, weary mile,
There's a beautiful mile somewhere.

It's easy enough to find deceit,
And it's easy enough to find true blue,
But they both of them live on Mixup street
And the finding is left to you.
For every thorn there's a soft red rose,
There's a joy close to every care,
And for each sad day your spirit knows
There's a wonderful day somewhere.

So this is a good old world, I say,
With a ladder for every pit,
And storms that last only a day,
With the sunshine after a bit.
For every lad with an honest heart
There is a girl who is "on the square,"
And even, Pal, if the clouds won't part,
There's another old world somewhere.

TEAMWORK

By Maxwell L. Hoffman

Sometimes I meet folks who are like
A horse we used to own;
He wouldn't do a darn thing right
Unless he worked alone.
It was a very nasty trait,
And caused a lot of trouble;
Between the thills he showed off great,
But kicked when hitched up double.

There are some horses just that way,
And there are some people too,
Who always must have their own way
In everything they do.
When some big task is planned,
Such folks are long on talk;
But if they're put in command,
The start to kick and balk.

A good team doesn't pull by jerks,
Nor stand and paw the air;
They know that team-work only works
When each one does his share.
They pull until the tugs are tense,
To firmly test the weight,
And then together they commence
An even, steady gait.

When there is work that must be done,
There is a share for each.
Don't think the job was just begun
So you might make a speech.
Horses cannot talk—and hence,
We humans call them dumb;
But they have got enough horse sense
To know how things are done.

THIS TOO SHALL PASS AWAY

(Pensacola Weekly)

The dark today leads into light tomorrow;
There is no endless joy, no endless sorrow.
Shall pass away: fame, glory, place and
power,

They are but little baubles of the hour,
Flung by the ruthless years down in the dust.
Take warning and be worthy of God's trust.
Use well your prowess while it lasts, leave
bloom,
Not blight, to mark your footprints to the
tomb.

The truest greatness lives in being kind,
The truest wisdom is a happy mind.
He, who desponds his maker's judgment
mocks,

The gloomy Christian is a paradox.
Only the sunny soul respects its God,
Since life is brief we need not make it
broad;

Since life is brief we need not make it
bright.
Then keep the old king's motto well in
sight,

And let its meaning permeate each day.
Whatever comes. This too shall pass away.

BALM

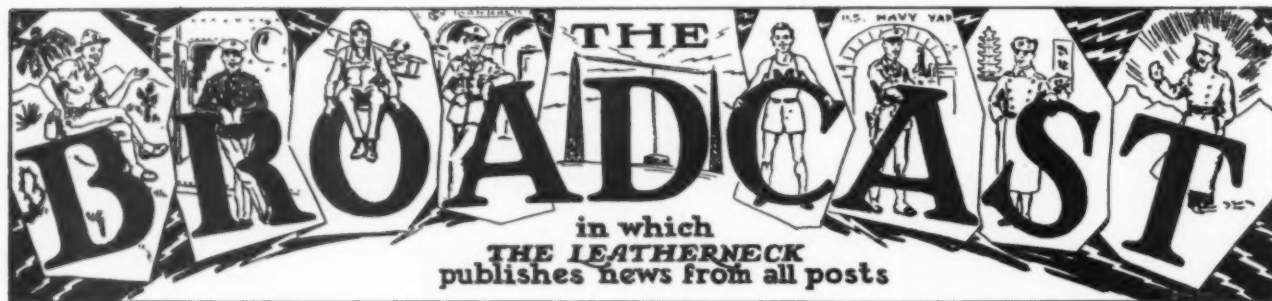
By Lillian Thomas

When love takes wings to go its vagrant
way,

(As love has often strangely dared to do;)
When words prove futile, when our yesterday
Becomes a past, I wonder, dear, if you
Will grant me this: The taste and sweet
delight

Of burning lips, a lovely melody,
The quiet stillness of a magic night—
To be relieved when you are far from me!
And, when at last you rise and turn to go,
And slowly take your hat from off the
rack,

It would be easier for me, I know,
If you would lie and say "I might come
back."



Sea-Going Log

CRUISE CLIPPINGS

U.S.S. *Wyoming*, Plymouth, England, 25 June.—Well, here at last is a column from that good old training ship, the *Wyoming*. It appears that cruises were invented for the purpose of educating the Middies and torturing the Marines. We have had to move down a deck, to the narrowest and most-used passageway on the ship. However, when the liberty boats shove off, the spirit of the detachment is not lacking in any way. While liberty here is quite different from that back in the States, each man seems to have been able thus far to enjoy himself in the manner he chose. No complaints in that direction!

The buying power of our money is just about what one might expect it to be. Souvenirs are cheap, as are beer and other necessities. Last Thursday we were entertained by the Plymouth Division of the Royal Marines at their barracks. There were about twenty men present from this detachment, along with about thirty from the *Arkansas*. Dinner was served at six-thirty, after which the tables were cleared and the entertainment begun in earnest. Music was furnished by the Royal Marine string orchestra, and beer by the Royal Marines themselves. At intervals during the program, speeches were made, and toasts were proposed and drunk to the new friendships which had come into being. We were paid a surprise visit by a number of Royal Marine officers, one of whom made a fine speech.

Since that evening we have been taking

things easy and listening to a series of fantastic conquests made by "Lady-killer" A. Such, J. S. Wheat, J. T. Reville, J. L. Pender, Jack Johnson, L. H. Kinney, H. F. (Music) Smith, and the well-known Swede Joneson. Aside from remarks about their liberties, the lads are all rather quiet. Hiking, cycling, and swimming are the quite popular, and the British love to dwell upon the beauties of a really lovely country to those who mention the scenery. The people with whom we have come in contact have odd ideas about the United States, which have been formed from American films, ninety per cent of which are made in Hollywood.

Our visit to England has been marred by only one unhappy occurrence. First Lt. Roy M. Gulick, our Marine officer, was stricken by an attack of acute appendicitis, and had to be removed to the Royal Naval Hospital on our third day in port for an operation. We are happy to welcome him back today, and hope that he will have a speedy recovery.

MINNEAPOLIS SPEAKS

By Joseph York

Marine Detachment U.S.S. *Minneapolis* was organized at Norfolk Navy Yard 16 April, 1934, and immediately took off for Philadelphia, Pa., where on 19 May, 1934, the detachment went aboard to take over the duties of a Marine Detachment afloat. The cruiser is one of the finest, if not the finest, in the Navy. Captain Gordon W.

Haines, U. S. Navy, is commanding. First Lieutenant Emery E. Larson, U. S. Marine Corps, is Detachment Commander and Second Lieutenant Frederick L. Weisman, U. S. Marine Corps, is second in command. Yours truly is top kick and Gunnery Sergeant Stephen J. Zsiga, is Gunner's Mate on the 50-Caliber machine guns. Sergeants Sanford and Sweeney, each have a five-inch to play with. The detachment is composed of new men in the service; they have never been to sea, or anywhere for that matter. However, since commissioning they have been to New York City; Norfolk, Virginia, and are now on their way to Charleston, South Carolina, from which port we will go to Newport, R. I. The recent promotions were one sergeant, three corporals, and twelve privates first class. That is an excellent start and makes the boys buck. The ship is a dandy, the officers are kind where kindness is due and I suppose they could be otherwise too—although with this fine crew aboard, both sailors and Marines, there has been no occasion for other measures. While in New York the boys made a noble effort in explaining to the laymen the different functions of the ship although they have only been aboard a month. This thing sort of grows on one—and you do not have to go to sea years to know something about sea duty. But let me tell you—a term at sea is the best Marine training going. So-o-o-o, you landlubbers put in for your sea boots. I can read the writing in the offing.

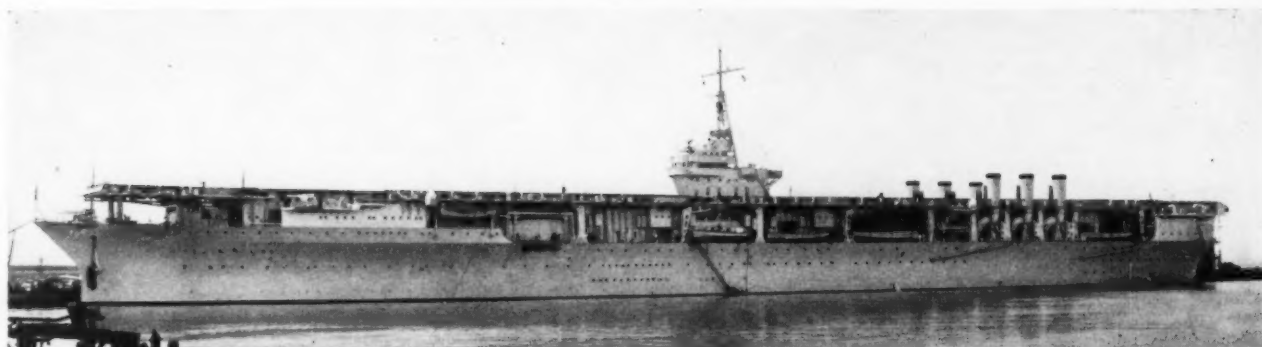
The itinerary (unofficial) is from Newport to Russia, Finland and England. Will be seen' yee.

*We will drink a toast to dear old Vodka,
Wash it down with the bloomin' ale;
Some of the boys will come thru flyin'
Others, will probably land in jail.*



MARINE DETACHMENT, U.S.S. *LEXINGTON*

Capt. R. C. Thaxton, Commanding, and Lt. A. R. Brunelli, and 2nd Lt. Orin K. Pressley



The U.S.S. Ranger is Ready to Range the Seven Seas

THE RAMBLING RANGER

By Gaynor Pearson

Midships on the flight deck of the U.S.S. *Ranger* we stood with burning necks and aching feet as President Homer L. Ferguson of the Newport News Shipbuilding Corporation said, "Admiral Smith, it gives me great pleasure to turn over to you the U.S.S. *Ranger*."

Immediately following Rear Admiral Smith's statement of acceptance the Stars and Stripes were flung to the breeze, and Captain Henry's command rang out, "PRESENT ARMS!!" and so it was that America's most modern fighting unit took her place in our government's fighting force.

Since that memorable occasion we have ventured into Hampton Roads for a week's cruise, and docked at the Norfolk Navy Yard. Wallace "Tex" Fowler, Davies Wakefield, and Frank Brown were practically prostrated by the nausea of the sea. (Others, especially the officers, seemed to be unaffected by the rough sea.)

The segregation of the Marine personnel into diverse clusters, with regard to the display of heterogeneous arts, desires and ambitions, proved extraordinarily interesting. Our most handsome personage, Michael "Spike" Motowski, went into the messing compartment for duty with Brookshire, Buchanan, Griffin, and King. Food is served cafeteria style on the *Ranger*. It is rumored that "Spike" frightened a baby out of two years' growth by looking at it through a port-hole. Harvard University gave us our butcher, Edward (Major) Little, lately of Harvard, and Maine University included, is serving in that capacity. "Major," who hails from America's richest municipality—Brooklyn (Boston) Massachusetts, was made to sign a chit by the commissary steward to the effect that he wouldn't drink all the lemon extract.

Our handsome young mail clerk, Leslie J. Hall, cancelled twelve thousand letters on commissioning day. Corporal Hall, one of the few Marine mail clerks on board ship, formerly served in the Marine Detachment at Naval War College in Newport, Rhode Island. The Marines get their mail first on the *Ranger*.

We are now proceeding without the services of Cpl. John Stuckey, and Sgt. Cyril Shelby. The Hibernian transferred to New York and Sergeant Shelby is in the hospital. Due to the shortage of corporals all privates first class were promoted. One of them—Gulledge E. "Squads Right" Curry—from the high hills of Arkansas—recently shot 574 with the B. A. R. at Quantico. The other, Ernest Griffin, also made Expert Rifleman at the same range with the .30 Rifle. His score, the highest made at the time, was 327. Thomas Simpson, once a sergeant on the

Texas, was also made corporal. Firmness without litigiousity; friendliness without familiarity has made "Pop" approximately the best liked individual in our aggregation.

Corporals Barnes, Cullem, and Fields were promoted to sergeants. Assisting them as corporals of the guard have been the hexad of Curry, Griffin, Ekrut, Reems, Halves and Edwards. The last named three have an excellent chance of being promoted from Private First Class.

The competition for corporal has taken the form of a free-for-all. However, some of us are singing a lullaby of broken dreams. In regard to assurgency, Darwin once said: "How fleeting are the wishes and efforts of man! How short his time and consequently how poor will be his results. Natural selection is daily and hourly scrutinizing; rejecting those that are bad; preserving all that are good. We clearly understand that old canon in natural history 'natura non facit saltum'."

Recent additions to our group included the much-travelled Darral Lewis, Frank Hollard, and Horace Whatley. Each of these men tower over six feet, yet Mollard weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds and looks like the Jack Dempsey of Toledo.

Trumpeter Ernest Fuller, who is about as large as "Rabbit" Maranville, has a dungaree suit large enough for Hack Wilson. Fuller is of California's Golden Gate City.

Speaking of individuals, we have a man aboard with a name unpronounceable—James Schejbal; he is known as the man of many names. Stanley Nevedomsky, the only Marine out for baseball, has a name also often mispronounced. Those with feminine interests predominating include Ralph Hall and Frank Brown. Kitty is the anchor of the former, and brown gets perfumed letters with lipstick on them from Lillian.

Samuel Mumford is in the Marine Corps because he thought the man said seventeen dollars a week—instead of a month. That is the height of something or other, yet Corporal Ekrut vouches that every time "Tex" Fowler rates liberty he hastens to the race track and spends his time around the stables with his shoes off.

The writer wishes to express for the guard our appreciation of Chris Mackay's article in last month's LEATHERNECK. It is a real pleasure to read of the boys we know on the *Tuscaloosa* and we hope that "Corporal" Mackay continues the journalistic good work.

IDAHO SPUDS

By G. C. H.

The remaining half of the detachment, consisting of twenty-one men, have just

completed a successful two weeks of rifle practice at Quantico. Corporal Staley, with a score of 322, was the only expert rifleman, but eight men qualified as sharpshooters. After weeks of intensive training, First Sergeant Corbett proceeded to chalk up a score of 304, thereby qualifying as a sharpshooter.

The *Idaho* raceboat crew is being formed at present and with seven members of the detachment striking for positions, should have a successful schedule. It seems that the routine is rather tough, but after a week of intensive training some of our candidates have discovered that they can "take it."

The detachment has been notified that the present commanding officer, 1st Lt. H. R. Paige, will be transferred to shore duty in the near future. We all join in extending many thanks to you, Mr. Paige, for our progress under your guidance and wish you the best of luck wherever your duties may take you.

We now take the privilege of delving into the personal affairs of the detachment and its members, so stand by while the dirt is being scattered:

Private Struthers and Private Simpson from Quantico have joined the detachment. "Ray" Wester and "Ike" Breakfield are rather proficient at "throwing the hate" at each other. It's too bad that "Ike" didn't qualify at the rifle.

Privates Hance and Martin, two "hustling messcooks," are having quite a time with the raceboat crew much to "Duffy" Godfrey's disgust.

Joe Lay is serving notice that he expects to be rewarded for that extra effort termed "bucking" and "Farmer" Sloan is stringing along, too.

Richardson, our Private First Class Music, has decided to sound reveille like a "good little music" should and forget that he has a temper. How about that, Gawdgie?

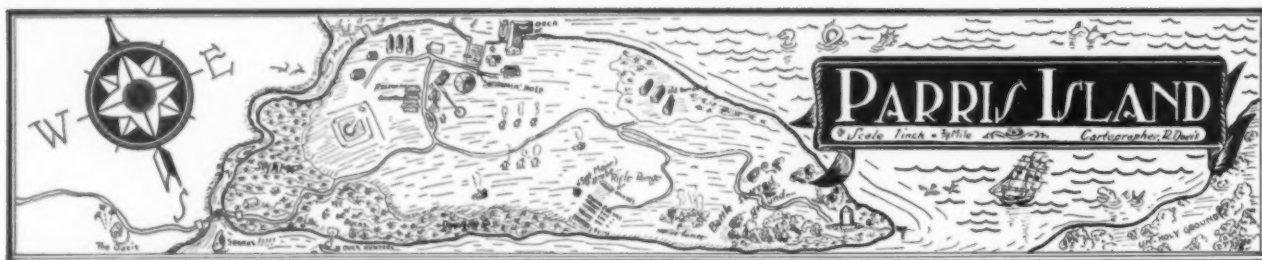
Garvin has been reinstated as a Private First Class and can be seen every month at the postoffice. A penny saved is a penny earned. Eh, what, Cecil?

THE DERBY GUARD, U.S.S. LOUISVILLE

By W. H. Wells

Again we hear from what is, or soon will be, the most efficient cruiser of the Scouting Fleet, if all hands keep up the excellent work of the past year. The *Chicago* is our nearest rival for the coveted title, having passed the *Indianapolis* in the last month. But with only a few more days to go, we have little to worry about. We can hardly wait until that red "E" on the stack turns to white.

(Continued on page 41)



Born on June 11, 1934, to PhM 3C and Mrs. Doughty, a daughter, Lillian Whitfield. Congratulations.

Born on June 21, 1934, to Corporal and Mrs. Cecil H. Clark, a daughter, Bertie Mae. Congratulations.

There have been hundreds of new arrivals during the past month, by way of the Recruiting Office, and Recruit Area is scratching its head, wondering where to dig up enough drill instructors to handle all of them. However, with Major Osterhout in charge, aided by Captain Pepper and a half dozen or more other officers, and, last but by no means least, a small group of highly-trained hard-working and persevering instructors of enlisted rank, we know that the raw material now coming in will be leaving here on scheduled time as snappy, neat-looking, well-trained Marines.

Parris Island had a wonderful time, celebrating the Glorious Fourth. We had the officers and men of the USS *Leary* here to help us, and it has never been our pleasure to meet a more-congenial company of officers and men, anywhere in the Service. The USS *Leary* was tied up to the Main Station Dock and was not only "open to visitors" on July Fourth, but all of Parris Island was cordially invited to come aboard. Most of it did, and received a royal welcome and had many interesting things on the ship shown and explained. For some strange reason, many of the visitors seemed to be highly interested in the various telescopes aboard the ship and trained them on Cat Island, directly across the river. Of course, we can't explain why, for that would be letting the cat out of the bag.

The enlisted men's dance that had been slated for July 21 was moved up to "the night before the Fourth" so that our visitors from the *Leary* might help us to enjoy it. The Orchestra furnished some very good dance music, and the Refreshment Commit-

tee had done itself proud on refreshments, so everyone had a good time. A detail of men from Platoon Sixteen rendered excellent service in dishing out the refreshments, and in helping to prepare the Lyceum for the dance, and in cleaning up afterwards. Most of these men are now either in Sea School at Norfolk, or with the 1st Battalion of the Fleet Marine Force on the USS *Antares*. And our friends of the USS *Leary*, if we remember correctly, are now in Provincetown, Massachusetts. "Here today and gone tomorrow."

The N.C.O. Club held a "Comfy" dance and party in honor of the men from the USS *Leary* on the night of July Fourth and, oh boy, what a party it was! Echoes of it were still being heard at daybreak, the following morning, and people are still talking about it. On Saturday evening, July 7, the Club held a "Get Together Party" and served refreshments all evening. On Tuesday evening, July 10, there is to be a "Get Together Party" of a different sort. It is the regular monthly meeting, and there will be plenty of free beer and free arguments. The N.C.O. and P.O. Club is a popular place, these nights. It is well patronized, not only by people from the Post, but by folks from Beaufort and other neighboring towns, whenever they are invited to attend any of the dances and entertainments. Sometimes, indeed, the dances attract members of the fair sex who are bold enough to state that they "wouldn't dance with a lousy Marine or sailor," but are quite willing to bring their own "boy friends" along over here to dance with them. Which goes to prove that they consider the club, itself, to be a good place, even if it is run by "lousy Marines and sailors."

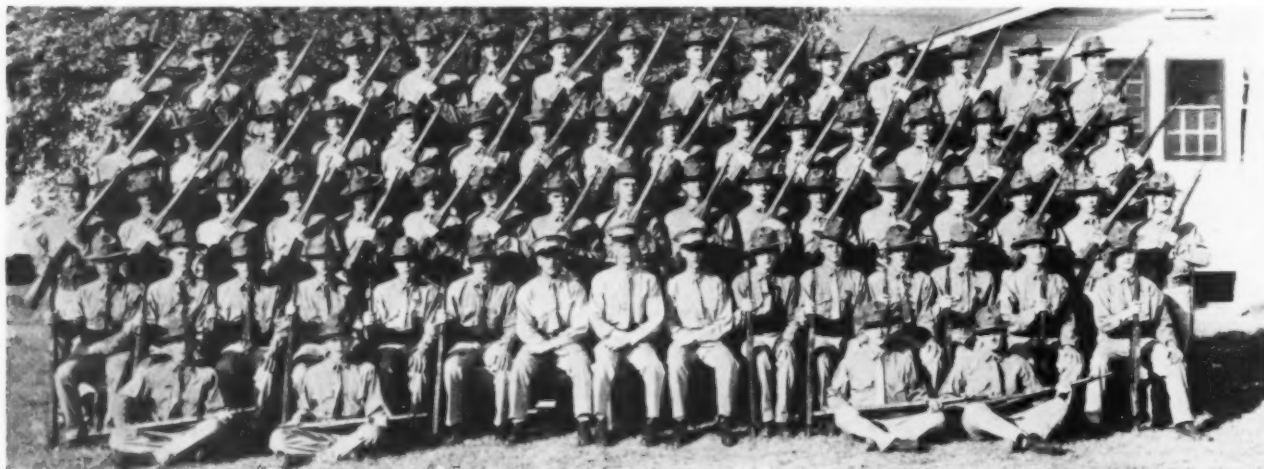
The Parris Island Golf Club, on July Fourth, finally determined who was the Club's Champion Golfer. The qualifying

round for the Club Championship was won by Pfc. Raymond M. Hamilton of the Post Band. "Ham" then proceeded to beat all of his opponents and finally won the Club Championship. The runner-up in the Championship round was 1st Lt. James E. Jones. The second flight was won by Pvt. Robert W. Springman and the third flight was won by our Chaplain, Lt. Cmdr. Albert E. Stone. The consolation prizes were won as follows: 1st flight, Capt. Donald Spicer; 2nd flight, Lt. Charles H. Bitner (MC) USN; 3rd flight, Pvt. William B. Hayes.

It's hard to tell nowadays who's crazy and who isn't. A few weeks ago one of our recruits was sitting in the Post Barber Shop waiting for that famous, first haircut. He had beautiful, long, silky, curly locks. Whir! Whir! Whir! Corporal Nune's electric clipper was turning out hair-cuts at the rate of one a minute. Beautiful hair-cuts! The latest word in sanitation and military requirements. If you don't believe it, "ask the man who owns one." One, two, three, four transformations were effected before his startled eyes. It was too much for him. His reason reeled and tottered. And today he is a mental patient in the Naval Hospital at Washington, D. C. There's a limit to what a man can stand. You remember what happened to Sampson when his girl friend bobbed his hair for him! So, if you don't like these military hair-cuts, and are planning on taking a trip to Washington with all expenses paid, just jump right up and say so!

Gy-Sgt. Richard S. Reed was sent to Quantico for special temporary duty in connection with taking the entrance examinations for the Radio Material School, Bellevue, D. C.

C. W. T. Kennie Chapman, USN, whose genial smile was a familiar sight on the Main Station Dock, has been transferred to the Receiving Station at Norfolk, Va.



Company 19, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Cain, Corporal Liggett and Corporal Peyton

His relief is C. W. T. Frank E. Osteen who joined us from the USS *Elliott*.

Capt. Thomas F. Joyce, who recently reported here for duty, has taken over Captain Hollingsworth's job as Post Mess Officer. This is a job that usually elicits more criticism than praise, no matter who is in charge, so we're wishing him the best of luck.

Sgt. Paul W. Payne has taken over the duties of the Non-commissioned Officer in Charge of the Fire Barn, relieving Sgt.

Gust Spart who was recently transferred to the USS *Pesacola*.

Sgt. Thomas J. Burns is spending several days in Port Everglades, Fla. Here's hoping he will bring a few samples along back with him!

The paved road to the Mooring Mast and New Aviation Field has been opened to the public, and is a big improvement over the old washboard road that used to be there. The road leading south, past the Radio

Station, and then west, through Civilian Row, has also been paved. Parris Island now has a net-work of good paved roads leading to all the centers of activity. But the road between Parris Island and Burton still provides plenty of work for the automobile mechanics in Beaufort. The point where this ear-wrecking road begins is quite appropriately named Jericho, in honor of the town that was demolished by Old Man Gideon and his gang, a number of years ago.

DETACHMENTS

MUSCOVITE MARINES

Naval Mission, American Embassy, Moscow, U. S. S. R.

Life in Moscow is becoming settled for the six Marines exiled to this place of rubles, vodka and five-year plans. Duties are being made more definite in the fields of commissary, clerical, confidential messages, guarding secret archives, medical, electrical and other work. This permits the free development of social activities which have been somewhat discouraged also by an unfamiliarity with the language. Ambassador Bullitt is very anxious that all learn Russian (few Russians know English). The study of this difficult language was begun with much vigor and enthusiasm immediately upon arrival in Moscow. Odien works rather persistently on the theory that a word a day will eventually make the hen lay; Kelly has a private teacher who gives him daily pep talks; Freeman frequents the Savoy Hotel Bar to get practice in Russian conversation from one of the hostesses; Sorenson believes grammars are the bunk and so picks it up around town, getting most of it at a place off Myasnitskaya Ulitsa; Ziegler has an evil looking Scarface Al Capone who concentrates more on Socialism and Communism than he does on Russian; while Savage being the only scholar in the lot is taking it up in a systematic manner but is making as little progress as the rest.

Those who know Sergeant Kelley will realize what he means when he emphatically declares he is now "up the pole." It is true that the pole is a slippery one and occasionally he finds himself sliding down but then there is no harm in celebrating free days providing you're in good company, say a couple of other salty sea-going Marines (every sixth day is free day or day of rest in Moscow and Sundays are not respected by ceasing work as in the States).

Gunnery Sergeant Odien was awakened one morning at early dawn by a slight squeak to find a tough looking Russian going through his clothes and piling them up preparatory to taking off. With a bound he was up and at 'em, tearing after the

thief down the hotel corridor wearing nothing but a torn "regulator skivvy" shirt (he doesn't sleep in pajamas). Odien doesn't go in for handball and other sports without profit; he easily caught the intruder and floored him with a stiff-right square on the button. "He's in the jail-house now"—the intruder, not Odien.

Sergeant Sorenson is a Colonel now. Some say he got the promotion because of his ability to take it standing up, sitting down, or in other positions, while others say it is his roaring dignity. Anyway he is now the Colonel of the drinking squad. Congratulations, Pete!

The talk of the detachment is the regularity with which all Sergeant Savage's parties out at his dacha on the river turn out to be howling successes. "Howling" is the proper word because various reports from responsible people who have been fortunate enough to be invited out there are to the effect that after a liberal consumption of a certain stimulant, he barks like a dog.

Handsome Sergeant Ziegler still remains impervious to the pleas of the desolate Russian maidens who specialize on good-looking Marines. He already has a large-sized collection of Russian letters from wistful lassies who won't take "no" for an answer. Another fine example of his seriousness and will-power is his ability to look at a bottle for hours without reaching for it.

Sergeant Freeman, the junior of the crowd of old-timers (he only has six years in) does a lot of exploring and is able to taste much that this mediaeval city has to offer because of his knowledge of the language. He is the only one so far who has taken to Russian blouses, Russian boots, etc. It is his claim that they are the acme of comfort.

The representatives of the Navy Dept. proper, Electrician First Class Hampel and Chief Pharmacist's Mate Chapman, part of the detachment, are adapting themselves to the idiosyncrasies of the people with the ease and naturalness that is so common to sailors who have been around a bit. The

Doe is the philosopher of the gang. He soothes his buddy's irritations and counsels him in time of need with a frankness that leaves Hamp puzzled as to whether a frown or a smile would be the proper reaction.

But to get away from personalities and to speak about generalities, to satisfy the curiosity of Marines who have a yen for travel and who joined the Marine Corps to see the world in order to learn how the other half of the world lives, it might be mentioned that the standard of living here is very low. Out at Savage's dacha, for instance, it is so low it is just barely above the ground (he sleeps on a handful of straw thrown on the soft side of a pine board). Restaurants are few—one to every twenty or thirty square blocks on an average. Those which are, charge such exorbitant prices that unless you're a foreigner or a good Communist you can't afford to eat in them. The operas and ballets are considered to be the best in the world so if one's tastes are for higher forms of music he will find Moscow an ideal city in which to live. But of musical comedies or of burlesque shows there are none. The movies are dull and uninteresting because the plot usually centers around an object or aim of communism such as a tractor, a shock-worker, a five-year plan, fulfillment of norms, etc., etc. Even if the movies are imported (a few are) you can't follow the unfolding of the story unless you know Russian very well. Parks of culture and rest are scattered all over the city. Daily dances are held in some of them. These culture parks are the community centers where people go to get acquainted, to get their relaxation, fresh air and sunshine, to listen to open air concerts or radio loud speakers and to enjoy performances of ballets, operas, comedies, etc.

The men of the detachment are highly appreciative of the fact that their commanding officer is Capt. David R. Nimmer, U.S.M.C., who is at the same time the Acting Naval Attache. He spared no effort to see us provided with comfortable quarters, and assigned duties in accordance



with regulations. It is due to his foresight and consideration of our interests that we are being given allowances which enable us to live comfortably despite the depreciation of the dollar, and, incidentally, to maintain the prestige of the Embassy in the eyes of the Russians. And it is due to his constant precautions and supervision that all duties of the detachment, such as running a commissary (quite necessary because American food or articles cannot be purchased in Moscow stores), clerking in Naval Attache's Office (eliminating the necessity of employing a civilian clerk), electrical services (Russian electricians cannot be trusted to perform their work honestly or to further the interests of the Embassy if these interests conflict with those of their own), medical dispensary for the entire membership of the American Embassy (the Russian doctors don't understand English and cannot be found when needed because they are so busy); facilitating the movement of confidential correspondence, and guarding of files and important secret documents are performed smoothly and regularly.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By Leo J. Werner

Our Rifle Team returned from Quantico with high spirits and equally high scores. Stand by for Camp Simms! We are sending so many men to Headquarters Marine Corps on temporary duty, that we are thinking of moving up in a body so as to make it easier on the dogs of Big Bob Ernst. So far we have up there, Ernst, Gaylor, Kelso, Cranston, Berry, and Spivey. Sergeant Levesque was transferred to the Naval Intelligence Section and it won't be long before it will be Sergeant-Major Levesque. Corporal Sadoff is on furlough and when he returns, he will be one of the first enlisted men to pay an income tax. I think it was in the millions, but it might be \$200. Anyway, that is more than I have. Sergeant Harris expects a call from the Treasury Department any day now and Hogdon has his hat in the ring for the Mayoralty of Boston. Good Bye Hat! Genial John Ahern is picking six out of seven at the tracks these days and that is better than Forhan, who only picks four out of five. Incidentally, Ahern is a fight manager also, having in his stable at this time, "Bad Boy" Hoover and "Tiger" McNelly. Mickey Curran is priming for something big in New York and when "Mike" primes, he generally has our good wishes.

Pierrepont Percy is all smiles these days. Wonder why? Rhodes is expecting a commission in the Coast Guard and we of the Institute hope we can soon call him Lieutenant Rhodes. First Sergeant Hyde and his two trusty assistants, Señor Groves and Herr Gunsalus are up in Maine, looking up a summer site for the Marine Corps Institute. Oh, Yeah! Your correspondent dreamed that he won a Packard Sedan and if he doesn't get it soon, somebody is going to be sued. Viva Lakin! The King has returned. He is broke but happy.

At this time, we welcome First Lieutenant Ellis to our midst and we hope he stays here. Incidentally, Lieutenant Ellis is connected with THE LEATHERNECK.

Sergeant McPike (Mac, of the fighting 7th) is on furlough and when he returns, it gives details and more details! Corporal Jalickee is back from the hospital and his smile and camera brighten the days.

No Marine Corps post is without its "Best dressed man" and my nomination goes out to Gunner Sergeant Higuera. He is a real "Grandee" and we will hear

more about him next time. So much for the Institute and now a word about the men in the Barracks Detachment. Sergeant Thompson joined and is in the Property Storeroom. Welcome to Washington, D. C. Corporal Hemingway is recuperating nicely. Good work, Hemmy. Messrs. Cox and Fields shipped over and we are glad to have them with us. Both are efficient men and rate a hello. Dodson is a modern woodman and Frank the Barber (Frank Benedetto, V. F. W.) is going to give me a violin or else. Our tailor shop is ably handled by Mr. Bennett and young Bennett (late of Parker Bridget & Company). Our police sergeant is writing a book on how to play poker and from what I have seen, it has Hoyle beat a mile. He is a good skate, though, and one of the best bowlers in the Barracks with the exception of Sergeant Stickney and Sergeant Jennings. Our mess sergeant, Sergeant Ritter, is experimenting with a new type of ice cream and it must be good, judging by the boys hanging around the mess hall door. Last but not least, a word about our Musics. Smith and Warfield are priming for the Marine Band and Pearl is the best pool shot hereabouts.

I just heard "chow bumps," and you know this column will just have to wait until next time. Adios.

NORFOLK GOSSIP

By Private Grundy

Boats . . . Boats . . . BOATS!! The Fleet is in, almost all in, after the royal welcome received in New York City. After such a long absence the place seems to be overrun with Naval vessels. Hampton Roads is full, the base is full, the city of Norfolk is full and, with the Battle Force Aircraft Squadron here, the air is full. Everything's full but the writer, and that is not the Navy's fault. It seems rather strange to see this rather straight-laced town handing out flags and placards with "WELCOME TO OUR NAVY" written in bold letters. I suppose the depression did hit the merchants here pretty hard though, and they are glad to get all this good business back again. Reminds me of the fable concerning a man and a goose which laid golden eggs. You can imagine the old man's joy some weeks after decapitation, should the goose have come strutting into his house, well, happy, and still capable of turning out 24 karat products. That seems to be a reflection of the feelings expressed in Norfolk over the return of the Fleet.

Famous little remarks from the Depot Quartermaster gang: "But I was only going 70 miles an hour and besides there wasn't a curve at that spot when I last drove over the road."

The fishing prize, so far this season, must go to the pay office gang (Greer, Dunlap, and Greening) and Wren, of the barber shop (and other well known gathering places). The prize trip started rather late one Sunday morning not so long ago. Six pounds of fresh shrimp, well packed with ice, went along as bait. Fishing, evidently, was good, as Wren yanked in three nice trout averaging about three pounds. The rest of the bunch were busy hauling in the croakers. Greer abandoned the orthodox style

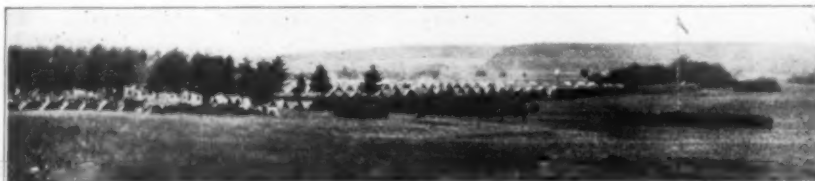
and hooked them every place but in the mouth and with fair success, that is, until a vicious strike yanked rod, reel, and line out of his hands into the water. After that he calmed down somewhat. Wren eventually enlivened the proceeding by yanking in a sizeable sand shark. It landed plump into Dunlap's lap from which spot Dunlap immediately and with great dispatch plumped it out again. Greening took up 15 valuable minutes, more or less, hauling in a "Ray" and Greer started in on the trout, three nice ones in succession. Dunlap, being a discriminating sort of fisherman, devoted his skill entirely to croakers. Around four o'clock, it seems, the shrimp bait started giving out. That is the last coherent account we have been able to get of the fishing trip until around seven o'clock that night, when four thoroughly soaked, chilled, and disreputable looking Marines pulled into the boat house. What is known is that about four o'clock one of those sudden southwesterers blew up; that a boat owner was moaning the loss of a good boat; that the storm blew over about six, and that said boat owner sighted his boat shortly afterwards and was happy. Although the fishermen were very reticent about talking of their experience it has come to be pretty well known that during the height of the storm, Greening insisted on dumping overboard a hundred pound sack of croakers. However, the latest rumor is that Paymaster-Sergeant Greer has developed a habit of suddenly sitting bolt upright in bed at night and shouting at the top of his voice, "Keep her teeth in the wind." The mystery may never be completely solved.

Now that legal liquor is back in this great Commonwealth of Virginia (and most other ordinary states) here's a recipe for your scrapbook: juice of 2 lemons; 3 teaspoons sugar; ½ glass water, to which should be added the juice and sugar, and stirred slowly (and reverently); fill glass rest of way with finely chipped ice and then dump into mixer; shake with vigor; pour into large glass and decorate with lemon peel. Drink all you can hold.

Yeah—lemonade.

Nerts to you, too.

Sergeant Robinson (Hillery P. to you) celebrated an anniversary of some sort not long back by going to the sick bay. He's looking better now, and, incidentally, has lost his mustache again. No reward has been offered . . . Corporal Cramer has a perfect technique when it comes to getting along with the ladies. In answer to an eager query the other day for helpful information, he waved the lad away with, "Oh, I just kid them along." Wonder if it could be those cigars he smokes? Corporal Tipton (bid 119 and pass) has been seriously considering a diet to relieve the congestion around his waist line. The fat didn't bother him until he started having to hunt for his belt buckle. That convinced him there was a little too much hang-over. Private First Class Smith (of the depot gang, suh) is looking for a tennis racket and tennis balls to suit his game, or that is what he claims. Private First Class Mosley (of the depot gang, too, suh) can hardly wait till discharge time, he's that anxious to ship over.



Sergeant Danmeyer (how's business, Dan?) is zipping around in a new Ford V-8 coupe these days. Wonder if there would be any chance of borrowing it some one of these moon-shiney nights to take the girl friend for a spin. NO? Well, there's no harm in asking, pal.

BY "IRONQUILL"

When I am dead, you'll find it hard,
Said he,
To ever find another man
Like me,
What makes you think, as I suppose
You do,
I'd ever want another man
Like you?

Wonder whether our new gunnery sergeant, Thomas O. Lowery, likes this hole as well as Guantanamo Bay and if he is really going to reorganize the ball team . . . Also wonder whether Sgt. Ben Winans looks more dignified with or without a mustache and, if so, why? . . . (Police) Sergeant Muschek doesn't like beer, much. However, a bottle of suds doesn't look unnatural in his hand. . . . The mosquitoes around here don't bite. They just go into a nose dive from the ceiling and let nature take its course . . . The cockroaches are rather friendly though. The writer found one using his tooth brush the other morning.

Overheard recently at Quantico: "Pull down '13' again and look it over carefully. I know darn good and well I hit the target somewhere." No, you are wrong. It wasn't Desadier. (Corporal, if you please.)

You, Cpl. Thomas E. Stirewalt, Pfc. Luther A. Wren and Pvt. Jake W. Perry, having this month reenlisted in the United States Marine Corps for a period of four (4) years are the recipients of my heartfelt sympathy, and may the Lord have mercy (no one else will) on your poor souls.

A grand fellow. A hard worker who thoroughly knows his job. He'll bawl hell out of you one minute and laugh at you the next. Goes along day after day making the best of a difficult assignment and always comes up grinning. Leathernecks, I give you our mess sergeant, Frank Florezak (congratulations, "Sarge," you win this month's column award. There are a couple of cold ones waiting for you at the Post Exchange).

GREAT LAKE GOSSIP

By The Dopester

Much has happened since the last writing of the column, so much in fact, that to put it all in writing would take up too much space. The most important is the splendid work of Corporal Errington, Private First Class Peck, and Private Montgomery.

As we delve deep into the history of the Marine Corps, we find not a single incident whereby a job assigned to any Marines has not been carried out one hundred per cent.

To Corporal Errington, Private First Class Peck, and Private Montgomery may we offer our congratulations for the wonderful manner in which they assisted in the recovery of the bodies lost in a terrific storm over Fox Lake, June 23, 1934.

Receiving the summons in the small

hours of the morning, the above mentioned men were more than willing to offer their services. Only after hours of ceaseless efforts, blistered hands, tired in both mind and body from combating a heavy sea, was their patience rewarded.

We consider it an honor having the opportunity to soldier with such fine men. We must admit, though, there isn't a man in the Corps that wouldn't have answered the summons if called.

The entire Corps wish to congratulate you on your fine piece of work, and know, that if the occasion presents itself whereby you may again offer your services in the saving of human life, you will nobly respond to the call.

Since the last writing, Lt. K. W. Benner has left us and been replaced by Capt. R. Luce. Some of the old-timers will recall when the Captain was here at the Lakes for duty as First Lieutenant in command.

"Rebel" McQuern has acquired a man killer first class, and it is a toss-up as to which one will survive. "Dinty" Moore has embarked on the sea of matrimony, much to the surprise of everyone. "Red" Kugler, the mail orderly extraordinary, has bought, or rather swapped around, and got himself a new wreck. Leave it to "Red" to set the pace in having the greatest number of cars in the course of one year. By the way-side, Babcock, would you mind telling the boys about that ride from Chi last week on the motorcycle? Talk about your chiselers. Sergeant Young, who recently reported in here for duty, bought a radio from Corporal Allen for ten bucks, then sold it to Sergeant McQuire for five, who in turn sold it to "Bring 'em Back Alive" Dubs for six-

fifty. Dubs is squawking because McGuire hooked him for about seven cents. Private First Class Mitchell, recently back from Pekin, has taken over the duties as acting mess sergeant in place of Sergeant Lesch, also as first cook. Private Purcell, "poil diver first class," has also gone to work in the galley.

"Butch" Murphy has been paid off and swears he isn't shipping over. We have heard that line before. Private White was discharged special order, Private Fisk by expiration of enlistment. You can talk all you want about your get rich quick ideas, but "Emma" Brown takes the crocheted golf club. Brown has been following the bang-tails for so long that it is impossible for any of his tips to fail. At least that is what he thinks. Play his daily feed box special and you will wind up in the poor house or as a raving maniac. Private Smith has acquired an old Nash sedan that he is going to try to go home in when paid off. Bet you all the tea in China, all you can beg, borrow or steal, that you finish your trip on a bus.

Sergeant McGuire has been paid off and reenlisted for further duty with the Fleet Marine Force, Quantico, Va., upon completion of a three-month furlough. The gold bug has been chewing on Corporal Huntoon and I think he has joined forces with "Red" Kugler in looking for that lost treasure on the station golf course. Sergeant Leach has been turning in some fine scores lately. He will probably be hanging out his Pro sign in a short time.

The "Great Lakes Open" will be played on the 16th, 17th and 18th of August. Seventy-two holes, medal play.

WEST COAST CHRONICLES

NAVAL AIR STATION SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Here 'tis, you lucky Leathernecks

The writer is not sure you people would like to hear from this detachment, but here goes anyway:

Our recent Company Commander, 1st Lt. Joseph W. Earnshaw, has departed from our happy family for duty at Quantico, Va. We were all sorry to see him go and wish him lots and lots of luck.

Capt. George L. Maynard relieved First Lieutenant Earnshaw temporarily until Captain Bartoe returns from furlough.

Captain Maynard stepped right in and took charge and the Company is running along fine. Our only regret is that we are rather short of men and the duty gets rather stiff at times, but we can take it, and are holding down the Old Naval Air Station in a great big way.

There are always changes in the enlisted personnel, but I will try to give the dope on a few that are here now:

First Sergeant Dudley is still at the wheel and has his hands full answering questions and trying to satisfy everyone's requests for

foreign service and what not, besides the various duties that a Top has to deal with.

Gunnery Sergeant Wolf is in charge of Drills and Instructions and can be heard very often expressing his likes and dislikes at the Morning Troop Inspection.

Sergeant Wilson is still the Pilot of the Quartermaster here.

Sgt. Pate (PE) Stewart can be heard raving about someone trying to chisel him out of the extra penny on cigarettes.

Sergeants Bertko, Merry and Pearlstein are carrying out the duties of Sergeant of the Guard, and are doing very nicely.

Hutchinson and Good are our cooks and turn out a really good meal when they are in good humor, and that is most of the time.

Adams is still holding the job of truck-driver to the satisfaction of all concerned, and is always saying, "If they let me alone I'll stay around here for a couple of years." We are beginning to believe him now as he recently extended his enlistment for two years.

Corporals Dean, Stroud and Stanley are looking forward to this month due to the fact that they only have a few days to do, but we'll be seeing them on next cruise.

Private First Class Anderson is raving about the wife and the recent addition to the family, and can be heard telling of what he is going to do on the great U.S.S. *Outside* next September.

Private First Class Andreas is knocking the girls for a row, with that newly acquired Chevy coupe that he sports around now.

Pfc. Mitsey Graham, Chief Operator of the switchboard, is forever raising sand



about someone leaving the receiver up on the Island phones.

Private First Class Gagner is planning on being a lawyer and is doing quite a bit of studying. Anything you fellows would like to know about law, just look him up.

Private First Class Davenport is talking strongly of taking 90 days and beginning another cruise. We hope he doesn't get hungry while on leave. Privates First Class Goodoff and Stanslow, our recent reenlistments, are out on a sight-seeing trip, finding out how the civilians live. We're looking for them in most any meal time, but so far they haven't shown up.

And our dashing Corporal Pigott shipped over recently, but could not take it for the full 90 days so rejoined us at the mess table.

Private First Class Lotridge is holding down the job as Police Sergeant and has almost acquired that never-to-be-forgotten bellow of Corporal Manson, our previous Police Sergeant.

Our Junior Private First Class, Walters, is taking rather a big interest in the Company Office. Maybe he will make First Sergeant before he goes out on 20, which is some time off.

Private First Class Wells and Privates Hebert and Stevenson are residing at the U. S. Naval Hospital. It is rumored that they are catching up on their lost sleep. We're not sure whether they are returning to our midst or not, but anyway, here's lots of luck, fellows.

Private Hanson can be seen hanging around the door to the Company Office hoping the Top will say he can have that Seventy-two he has been wanting for the last decade.

Private Martin finally succeeded in getting approval for his transfer to Hawthorne, Nevada. Better watch out, Martin, I've heard that the mustangs around those parts are not like the old plow horse at home.

Private Walton can always draw a crowd around him when he starts sounding off about China, and the various jobs that he held there especially the one about the editor and chief bull spreader. Well, anyway, he seems to be holding down the job as Orderly to Captain Towers, U. S. N., and we hope that he continues to do so.

Well, folks, I haven't space enough to tell the various happenings and sayings of this place, but will try to mention some of the fellows that I left out in the next writing.

MARE ISLAND NEWS LETTER

By A. E. Day

Our most recent news letter concluded with the suggestion that June would offer much in the way of activity about the post, that we expected to be hosts to the Second Battalion of the 25th Marine Reserves. Each day of the thirty proved to be up to our expectations, and the stay of the battalion, while they engaged in active and intensive training, was probably the outstanding feature of interest.

It is quite likely that some member of that organization will submit for publication in these pages a more detailed mention of the activities of this reserve battalion, and any attempt to treat the subject here in detail would be an intrusion. However, mention must be made of their military band. The band not only carried out its schedule for each day but gave concerts at the Post Theatre prior to the screen offerings every night of their stay. It is a splendid organization, and compares favorably with many of our regular organizations. Mention must be made too of the

get-together party which was held in our barracks mess hall, where regulars and reserves mingled in splendid camaraderie, hot dogs, refreshing drink and a great deal of fun. The party was a climax to one of the best vaudeville shows ever held at our Post Theatre. It is safe to presume that these men will remember their tour of active duty with much pleasure, and will look forward to next year's tour with much anticipation. We are glad to have them; the short two weeks they were here went by all too quickly.

Our regular personnel has, of course, been subjected to change. There have been many discharges, and practically every man who shipped over took advantage of the reenlistment furlough. One of the most unpleasant of orders was received by our commanding officer and he will be detached on the fifteenth of July. We say unpleasant because we don't like to see him leave us, but we do hope his new post will be a good one; that the men learn to think as much of Colonel Williams as we do. He served at Marine Barracks, Mare Island, for over four years, and during that time he has kindly remarked that he enjoyed his tour, and was pleased with the men who served at Mare Island during these last four years. He commented upon the loyalty of the men. Who could be otherwise?

The Post Rifle Team has entered and placed in two local matches so far. On June 10th they participated in the Marine Rifle League Match, at Fort Barry, and although meeting with stiff competition, they secured fourth place—not quite the winners, but very well satisfied. However, the match at Oakland, California, on June 17th was another story, and our Post Rifle Team carried off top honors. Lieutenants Louthier, DeLaVergne and Bond were among the better individual scorers; indeed, Bond especially has been turning in some enviable scores. Incidentally, the team leaves for San Diego, California, on the 2d of July, there to prepare for the coming Division Matches.

The month of June was a good baseball month. Practically every member of the baseball nine improved his batting average, and "Tiny" Bartlett hung up a beautiful scalp—a no-hit, no-run game. There have been eighteen games played this season so far, ten of which are chalked up for Marine victories. The U.S.S. *Dobbin* team has an Indian sign on the Mare Island nine, however, and won four successive games. Each of these games was spirited, not only in the field but in the bleachers also. Of course, the umpire was either Jesse James or Dillinger, according to the moment, but he appears to be able to take it.

The particular game in which Bartlett shone was that with Napa I. C. F., a team from one of the valley towns up north. It was perfect, and the Mare Island nine made only one error and garnered eighteen runs. This game probably was "Tiny's" farewell gesture, because on the 15th he was discharged so that he might accept a contract with the St. Louis Browns. He is now at San Antonio, Texas, playing in the Southern League, and we're sure betting on him.

Skipper Fenton has managed the nine exceptionally well. Much of the team's good work reflects his efforts in this direction. There have been a few changes in the infield, and Red Moore, of Peiping acquaintance, has played particularly well behind the home plate. Otherwise the team is much the same. Haney, Donart, Bartlett, and Taylor are fielding 1000 per cent.

The Marine Barracks swimming pool was opened up during June, and since the first day of its use has hardly ever been empty. On many of these most recent warm days

it has been a real oasis. It is likely that July will be very warm also, and we may be easily tempted to visit beautiful Napa valley to the north where vineyards, and plum, prune and peach orchards spread over the valley floor to form a living picture of plenty.

FRISCO FROLICS

By the Kid

Hello, Leathernecks! Methinks it is about time that we Frisco Marines cruised into the columns of THE LEATHERNECK and dropped the mud hook for an indefinite stay.

We are as yet very young as a detachment, having been in commission only four months, but plenty salt water has slipped under our stern on our shakedown cruise. Here's a brief itinerary: San Francisco to San Pedro to San Diego. San Diego to Acapulco, Mexico, to Hilo, Hawaii. Hilo to Victoria, British Columbia, to Portland, Oregon, and back to San Francisco. And now we're at Balboa, Canal Zone! We are standing by here for the President's arrival, for we have been chosen as his escort to the Hawaiian Islands. We are pleased over the prospect of a real visit to Hawaii, and look forward to bigger and better liberties than were allowed us on the shakedown shake-up.

We have done nothing as yet to distinguish us from other detachments, but under the able guidance of 1st Lt. Alan Shapley, our commanding officer, who is well known throughout the service, we expect to do big things. Our second in command is none other than 2nd Lt. Harold Bauer. With that combination, how can we fail to be 'way up at the top in football?

Our leather-pushers are still more or less unorganized, but we have several men who show great promise, and we expect to see them among the headliners in Marine sports in the not-too-distant future. Among them are Privates Dice and Slattery and Trumpeter Palmer. All three are up and coming fighters, and, though having but one fight apiece to their credit, two out of three were theirs. Good work, fellahs. May your mitts always prove as accurate!

Because of lack of time, we have not yet fully developed all our sports, but it can't be long before we give all you Gyrenes in the fleet something to shoot at.

In spite of the fact that most of the detachment are men with less than a year's training, we have a few old-timers among us. Gunny Carlos Martinez, formerly of the San Diego Grenade School, is in charge of our Anti-Aircraft battery. He is a born Marine, and is doing a lot in the way of encouraging both gunnery and sports. May his cruise with us be long and prosperous!

Our top soldier, Fred Stinson, is one of the best afloat, even though he is the bird who dishes out the guard duty.

Sergeants Raynes and Neal are among the old-timers. The former hails from the San Diego Recruit Depot, where he was bayonet and drill instructor; the latter, also from San Diego, is now making his mark with the ship's rifle team.

Corporals De La Hunt, McKinney, and Morris are doing their part to keep us in line. All three came to us from the La Jolla rifle range, being our gain and La Jolla's loss.

Corporal Beech, late of football fame in Diego, is also doing his part to make us toe the mark. His friends will no doubt be pleased to note the addition of the extra stripe.

Since our departure from the Navy Yard, we have been splashing all over the Pacific. We didn't get that trip to South America,

(Continued on page 41)



11th Platoon, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. J. E. Karynske, Cpl. A. H. Dodge, and Pfc. E. Riggs

MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO

July 7.—On June 7 Brig-Gen. Frederic L. Bradman, accompanied by his wife and two youngest children, returned "home" from an extensive tour of inspection of the Marine Forces in China and assumed command. He was cordially welcomed by the Commandant, Eleventh Naval District, the Commanding Officer and Staff at the Base, and hearty greetings were extended by all. The General's popularity and devotion to his command occasioned a genuine feeling within all of us: "We are proud to have served under your command, glad to see you take over the helm again, and desire to render you and the Corps the most loyal and efficient service that we are capable." The General has been very active since arrival inspecting the various activities of this Base and outlying stations in addition to receiving customary official calls, and greetings from his large host of friends and admirers in San Diego and vicinity. We understand he was pleased with the progress achieved and particularly noted the many improvements at the Rifle Range since the

reconstruction work was completed.

General Bradman detailed his predecessor, Col. Rush R. Wallace, Chief of Staff, and his former Adjutant, Capt. Paul A. Lesser, is serving in the capacity of his office. Upon the reporting of Chief Quartermaster Clerk Alton P. Hastings, June 14, he was assigned duty in the Office of the Commanding General.

First Battalion, 25th Reserve Marines, Train at Base

The First Battalion, 25th Reserve Marines, composed of eleven officers and 134 enlisted, from Los Angeles, under the command of Maj. John J. Flynn, arrived at the Marine Base on Sunday, 10 June, for two weeks' training.

This is the third consecutive training period at the Marine Corps Base for the First Battalion, 25th Reserve Marines. The Reserves made an excellent showing during their two weeks' training. The first week was spent in drills and other phases of training at the Base, and the second week

the Reserves spent out at La Jolla Marine Rifle Range, where they made a high percentage of qualifications.

Among the Reserves there were three Los Angeles County Deputy Sheriffs, Capt. H. W. Card, 2nd Lt. C. J. Salazar and Sgt. Maj. S. W. Robinson, who stand out with the very best pistol marksmen and who are members of the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Pistol Team, which have twice beaten the Los Angeles Police Department's National Champions. Out of eight members from the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Office five of them are ex-Marines.

It was easy for Cpl. John M. Cobb, ex-Marine, to snap back to regular duty upon finding a number of his old ship-mates stationed at the Base. Corporal Cobb received a Navy Cross for meritorious service rendered while in Nicaragua. He is now married, has two youngsters living in Los Angeles, and recalls happy memories of his adventures with Marines.

It was a pleasure to have the Reserves with us during their training period this year. We observed that they were an excellent group of men, worthy to be rated full-fledged Marines, and we shall be glad to welcome them back at any time.

Tropical Topics

PEARLS FROM PEARL HARBOR By "Red" and "Red"

Things are rather on the up along now, as the Band is preparing to go over on the Island of Hawaii and give the residents a treat on July 4th. I suppose to the casual eye when first spotting the Band they see "Breezy" Turner in the lead doing a special waltz, "Deke" Knowles trudging along trying to appear nonchalant, and last, but not least, Private First Class (fm) Muren and the remainder of the reminders bringing up the rear. "I love (to watch) a parade."

The rifle team made a safe get-away via the S.S. *Lurline* on 23rd June. They are supposed to go down to La Jolla and earn a few trophies. Sergeant Mathes, a member of the team, will probably remain in the States, as his tour of duty at this post has expired. Well, Lee, there is nothing like "oke."

Gunnery Sergeant Hughes, or somebody, has organized a barracks indoor baseball league. About a hundred and eighty men participate in this event, as there are various teams throughout the barracks and outposts. It looks as if "Lem" Wood and his Barracks Detachment "sockers" are going to come out on top; however, the Band and one of the Company "B" teams look pretty good.

For the benefit of motor boat fans, the inimitable "Hobo" Stricklen has purchased a marine motor. The only fly in the soup is that he doesn't have a boat, and, incidentally, it is rumored that the motor clogs up pretty often. Don't we have fun!

"Doc" Allen, of Albemarle, N. C., continues in the official capacity of a beach boy. "Doc" subscribes to his home town paper, and states that when he goes in the Reserve he is going to return to Albemarle and run a "drinking restaurant."

It appears that Gunnery Sergeant Davis has a little competition on the grenade course. Pvt. DeWitt B. Crowell, recently a typewriter mechanic of San Antonio, Texas, made a total of 88 per cent over the prescribed course.

"Gilmore" Gislason, the boy of many names, has gone to the hospital for a little overhauling. It is understood that he is to have his lymphoid organs extracted. The anxiety of the signal lanai and vicinity is running rather high, for this alteration might affect his singing ability. "Fusi," we hope to have you back around the barracks in a couple of days.

One of our most notable notables around the harbor is "Ted" Grimes. "Ted" is chief telephone operator, and when a man calls for the Sub Base he is sure to get Luke Field, or otherwise. In addition to the above, Grimes is a strong prohibitionist—YEH!



Marine Band, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii

"Buck" Bissinger and "Ducky" Stroud are going ashore together. Someone should be present to look after the damage from the Liberty Dance Hall to Waikiki Park.

From all indications Lacey Moore and "Pierre" Pearson are trying to see which one can get the most "sun kissed." "Little Alfred" Jones is a participant, and might turn out to be a dark man. Stand by for developments.

George and George, top kicks of our two line companies, have extended their tours in the islands. Good old Hawaii.

From the size of the mails to and fro Papaikou, Hawaii, Private First Class Rigler must be rather popular around the sweet village. Just a little sugar-fed dam(n)sel.

Around the reservation: John Welborn—"Nope, never no more"—MUCH . . . Private First Class Brown, chief messman, directing traffic . . . Trumpeter Dreyer with a shiny bugle . . . "Moose-Face" Byers, truck driver de luxe, going ashore at 9:00 P. M. . . Private Sullivan—"I'm just too shift for them" . . . Private First Class Brady, Bandsman, noticed near River Street, Honolulu, about midnight . . . The Bronk & Rell "dance team" coming home sober . . . "Ducky" Stroud telling the barmaid "I'm incognito." . . . "Pierre" Pearson—"Just call me foxy." . . . Corporal Jones and "Cremo" Prevo drinking a gin concoction . . . "Pipe" Long—"What about my orders?" . . . Trumpeter Kirkeby practicing an intricate dance step . . . "Hank" Mann, Oahu special, in for the week-end . . . "Breezy" Turner's name in the society section of one of the Honolulu papers . . . Beryl D. Johnson—"I like to ride the *Chau-mont*." Aloha Nui.

MARINE BARRACKS, U. S. SUB-MARINE BASE, COCO SOLO, CANAL ZONE

The writer has been asked to dash out a few lines about this post, which are going to be sent to the editor of THE LEATHERNECK, for the purpose of giving the boys in this "neck of the woods" a little publicity, and to let their many buddies and friends in the Marine Corps know that they are still alive. However, being a comparatively newcomer to Coco Solo, I shall have to give you a newcomer's impression.

In the first place, I like it. Outside of

the fact that it has rained about four days out of every week, and the other days it has been more or less cloudy; and discounting the fact that the sand fleas work in shifts of day on and stay on, with fixed bayonets, the place is very comfortable. Of course, none of the outfit cares about such little things as rain and sand fleas, but somehow every-once-in-a-while someone sounds off about the blank blank rain, or the blank blank sand fleas, but that's just human nature, and we forgive and forget.

Duty here is all that can be expected. Inspections occur rather often, due to the many Naval officers who stop in for a day or two; and the police work is always on the spot as our police sergeant is a bear at finding things to do; but aside from that there is plenty of time for recreation and liberty.

Recreation facilities are very good. There are two swimming pools, several tennis

courts, handball courts, golf course, basketball, and almost every kind of sport that can be desired. And for those less athletically inclined there is always the barracks recreation room, where there are pool tables, all the latest periodicals from the States, and many good books.

Liberty is good. Cristobal and Colon are interesting towns. The cabarets are all battling each other to see which will stay in business the longest, and consequently they put on some rather good floor shows. Liberty hours have a habit of flying along too swiftly, and before it is realized the time has arrived to return to the post, to resume duties for another day, and to wait for another night and more liberty.

And now, believe it or not, that is about all the impressions I've acquired so far. But, if the editor gives us a break with this, we'll try to impose on his good nature soon again. Till then, adios.

Haiti Reports

BOWEN FIELD

By Thomas Swift

Bowen Field held their annual picnic (once every two years) last month. All of us couldn't go the same day so the personnel was divided, half of them going Friday afternoon and the other half Saturday. Chief Marine Gunner Ogden accompanied the first bunch and Lieut. June the next.

Everyone was in a good mood throughout the day, but who wouldn't be after drinking up thirty-two gallons of beer and eating a five gallon pot of sauerkraut. There were sandwiches of every description, pretzels, boiled eggs, pickles and olives.

The Aviation boiler-makers were included in the second bunch. They furnished the music and Childers and Dent the warblers, Dent predominating since Childers' jaw was still out of tune. The first eight-gallon keg finished, some of the boys decided to take things easy but not so Knapp and Wimpy. They wanted to be on the go all the time. A flat bottomed boat was the

handiest thing around so they decided to go rowing. Mr. Ogden told them the boat was leaky but that didn't trouble them in the least; their minds were set on rowing. Mr. Ogden's statement was true. They didn't get twenty yards out before the boat began filling up with water but the boys kept on rowing. We could still see the rise and fall of their paddles even after the boat disappeared and the boys were up to their necks in water. It's a pity the picnics don't come more often.

And now it comes to this: W. A. Coleman and "Schmeling" after arguing for two hours over some trivial matter decided that the only way to settle the argument was by battling or kiss and make up. They didn't battle. Well, boys will be boys!

Bourque has been seeking revenge on someone for a long time but we didn't find out who it was until recently. He came in rather unsteadily the other night with the intention of dumping Steinmintz out of his bunk but Steinmintz happened to be on guard so Bourque's plot was foiled

again. The noise awoke the rest of us so we were prepared for anything that might happen. Angered because he couldn't gain his objective he decided to take it out on us. He stumbled towards Sparrow with the purpose of dumping him but Sparrow knowing his intention was long out and in hiding under his bunk. Not finding him, he turned to another bunk but its occupant was also out. Finally he could control himself no longer so he let out a whoop and shouted, "What the —! Is everybody out tonight!" From then on, his name was automatically changed to "Whoops Brique."

We thought Corporal Rosenberg was acting strangely lately but didn't take him seriously until we noticed him hunting bugs. He explained he was saving them for a "Bugologist" but the boys just shook their heads and said, "The bugs finally got him."

The field is again shrouded in mystery. Evidently we have more than one shadow although he doesn't shadow according to the book. The one we know about does all the striking himself but this fellow just gets the dope and reports to FU MANCHU and the latter is the one that takes action. We know that he roams around the hangars during working hours, witnessing crimes and suspicious characters and gathering clues but just who the shadow is, nobody knows. It isn't Hembree, our former shadow.

Grous is now taking his drinking more seriously. Straight wine doesn't affect him anymore so he is now turning to cocktails.

GOLFERS TAKE NOTICE! A new golf ball has been invented by an aviation man. The inventor says, "The trouble with golf balls today is they don't travel when driven and when they drop after flight they bounce away from their intended direction. This of course takes the pleasure out of golfing. Now this ball of mine when driven will unfold wings and thus help the flight of the ball and when it drops, legs will suddenly appear and walk the ball on the green and toward the hole but, as it touches the edge of the hole the wings

and legs will suddenly disappear and allow the ball to drop in easily. Just think what this will mean. No more profanity, no more club breaking, and always friendship among the players." I knew it would take an aviation man to improve golf balls as they should be.

The O L — 8 has been surveyed last month so Quantico sent another duck to replace it. Lieutenant McKittrick was sent along as pilot and Lieutenant Plachta as co-pilot and radio operator. The O L will remain here for evacuation.

V O Squadron Nine M just received a new shipment of young eaglets from Quantico. They are Staff Sergeant H. L. Price, Sgt. J. F. Fogarty, Pfc. N. B. Johnson, Pvt. T. A. Petras, E. F. White, and S. R. Woolley. Woolley! Woolley! Seems like I've heard that name here before.

I wonder what some of the high-rating sergeants who had hopes of going back to the States by plane are saying now?

Another new arrival is Tpr. W. J. Matern, Jr. He was sent down here to replace Childers. He may be able to blow the horn but he can never throw the same bull as our former music.

Four of our gunnery sergeants are now on furlough. Godbee heads the list with Steele a close second and Darner and Kaltenback following two weeks later. Evidently they "Can't take it."

Gy-Sgt. W. A. White, Corporal Hall, Private Hanna, and Trumpeter Childers have been transferred to the good ol' U. S. A. Now that Childers is gone, B. C. Jones will have the floor and keep the boys snowed-under.

Recently we had a call to arms. It was nothing more than a dummy-run. With us leaving Haiti soon we wondered whether all this was necessary. B. C. Jones said it was. When we asked him why, his reply was, "We are just preparing for our evacuation. We have been in Haiti a long time and the people in the States may not recognize us when we return. When they see us coming in they may think we are foreigners trying to invade their country and try to keep us out so we may have

to send a landing party and force our way in." Now do you think that's nice?

Well, it won't be long now. The machine shop has been crating their worldly possessions for the past month. The carpenters have boxes and crates made for every article on the field. Barrels and excelsior have been coming in by the truckloads and within a couple of weeks one or two of the hangars will be torn down. The quartermaster has been moving boxes, etc., around the building and boxing anything and everything not actually necessary.

Bowen Field will soon make an exit from the BROADCAST OF THE LEATHERNECK.

"THEY TELL ME"

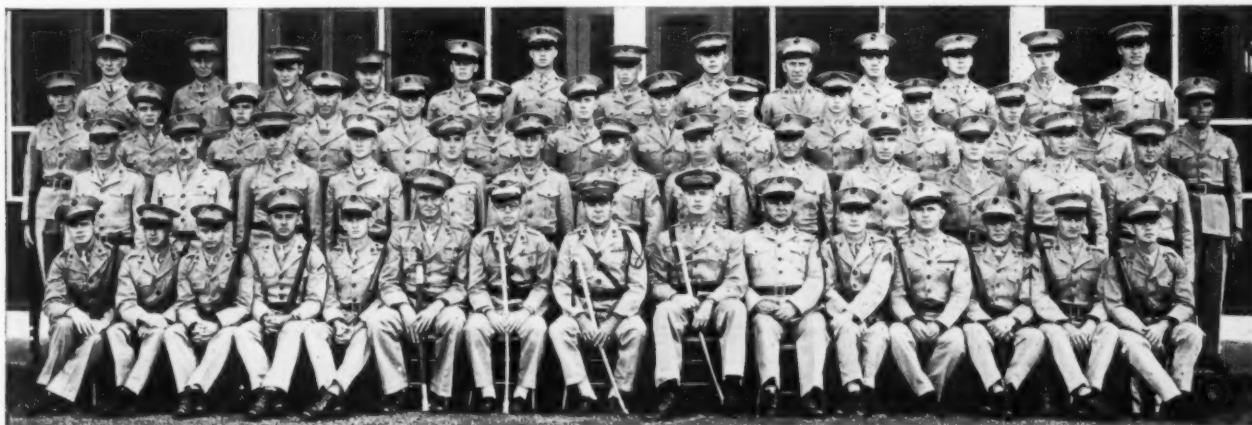
By R. E. Thompson

The President of the United States visited the Cape for a few hours on the fifth of July, and in a short address said in effect that the Marines would evacuate Haiti within a month or six weeks. It was welcome music to our sun-burned ears.

The Post changed Commanding Officers when Lt.-Col. H. G. Bartlett was detached to Brooklyn Navy Yard. Our new Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. E. N. McClellan, took command, June 26, and asked the command's cooperation in cleaning up the post prior to evacuation. The post has been busy putting in new screens and in re-painting odds and ends. The flower beds have been weeded carefully, and the parade ground has taken on a new appearance since we broke out the corral man and had it mowed. All in all, it will be a good-looking camp when we leave it.

Eddie Provost, our pachydermatous barber, is going back to the States for a three-month priority discharge, in order to middle-aid it. Some women never seem to have any luck.

We had a big field meet here on the fourth of July. Most of the men in the post participated and got into the money. K. P. Rountree, Georgia farmer boy, took first place in the shot-put, with thirty-three feet, and Haygood, post carpenter, took a close second. Private Greeter, N.C.O. messman, walked away with the egg race. The boy



MARINE DETACHMENT, MARINE BARRACKS, U. S. SUBMARINE BASE, COCO SOLO, CANAL ZONE. 12 JUNE, 1934.

Seated, left to right: Pvt. F. Rector, Pfc. G. E. Foster, Pvt. H. Lowery, Pfc. P. L. Harr, Pfc. W. H. Thaxton, 1st-Sgt. W. O. Christian, 1st-Lt. A. L. Gardner, Capt. E. D. Kalbfleisch, 2nd-Lt. J. A. White, Sgt. McK. Goehring, Sgt. H. A. Rubertus, Cpl. J. P. Smith, Cpl. R. L. Hamilton, Pfc. A. J. Anderson, Pfc. W. S. Osborne. Standing, first row: Cpl. E. H. Weiss, Cpl. R. J. Corbett, Pvt. G. S. Rittmeyer, Pfc. C. G. Rollen, Pfc. J. D. Murphy, Pvt. G. W. Steinhauer, Cpl. N. K. Tribble, Pfc. E. Crafton, Pfc. T. A. Johnson, Pvt. A. C. Sellers, Pvt. C. H. Hyatt, Cpl. C. F. Brasek, Pvt. A. A. Simon. Standing, second row: Pfc. R. K. Stewart, Pvt. A. K. Libergall, Tpr. H. B. Buffkin, Sgt. J. H. Starlin, Cpl. J. R. Guffy, Pfc. L. H. Clements, Pvt. C. E. Magnuson, Pvt. J. T. Purviance, Pvt. T. C. Handcock, Pvt. R. T. Hill, Pvt. J. P. Wells, Pvt. G. W. Bolton, Pvt. J. W. Dusenbery, Cpl. G. W. Reid. Standing, third row: Pvt. W. M. Rush, Cpl. C. O. Haynes, Pvt. K. D. Miner, Cpl. G. E. Hagen, Pvt. E. Runkle, Pvt. E. F. Deegan, Pvt. F. L. Jordan, Pvt. R. H. Smits, Cpl. J. Adams, Pvt. Z. B. Lipscomb, Pvt. L. W. Seaman, Pvt. F. H. Doherty, Pfc. J. Zaleski.



"Come, Fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring—"

had been practicing in the mess hall. Hopkins, corporal, lived up to his name, and hopped to victory in the sack race, Music Chandler taking the second prize. Two men turned out for the heavy marching order, which was won by Corporal Ingerson. Ingy's shirt was dripping sweat when he jumped to his feet and declared that he was *finis*. The boy deserved all he won.

Private Rountree led his ten men to victory in the centipede race, while "Tex" McDaniels was the head man on the second team. Pyburn, former high school track star, took the 100-yard dash with ease, crowding out the favorite, Duke. . . . The wheelbarrow race was won in a walk by Private Perry of aviation, and your scribe. In the tug-o-war, Company "B" pulled Headquarters Company off their feet twice in succession, upsetting the plans of the men who sit in offices and get fat. Pfc. F. E. Poo placed first in the pie-eating contest with the pie smeared well around his face; War Whoop Davis gobbled up second money and then refused to eat any of the chicken we had for dinner, thereby giving the men on his table a chance to fill up. Perry, pilot of the Cape, was a dark horse in the running high jump, winning it from Py-

burn, who was favorite, with a jump of five feet four inches, which was very good, considering the conditions under which he jumped. Four fast men took the relay race at a walk, winning themselves five berries; they were: Music Chandler, Private First Class Kirby of Signal, Private Pyburn of Company "B," and Duke of the telephone booth. McDaniels won the singles in tennis from Private Richardson, and with Private Goolsby took the doubles from Davis and Cleghorne. The fights, of which there were six, took place at night. Saeo, from South Philadelphia, won the decision over Lamothe from New Orleans in a three-round bout. Private Bassett, erstwhile Private First Class, took the decision from Private Boarman, which was easy for Bassett, since Boarman was a substitute, and had no previous training. Music Chandler won the decision from Music Price; the fight was a slashing go from start to finish. The best fight of the evening came next, with Music Jackie Faulkner fighting a draw with Private Glass. Those new lightweights tore into each other tooth and nail, and it was evident that they found hard sledding to hold their hands up at the end of the third round. Heavyweights were Private H. J. Smith and

Private Yeager. Smith, an old hand at boxing, took plenty of punishment from the Philadelphia boy, winning the decision by a narrow margin. The main event was between Pvt. Charles E. Jones and Private Kolarik. Both of them experienced fighters, they put on a perfect sparring match, and the decision went to Private Jones. The fight was booed all the way through, but the two boys had worked out so long together they knew just what to expect from each other. Jones is the more experienced of the two, having had fights on Parris Island and on the outside before coming in the Corps.

THE SECOND MARINES' BAND

By "Doc" Foreman

It seems as though the Band of the Second Marines is putting on airs (symphonic airs, if you please!). The Second Marines' Concert Orchestra, directed by Gy-Sgt. Wm. B. Greear, Jr., recently honored Karl L. King, America's most prolific composer, by a special concert devoted almost exclusively to his compositions. The concert was played to a large and appreciative audience—the music lovers of the American Colony having turned out *en masse*.

"Snort" Presson, jazz-leader, continues to present his concerts of dance music twice weekly in Sergeant Ridre's *salle a manger*.

Joe B. Chandler, our bass-drummer, believes the best thing to take for a headache is rum—the night before. Joe expects to leave us to go to Parris Island this month.

Johnny Wallace is suffering from nostalgia—pining for the deltas of Mississippi.

"Dizz" Day, having girl trouble, says you never can tell about a woman. You shouldn't anyhow.

Paul Stankus and Lester Kuehl are two of the mainstays of the Regimental baseball team.

Private First Class Robinson returned recently from the West Indies Rifle matches held at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. At the horse races at Pan-American Field, May 19th and 20th, he did some heavy betting. "Robbie" says his horse was the most courageous of them all. It chased the rest of the horses around the track. And then came in first—in the next race.



BACHELOR OFFICERS' QUARTERS, QUANTICO

Along with the commendable program of making Quantico one of the most attractive and comfortable military posts in the country, the construction of the new Bachelor Officers' Quarters is progressing by leaps and bounds, and it is expected that by the beginning of next year the bachelor officers of the post will no longer suffer the inadequacy which has for so long existed in reference to living conditions.

The realization of long hoped for improve-

ment will be a great pleasure to bachelors throughout the Marine Corps.

The building is to be a three story brick affair built in terraces, one of which is to contain the ornamentation of a marble fountain. Completion is assured by the Public Works appropriation of \$180,000.

In addition to the building of most comfortable suites for the accommodation of bachelor officers, the building is to include spacious facilities for entertainment, and, upon completion, will afford a beautiful setting for social functions as the locale of the Officers' Club.



Despite the depression and all the other things including pay cut and its partial restoration, this station has had a real bumper year ending with the fiscal year 30 June, 1934. Flying more hours than were ever flown on this station or any other Marine Aviation unit in one year, and beating the 1932-33 record here by 3,000 hours,

real accomplishments have been effected both in the air and on the ground.

With operating squadrons, VF9-M and VO7-M and VJ6-M handling all the large aircraft, air shows have been participated in, demonstrations and actual tactical problems have been worked out with ground units and the crowning event of all was the participation in the Fleet Maneuvers in the Caribbean waters in which 24 planes, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Rowell, made the flight covering almost 6,000 miles without a single mishap other than a bit of trouble with one of the Fords at Miami. The problems assigned to the Marine units were handled with precision and care and the laying of the smoke screens at San Juan and in Guantanamo Bay were real shows and proved the effectiveness of Marine squadrons in working with landing forces. The fact that Colonel Rowell flew the entire trip in his own little "yellow-nosed" F4B-4 is an accomplishment that we believe has not been equaled by an officer of his rank in the other services or in the Marine Corps.

NEW FIELD WELL UNDERWAY

The old bomber hangar that was moved from the old field has been set-up on the new location on the new Turner Field and three more have sprouted up to the north of it. The brick are well covering the sides of three of the hangars and if you other people of Marine Aviation can imagine a steam heated brick sided shelter in the long Virginia winters you can imagine more than we can for it is just unbelievable. But it is just about a reality unless the Navy claims the field for its own and we are moved to Timbuctu or some other place like Parris Island. On the old field in the location where the old Budrow hangar once was located, the firm of Zalanka-Bird-Zalanka and Hendershot have erected one of the hangars that was located on Archibald Field in Managua. Despite all the blueprint arguments that have been had and the interruptions on the days that the Yankees lost a baseball game, the "Bull" and the "Earl," aided by Bill Bird, have set the hangar up in ship-shape if the Condor could be squeezed into it. One night the right wing of the Condor sets out in the Virginia elements and the next night Jimmy Hill sticks the tuther one out. Other buildings that have been built in the past year are the quartermaster storeroom located by the garage, a sandblast house in the same vicinity, and four new barracks. But try as he might Zalanka, or Bird, for that matter, have never convinced the "Bull" that 11 o'clock is not chow time in the morning. Quite a scare was had recently when Bull failed to put in his appearance at the mess hall at 10:50 o'clock. Everybody searched in vain until it was found that he had gotten a pass to hear a baseball broadcast the following day.

THE CONDOR IS SOME BIRD

The famed old bird of the Andes after which our new Curtiss Condor is named, has nothing on this new aircraft. When Captain Major with Lieutenants Saunders and Parmelee went after the plane at St. Louis all they got was the plane and a set of books that resembled the Harvard five-foot shelf and they headed for Brown Field. About 16,000 feet up and some miles toward home the engines quit and according to Captain Major there were three of the busiest book worms in history looking for the page that had the dope on how many turns to give the valve of the next gasoline tank. To date Captain Major, Lieutenant Parmelee and 1st Lt. W. D. Saunders have been the only pilots to check

out in it. The plane is at present being used to give the overnight Gunnery-Sergeants and Master Sergeants their flight time. Gy-Sgt. Jimmy Hill, the crew chief of the big plane, even sleeps in his charge. Jimmy says that Jonah might have had a harder job when he was a three-day crew chief of the whale, but he doubts it.

IT'S THE REDUCING SCALES OR THE CARPET

A recent order from the office of the Commanding General of the Fleet Marine Force directs that all men "suffering from overweight" take steps to get rid of the superfluous double chest, immediately.

Gy-Sgt. Herbie Cooper of the parachute department, says that the order does not apply to him for he is not "suffering" from weighing too much for he really enjoys it, and it has cost him plenty in *cervena* to raise so gigantic a bay window. "Chick" Reynolds of the carpenter shop, has offered to set his planer for the reduction of said abdomens but hasn't any customers as yet. Since General Lyman has brought up the Sergeant-Major and Quartermaster fronts, how about the old dried up First Sergeants and Gunnery Sergeants like Skygac Georger, Harold Smith and others that are far underweight? There ought to be a new order in the manual where there could be an equal division of accrued weights. But, seriously, if the order is followed up, it'll be the scales at the sick bay with a thumbs-up or the old foot mat in front of the "old-man." The boy that we feel for right now is Sgt. "Dick" Underwood, who hangs out at Dave Shapiros' office near the railroad tracks. Richards hasn't seen his feet in three cruises, he says.

WHY DIDN'T ROSCOE SEND HIS LION?

Roscoe Turner, the famous Hollywood air hopper and speed flyer, has donated his "little brother," Willie D. Turner, six-foot-six, weight 222 pounds, feet so long he has to back up to a door to turn the knob, to the Marine Aviation for a four-year tour. The service really could have outfitted Roscoe's lion, Gilmore, more economically than it has this Mississippi Carnera-appearing youngster. His pants had to be made out

of two wall tents and six shelter halves and there is not a cow in Texas with a hide large enough to make a pair of shoes out of its hide for him. He had to restrict himself for two months in the aerological tower while his clothes were being fabricated at Philadelphia. But the aerological people soon got rid of him for as long as he was around there was no need for a theodolite to chase the little balloons with. Willie could see them with his naked eye after they got up past his height. Captain Major has corralled young Turner and his fellow townsman, O'Neil Galbraith, another six-footer, to be his operations clerks. The boys hail from Corinth, Mississippi, and it is said by men who live in the same barracks that both swampsters have webs between their toes from wading the cypress swamps of their native state.

The pair have their eyes set on Pensacola, if the thing ever opens up again, and it is believed that all hands wish them a chance at the Navy Flight School. They are always on the job in operations office and do a good job on handling the time, plane movements, and all the rest of the work connected with operations.

COLONEL ROWELL ON SELECTION BOARD

Colonel Rowell has been in Washington on the Junior Selection for the promotion of officers for the past three weeks. It is the put and take body for the junior ranks, according to the *Army and Navy Register*. Some stay and go up and others drop out. It has been rumored that our Commanding Officer might be promoted to Colonel or even a Brigadier-General and be assigned as assistant to the Major General Commandant for aviation. We don't know of a more capable man in Marine Aviation for the job. Colonel Rowell had the desk work as publicity officer during the World War, he has had work in the field, and for his aviation achievements, one only has to review the last Marine occupation of Nicaragua. Colonel Rowell can still get "up" and show the best of the Marine Corps pilots how this or that formation or maneuver should be executed; he has made a thorough study of the ground end of avia-



The Old Swimming Hole at Quantico

tion. Any head of a department can testify to the fact that the Colonel knows what he is about in any shop or department on the station.

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT

Born to M. Sgt. and Mrs. C. C. Campbell, a boy, Charles Burnett.

Born to 1st Sgt. and Mrs. R. Garrie, a boy. It's Ralph, too.

Master Sergeant Charlie says that he is now one up on the Sergeant Major. As for the First Sergeant of VF9-M, he enters the weight gained by Ralph, Jr., on the morning report every Wednesday morning after the baby is weighed at the clinic on Tuesday. Charlie is now spending a six weeks' tour at Lakehurst Naval Air Station, where he is studying a Post Graduate course in aerology, something about the fourth dimension of the stratosphere or something like that. Charlie is the premier weather guesser of Marine Aviation.

Born to Sgt. and Mrs. R. C. Coddington, a boy, John Gilbert, and not after the movie star. The little Coddington's grandfather's name is John Gilbert. The little fellow's father is running for mayor of Hoadly, Virginia. He is the playing manager of the Hoadly baseball team, an ex-well-digger-by-hand, and general all around citizen of the Prince William County metropolis.

JUST CARRY ME BACK FROM A CARRIER

Master Sergeant Jordan and Staff Sergeant Irvie Master herded two O2C's to Norfolk on the 3rd of July and visited with all the carrier Marines aboard the fourth floor of the Pine Beach Hotel at the present. The only man that really liked the carrier (if he wasn't married) was his nibs Horace Duke Geer. Mettatal, Smoky Joe Coleman and Dorsey Pierce (already) and all the rest believe that one foot on dry land unless both are in the air is the best for all Marine Aviation demmons. Jordan and Masters flew above the carriers and sighted in at 3,000 feet and then glided on down and sighted in again from 1,000.

"Boy, Oh, Boy, Oh, Boy, Oh, Boy, Oh, Boy how small those decks do look from the air," was the exclamation made by Irvie Masters. After renewing all acquaintances with the carrier gang, Masters and Jordan were told that a *cerveza* party with 500 gallons of beer was on tap for an afternoon's frolic at Willoughby Spit and they were welcome to go along, but if not, "We'll be a seeing you."

THE MOST RECENT CHANGE

Al Smith and his "Sidewalks of New York" will be a sideline when we get our five-foot sidewalk running from the engine overhaul building on the extreme south end of the field to the sick bay on the extreme north end of the field. The contractors, who are adding the final topping to the new field, have bought a borrow pit to the south of the flying field across from the Robinson property and will use 75 trucks that will make about 400 trips a day through the station loaded with Virginia real estate for the finish of Turner Field. Major Evans, the Commanding Officer, ordered the sidewalk as a safety precaution. The other move is the hangar that has been on the west side of the garage. It will be taken down under the supervision of Zalanka-Hendershot-Hendershot and Zalanka Contractors, and will be re-located alongside the present VF9-M hangar on the extreme north end of the flying field. This will mean the moving of VF9-M and VJ6-M offices and the beautiful rose garden that has been so beautifully developed by Cpl. Rojo Case. The sidewalk in front of the

barracks and shops will get the pretty flower beds in front of the machine and motor shops and will tear up the floriculture of Sgt. Preacher Parsons. Parsons was so sure that he would have flowers in the prettily designed beds on the Quartermaster lawn that he sowed the seeds in the morning, and that afternoon stuck up a sign, "No molesta the flowers, by order of the C. O." That's optimism. But here's another instance of optimism. Lieutenant Gordon asked a Gunnery-sergeant in VO7-M to drive his car to Norfolk during gunnery. On the morning that he turned the car over for the trip he gave the Gunny his keys to the car with a bottle opener on the key ring and a ten-dollar bill and said, "See you in Norfolk." Now that's what I call optimism. A brand new automobile, a ten spot and the keys to the automobile with a bottle opener on the key ring.

LIEUTENANT SCHILT, THE F. M. F. AIR OFFICER

With the transfer of Capt. L. G. Merritt to the West Coast, 1st Lt. Christian F. Schilt, who has just recently finished the Tactical School of the Army at Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala., was named Air Officer of the Fleet Marine Force.

He is one of the best pilots of the three services, having flown in many races, exhibitions, and other flying events. He was second in the Pulitzer Race in 1926 at Norfolk and then it was just a case of having the better man than the plane he flew. Talking about the old wooden ships and iron men and the vice versa of this statement, when Lt. Lawson H. M. Sanderson was invited by the National Aeronautical Association to represent the United States in the French National Air Meet in June of this year, the entire country was scoured in search of a plane that can take 'em as

"Sandy" puts it to 'em, and not one could be found, nor was there time to get one ready for Lieutenant Sanderson. The fact that Marines out-marched mules on the trail of Nicaragua and the mules fell alongside the trail and had to be abandoned is true, but when this country develops better materials of genus homo than it can build planes to "take it" seems that it is about time that the stress and strain artists get together and fabricate.

THE PHOTO LAB WILL FRAME YOU NOW

With his newly purchased framing machine, M. Sgt. George Calvin Morgan has done some nice picture framing and has decorated the walls of headquarters and other offices with his wares. It is ventured that George has one of the most prized photo albums in the service but he can't keep it complete for if a friend sees a picture and wants it, out it comes. By the way, the aristocratic gray hair possessed by the photo *Jefe*, is quite an attraction around the swimming pool. Morgan is not so bad as a fancy diver and does a noble job of swimming in many styles.

THE STAMP STALKERS

With Gy-Sgt. Daniel Hardin for an interpreter to handle the Virginians hereabouts, Lieutenant Cowie girds his loins and chases stamps thither and yon through the *bontocs* all about here. It is rumored that Mr. Cowie has quite a collection and that he is in cahoots with Big Jim Farley in issuing all the new stamps as he wants to fill his collection. M. Sgt. William Weigand is also another Phill-a-you-tellum dude. But the dope that we want from one of these philly people is where is the profit? The approach that Dan Hardin, with all his Virjinya lingo, is a riot. He actually brings

(Continued on page 40)

Miscellany



Maj-Gen. John H. Russell awards diploma to 2nd Lt. Paul E. Wallace, of Seattle, Wash., who compiled the highest number of credit marks among the twenty-one graduates of the Basic School at Philadelphia.

BASIC STUDENTS COMPLETE YEAR OF SPECIAL STUDIES

By Leatherneck Jr.

Taking another long step forward in their chosen profession, twenty-one young officers of the Marine Corps completed a year of special instruction and were awarded diplomas at the Basic School, Philadelphia, June 13.

The occasion was distinguished by the presence of the Major General Commandant, John H. Russell, who came from Washington to address the students and to present their diplomas.

While nearly all the graduates were former Annapolis men, there was nothing in the ceremony to remind them of their last day at their Alma Mater on the banks of the Severn. There was no throwing of caps or outbursts of cheers.

On the contrary, all of them seemed to sense the fact that they had passed another milestone on the long march that leads to their final objective—the attainment of positions of higher trust and honor in the Marine Corps.

Smiling skies greeted General Russell on his first official visit to the Philadelphia Navy Yard since he became Commandant. A trim line of Marines in white-blue-white rendered him the customary honors, and thirteen guns boomed a salute when he prepared to make his departure.

Attired in spotless "whites," the students gathered in their classroom to listen to officers who had achieved high rank in the service, and who instilled in the graduates a sense of their new responsibilities.

After the invocation by Capt. Robert D. Workman, chaplain at the navy yard, the students were addressed by Lt. Col. W. Dulty Smith, commanding officer of the Basic School. He congratulated the students on the work they had done and thanked them for their loyal support. Among other things he mentioned their preparation for advance base work, pointing that a "fleet is worthless without a base, while a base is worthless without Marines."

Rear Admiral William C. Watts, Commandant of the 4th Naval District and Navy Yard, then spoke of the appropriateness of General Russell's visit, and stressed the importance of Marines in the scheme of national defense. He discounted the theory that either soldier or bluejackets could perform the duties normally assigned to the Marine Corps.

Sketching briefly the services of the Corps "From the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli," Admiral Watts told the students that they could have no worthier ambition than to follow in the footsteps of their predecessors.

"Whenever you are given a task to perform, put your best efforts into it," might summarize General Russell's principal admonition to the students in the course of an address in which he outlined some of the experiences they are likely to encounter in the immediate future.

After stating his pleasure at being present, the Major General Commandant gave a practical talk on the present trend of Marine Corps service, emphasizing preparation for advance base work.

Explaining that their first duty is with the U. S. Fleet and the Fleet Marine Force, he outlined the duties of Marines in the establishment of advance bases, and he advised the graduates to make a thorough study of the Gallipoli Campaign as a means of increasing their knowledge regarding this type of service.

General Russell also spoke of the various changes in the educational system which take place from time to time, and the new system of selection, soon to be adopted, which is bound to be an incentive for officers to put forth their best efforts.

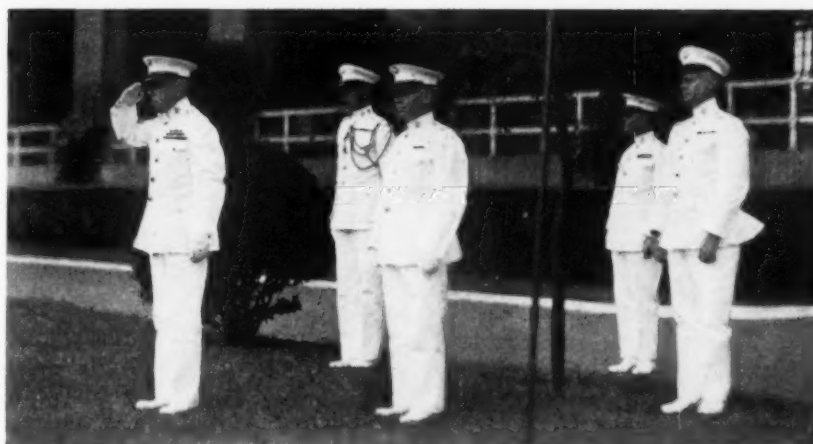
In the course of his brief address, General Russell touched on virtually every vital point with which the young officers should be concerned, from expeditionary duty to the exercising of tact and diplomacy.

After referring to the work of the Fourth Brigade of Marines in the World War, General Russell advised the class that since they had embarked on their careers as Marine Officers, they should resolve to "relinquish some of their early ideas of liberty and give up something for the benefit of the Marine Corps."

The Commandant closed his address by quoting from the remarks of John Paul Jones in regard to the essential qualifications of an officer who wishes to achieve the most in his profession.

Friends and relatives were present to witness the award of the diplomas and, in some cases, to bid farewell to the following officers who are scheduled to leave Philadelphia soon for other assignments:

Second Lts. Edward E. Authier, Joslyn R. Bailey, Nixon L. Ballard, James L. Beam, Ethridge C. Best, Robert O. Bowen, Frederick S. Bronson, James F. Climie, Donald W. Fuller, William A.



Maj-Gen. John H. Russell acknowledges salute of his Guard of Honor at the closing exercises of the Basic School at Philadelphia. Behind the Commandant, from left to right, are: Capt. Lester A. Dessez, Col. Edward B. Manwaring, Maj. Alfred A. Cunningham, and Capt. Franklin T. Steele.

Kengla, James M. Masters, Jr., David S. McDougal, Wilbur J. McNenny, Guy M. Morrow, James Rockwell, Eustace R. Smoak, Theodore C. Turnage, Marshall A. Tyler, Sidney S. Wade, Paul E. Wallace and Gerald R. Wright.

THE DUMBEST MARINE

By Captain Chas. D. Baylis,
U. S. M. C. (Ret.)

"Well," says "Jimmy" Lynch, "I've been a Master-at-arms for just about four 'hitches' now, and I've seen some pretty 'thick' sailor-men in that time, but for taking the cake as being the 'Dumbest Marine,' the mango-palm goes out to a leatherneck by the name of Swenson that I ran across on board the U.S.S. *Alert*, one of the old 'Sail and Steam' packets of the 'White Navy' that tied up at Mare Island in the old days, and now and then made a trip down Samoa way with stores and replacements.

"You see these Marines are sticklers for learning their drill manual like nobody's business, and as for orders . . . why once you tell one of 'em an order, all Hades won't budge him 'till you sound 'Recall' on him, or else abandon ship.

"In the old days—as I learned it—a Marine's second general order read something like this . . . 'To walk my post in a military manner, keeping constantly on the alert, x x x' and that's where the rub came in.

"Came a day when the *Alert* was getting ready to shove off for Samoa, and the night before we left I was shaken out of a sound sleep by the Quartermaster on watch who told me there was a lone Marine on board who wouldn't tell anybody his business, neither would he allow anybody to loiter around the quarter-deck.

"Well, I went on deck to see what it was all about, but just then all hands started in to take in the lines, and I had to go to station and forgot all about the solitary Marine. All this happened, mind you, in the days when wireless telegraph and radio weren't even dreamed of.

"We go well out to sea in the meanwhile, and nothing was thought of the lone Marine because the old Pacific was kicking up pretty rough and all hands not on watch kept below decks. Imagine my astonishment next day when the Officer of the Deck sent for me to answer how the Marine got on board.

"Master-at-Arms," says the Officer of

the Deck, 'There's a Marine on board this vessel. Where did he come from and where are his orders?'

"Sir!" says I, 'I haven't any orders for any Marines and I didn't know there was any of them pests nearer than Mare Island.'

"Well, there is," says the O. D. 'Bring him forward.'

"So I sallied below and told the leatherneck that the O. D. wanted to see him on the bridge.

"What's your name?" says the O. D.

"Swenson, Sir!" pipes up the lone Marine.

"What are you doing on board this vessel?" says the O. D.

"Sir!" says the leatherneck, 'I'm carrying out my general orders.'

"How so?" says the O. D.

"Well," says the Marine, 'my second general order says to keep constantly on the ALERT and I stay on post by golly 'till the Corporal takes me back to the guard-house.'

"You won't have to wait that long," says the O. D. 'Master-at-Arms, take charge!'

"Swenson did most of his 'observin' on the business end of a holy-stone, between the Golden Gate and Sambo, and somehow or other he got convinced that maybe a Corporal can be wrong now and then, and perhaps he was takin' in too much territory when he boarded the *Alert*.

"I think Swenson grew up to be a Quartermaster Sergeant, and no doubt they used him to dish out horse-blankets to the boots down at Parris Island."

HANGMAN'S NOOSE

The French fourragere, worn looped around the shoulder of the members of the Marine Brigade in France and other United States troops decorated with the Croix de Guerre, originally was a hangman's noose.

A Flemish regiment which had run away in battle went into their next fight wearing a short length of rope with a spike at the end to make it easy, so they declared, for the Duke of Alva to carry out a threatened hanging.

But when the battle was over they had redeemed themselves so gloriously that the rope and spike became a symbol of courage and since has been awarded in recognition of valor.



QUANTICO NINE MEETS FAST OPPOSITION

BY PHIL HAENSLER

The Quantico Marines, at the time of going to press, seem inspired with the same sort of "never say die" spirit that marks a pennant winner. After a wobbly start that saw them drop a couple of hair-line decisions, and with the Baltimore trouncing pasted in their respective hat-bands, the boys went on a rampage and refused to admit the season a failure. When Captain Max Cox was unfortunately detached to Parris Island, Charlie Gann, popular Quantico athletic veteran, assumed the responsibility of taking over the perplexing problem of giving the Quantico Leathernecks a winning combine. He has gotten off on the right foot . . . may Lady Luck follow in the footsteps of these boys; we're all pulling for them.

Early season game resume:

Quantico Marines Take to Road to Commence 1934 Schedule

Alta Vista, Va., June 10.—This sleepy little hamlet, located far in the wilderness of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, came to life Saturday when the Quantico Marines invaded the township for a week-end date with the Alta Vista Athletic Club. Little did Captain Cox's Marine nine expect to encounter what they found at the Mountain resort. Manager Wattlington of the "Hill-Billies" had a couple of polished hurlers in waiting to present for the inspection of the Marines, with the result that nine humiliating scoreless frames were all the boys were able to show for their one hundred and ninety-four mile trip over a road that if placed end to end on a road map would look like the winding eccentricities of a barber pole.

Consolation in defeat. Yes, "Whiffy Thomas, temperamental right-hander of the Marines, pitched Saturday's game and turned in a classic of some sort. Only three hits were recorded off his delivery, while the Marines counted seven off "Lank" Abbott, sensational gigantic University of Virginia varsity star. Base-running that would make "Casey" Stengel of the Brooklyn Dodgers turn green with envy, materially aided the home cause and was the direct reason for the fans to chortle with glee at the outcome.

Quantico Marines, Still in Throes of Batting Slump, Drop Decision to Elks, 3-0

Post Field, Quantico, Va., June 13.—A contortionist by the name of Chinn, assuming the pitching role for the Fredericksburgh Elks, treated the Quantico Marines to their third successive shut-out of the season when he managed to hold them scoreless for nine frames here this afternoon.

When a team manages to garner ten safeties they usually are successful in denting the platter on at least a couple of occasions, but Dame Fate sneered in the direction of the locals this afternoon. Hard hit balls, with men stranded on the baselines, would loop politely into the hands of visiting outer-gardeners with monotonous regularity. In fact, in the seventh, with two on bases, and the Leathernecks in the stands howling for action, "Red" Rhea, burly Marine pitcher, was subjected to an example of petty robbery when center-fielder Fenlow of the Elks streaked into short left-center and snatched his potential three bagger out of the ozone.

Thomas Halts Washington Police Team in Hectic Game at Quantico, 11-8

Post Field, Quantico, Va., June 15.—Trailing by one run in the last half of the sixth inning, with the baselines loaded, the stage was all set here this afternoon for a Frank Merriwell finish against the gallant Washington Bluecoats, representing the Guardians of the Law in the Capital City. Captain Charlie Gann, thrusting aside his wraps, picked out his trusty war club and the sighs in the stands could be heard as far as the Aviation Field, and on the very outskirts of Dumfries, Va. Well, to make a long story short, Charlie stepped into one of Russell's fast balls, and when the aggra-

vated pellet finally eluded Radtke, the Bluecoats' left fielder, Charlie was crossing third base and rounding home to score behind three base runners with the tallies that sewed up the issue of the game beyond any doubt.

Conway, the Police starting mound artist, found the going extremely difficult, due to the fact that the Marines were sharpened for the occasion, earlier games of the season convincing them, apparently, that hits mean nothing unless spikes dent the home platter. On the other hand, the fate of Thomas probably would still be hanging in the balance, had it not been for the fact that the Marine infield "whooped it up" with a man down in the ninth and eradicated a possible Cop rally with Morris, Rippy and Slusser collaborating in a lightning twin-slaughter that sent the home fans, including the Post Band, home in a state of ecstasy.

The box score:

QUANTICO MARINES					WASHINGTON POLICE				
	ab	h	o	a		ab	h	o	a
Winger, rf	2	0	2	0	Rus'l, 3b	p	5	1	1
Ank'm, lf	4	2	1	0	Gray'n, ss	5	3	0	1
Morris, ss	4	1	4	3	Kiser, 2b	4	1	4	2
Gann, cf	5	1	2	0	Camp'l, cf	4	1	1	0
Slusser, 1b	4	0	6	0	Ra'e, lf	3b	5	2	2
Jenk's, 3b	5	1	3	4	Hoffm'n, c	3	1	5	0
Rippy, 2b	5	1	3	5	Prince, rf	5	1	2	0
Nichols, c	4	3	4	0	Watt, 1b	4	1	9	0
Thomas, p	3	1	1	0	Conway, p	5	1	0	4

Totals 37 11 27 12 Totals 40 12 24 8
Police 3 1 0 0 2 0 0 1 1—8
Marines 1 0 3 1 0 5 1 0 x—11

Runs—Winger 2, Morris 2, Gann, Rippy 2, Nichols 2, Thomas 2, Grayson, Campbell 2, Radtke 2, Hoffman 2, Prince. Errors—Jenkins 2, Rippy, Grayson, Radtke. Two-base hit—Grayson. Home runs—Gann, Campbell. Double play—Morris to Rippy to Slusser. First base on balls—Off Thomas 2, off Conway 2, off Russell 1. Hit by pitched ball—By Thomas (Kiser). Stolen bases—Morris, Rippy. Umpire—Boswell.

Marines Almost Call Out Reservists as Firemen Souse Pitcher Thomas, 15-4

Oriole Park, Baltimore, Md., Saturday, June 23.—I'd like to inform you gay Devildogs situated in various parts of this old sphere from Shanghai to Port au Prince that the Marines swamped and annihilated the Firemen here this afternoon in the objective game of the season. What's the use, boys, we may as well speak for the shoulder and stop dodging a painful issue. Coach Mike Thompson, veteran Baltimore citizen, and Head Coach of Baseball at Mount St. Mary's College in Emmitsburg, Md., for years and years, had too much experience to hand our young, daring Sea-Soldiers. Experience was the deciding factor in the last World Series when Old Man Terry out-masterminded Kid Cronin, so it is hardly



too humiliating to write this down to be pasted in hat bands and recorded in the annals of Quantico Sports history.

Perhaps the scene of battle would have been more serene had Mascot-Mut Jiggs been among those present, but, alas! his canine soul reposes in Dog Heaven, and his ghost failed to return to haunt the home Fire-fighters. And what a team those boys showed us. Hal Parr, their right-hand pitcher, retired no less than twenty-one determined Marines in rapid and monotonous order after Ben Rippy's solid single through short had sent the thousand and some odd Marines in the stands off to howls of encore in the second.

It is hardly necessary to furnish further statistics on this game other than say that the pre-game parade down Calvert Street with the Bluecoats of the Firemen, some five hundred strong, led by Lieutenant Colonel John Potts, Commander of the Second Battalion of Our Fleet Marines, was without question one of the smartest parades that the Fair Oyster City has ever played host to.

The official box score:

QUANTICO MARINES									
	ab	r	h	po	a	e			
Winger, rf	3	1	0	2	0	1			
Ankrom, lf	4	1	1	2	1	0			
Morris, ss	4	0	0	3	2	1			
Gann, cf	4	1	1	1	0	0			
Slusser, 1b	3	1	1	6	0	0			
Jenkins, 3b	4	0	1	0	3	1			
Rippy, 2b	3	0	1	1	0	1			
Nichols, c	3	0	0	9	0	0			
Thomas, p	2	0	0	0	2	1			
Rhea, p	1	0	0	0	0	0			
Totals	31	4	5	24	8	5			

BALTIMORE FIREMEN									
	ab	r	h	po	a	e			
Gouder, cf	5	2	1	0	0	0			
Campbell, 2b	5	3	1	2	1	1			
Redmond, 1b	4	2	3	2	1	0			
Hurley, 3b	5	3	2	1	3	0			
Bever, lf	3	3	2	2	0	0			
Helms, ss	5	1	0	3	2	1			
Pueltz, rf	5	1	3	1	0	0			
Baldwin, c	5	0	1	12	0	0			
Parr, p	5	0	0	0	2	0			
Totals	42	15	13	27	9	2			
Marines	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	—4	
Firemen	4	1	0	4	0	1	0	5	x—15

Two-base hits—Slusser, Jenkins, Pueltz, Hurley. Three-base hit—Ankrom. Stolen bases—Rippy, Redmond, Hurley. Sacrifice—Redmond. Struck out—By Parr 10, by Thomas 4, by Rhea 3. Losing pitcher—Thomas. Time of game—2:16. Umpires—Kerr and Brockmann.

Jinx Still on Trail of Quantico Marines as Proctor Gives Them Five Hits

Post Field, Quantico, Va., June 26.—Captain Charlie Gann, taking a tip from Joe Cronin, dusted off his old service Stetson in the Quantico Post Athletic Office, wrote down on individual slips of paper the names of nine baseball players, juggled the ancient topper and selected the shots at random. Result, the finest showing that the locals have made this season, although, undoubtedly they still dripped a little being a trifle saturated after the Baltimore Firemen's heavy hose attack a few days ago. For seven innings, playing against the formidable Chesapeake of West Point, Va., a team composed largely of former Piedmont Leaguers, who have won nineteen out of twenty-three starts at this early stage of the '34 Campaign, the Marines looked like even bets. However, a couple of miscues and the torrid sun, beaming down unmercifully on the youthful countenance of Pitcher Thomas, told the tale.

The final score of 8-2 in favor of the visitors from West Point is encouraging. The Marines invade West Point on Saturday afternoon, and Charlie Gann will prob-



Post Hockey Team, Marine Detachment, American Legation, Peiping, China

ably insist on a more potent form of attack.

Chesapeake 0 0 3 0 0 0 2 3 0—8
Marines 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0—2
Batteries—Proctor and Stewart; Thomas, Rhea, Crews and Nichols.

Marines See Red and Hand Fort Humphreys 12-4 Pasting. Jim Crews, Goldsboro, N. C., Lad, Winning Pitcher

Post Field, Quantico, Va., June 28.—Maybe the weird assortment of varied colors sported by the brave invading artillerymen from Fort Humphreys had something to do with it, but the fact remains local Marine rooters were treated to a revelation here this afternoon when the Devil dogs, without advance warning, pounced on three Doughboy hurlers to drive their choice repertoire of slants to all three corners of the distant pastures to take an easy verdict, 12-4. Just to show the boys that it could be done, Young Jim Crews, late of the Famous Fleet Marines, made the reputed sluggers of the invaders look pathetically weak, but proved a victim of the heat himself, when "Ski" Wysockanski, another Fleet Marine, took over the burden in the final three frames, but as the Recruiting Posters proclaim, "the situation was well in hand."

Gene Bracci, playing his second game in the Marine infield, handled several difficult chances and drove out a triple, double and single in his last three trips to the plate. The Fort Humphreys Post Band entertained between innings and enlivened the proceedings with snappy march numbers, but the boys gradually succumbed to the heat.

Lineups:

MARINES—Winger, lf; Gann, Slusser, cf; Nichols, rf, c; Morris, 1b; Rhea, c; Bryant, rf; Rippy, 2b; Bracci, ss; Jenkins, 3b; Crews, Wysockanski, p.

FORT HUMPHREYS—Summey, ss; Dyson, Gentry, 1b; Kingsbury, rf; Sasko, cf; Scott, 3b; Grobbs, Blankenship, lf; Hodge, c; Rowe, c; Bornemann, 2b; Serfas, Beaudreau, Rohn, p.

Fort Humphreys 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 2—4
Marines 3 0 0 2 2 0 4 1 x—12

Breaks Go Against Marines, West Point Club Wins in Extra Innings, 7-6

West Point, Va., June 27.—"Red" Rhea locked horns with Tom Proctor here this

afternoon and the result was a ten inning thriller packed with more punches than a ten reel Western picture. The scoreboard showed the home team, the West Point Chesapeake, on top, 7-6, but nine-tenths of the home fans, judging from their actions, will never believe that the ability of the Chesapeake had much to do with the final verdict. The officiating, as exhibited by the arbitrators, was just a shade off color, but at that the Marines almost clipped the wings of the locals.

Rhea, besides pitching a brilliant game, and refusing to give the local sluggers good balls, singled in the ninth to send the game into extra innings.

By innings:

Marines 0 1 1 0 0 0 3 0 1 0—6
Chesapeake 4 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 1—7

Batteries—Rhea and Nichols; Proctor and Stewart.

Rhea, Taking Matter in Own Hands, Features as Marines Trim Fort Humphreys, 3-2

Fort Humphreys, Va., July 5.—The fireworks usually are carded for the glorious 4th, but the Quantico Marines delayed proceedings exactly one day this afternoon, coming from behind in the eighth to score two runs and wipe out a one run deficit. "Red" Rhea, who trails through life under the terrific handicap of the monicker "Azor," took the reins over himself. Besides pitching a splendid game, whiffing no less than thirteen Doughboys, he came up in the eighth, with Goldie Morris, Marine infielder, on first and "Barnie" Barnette on second. "Red" glanced with a genuine ferocity in the direction of left field and sent a sizzler out in that direction; and so lengthy was the clout that Morris countered all the way from first-base with the winning run.

The Marines invade Annapolis on Sunday to play the Village team. The boys are hard to stop right now, playing "heads up" ball and running bases with reckless abandon.

Marines 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 2 0—3
Fort Humphreys 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2

Batteries—Rhea and Nichols; Beaudreau and Smith.

(Continued on page 39)

COME UP TO COOL COLORADO

TO THE

1934 NATIONAL CONVENTION

OF THE

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE, SEPTEMBER 7, 8, 9

AT DENVER, SUMMER CAPITAL OF AMERICA

Make This Your Vacation While You Attend the Biggest Convention the League Has Ever Had
WE WANT 2,000 DELEGATES! We have arranged with the railroads and bus companies for the cheapest **ROUND TRIP** fares in history. No matter where you live in these United States you can **AFFORD** to come to Denver for this convention.

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Cleveland, O.	44.45	New York, N. Y.	54.00	San Diego, Cal.	38.35
Detroit, Mich.	42.20	Paterson, N. J.	54.00	Salem, Oregon	38.35
Erie, Pa.	47.35	Quincy, Mass.	56.20	Spokane, Wash.	38.35
Elmira, N. Y.	47.10	Worcester, Mass.	56.20	St. Louis, Mo.	25.00
Holyoke, Mass.	54.45	Washington, D. C.	50.15	Philadelphia, Pa.	51.55
Indianapolis, Ind.	39.70				

THE BUS COMPANIES

(All fares **ROUND TRIP** to Denver and back with 30 day limit)

Seattle, Wash.	\$40.50	Miami, Fla.	\$54.85	St. Paul, Minn.	\$23.40
San Francisco, Cal.	30.60	Philadelphia, Pa.	45.75	Minneapolis, Minn.	23.40
Los Angeles, Cal.	28.80	Boston, Mass.	51.85	Omaha, Neb.	14.40
San Antonio, Tex.	32.05	New York, N. Y.	47.25	Kansas City, Mo.	16.15
El Paso, Tex.	19.75	Chicago, Ill.	23.20	Dallas, Tex.	22.50
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The majority of these rates are cheaper than the customary "half-fare" for convention delegates.

If you are in doubt about anything call your local ticket agent, or write "National Convention Headquarters, Marine Corps League, Rooms 314-316, Albany Hotel, Denver, Colo."

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REMEMBER! 1934 NATIONAL CONVENTION, MARINE CORPS LEAGUE, AT DENVER, SEPTEMBER SEVENTH, EIGHTH AND NINTH.



DENVER WANTS TWO THOUSAND DELEGATES TO THE 1934 NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE MARINE CORPS LEAGUE TO BE HELD SEPT. 7, 8 AND 9

TWO THOUSAND fighting Marines—no less; more if possible. We're not ciritizing, but national conventions since the depression haven't been so hot. That need not happen this year. We KNOW we'll get a strong turnout from the southwest, the Rocky Mountain region and the middlewest.

What we want is **STRONG DELEGATIONS** from the Atlantic seaboard, the Pacific coast, the south and New England.

We've got everything here. Our one handicap is a **LATE START**. We've got but eight weeks to complete the arrangements and when you read this **FOUR OF THEM** shall have meandered on to join Father Time. So all of us have got to **GET BUSY**.

Every detachment should have one or more delegates. **DON'T THINK YOU CAN'T DO IT**. Call a special meeting **NOW**. Send your men along. Take the train, the bus, use your own car. Or even hitch-hike.

Let's put the Marine League on the map! The American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Disabled American Veterans send thousands each year to national conventions **ANYWHERE** in America. Of course they're bigger **IN NUMBERS**, but that little fact never has fazed Marines, who always had to fight **BIGGER** odds.

LET'S GET GOING. GET TO DENVER. WE'LL FIND A PLACE FOR YOU. IF YOU'VE GOT A CAR AND THE TIME OFF (OR IF YOU'RE TEMPORARILY OUT OF A JOB) SOLICIT YOUR FRIENDS—MAKE UP A PURSE—AND GET GOING.

The big fellows always come. We're mighty glad to have 'em. But what we want particularly this year is the **LITTLE GUYS**, the boys who did the raw work in France, Nicaragua, China, Haiti, Siberia, in fact wherever the iron jaw of a "fighting Marine" has stuck out to meet come what may.

If you're broke when you get here, don't let that bother you. We'll find a way. There's plenty of fellow Leathernecks with grub and a tent, if nothing else.

AND DENVER WANTS YOU. We've got the greatest climate in the world; and what's more, the **FINEST SCENERY**. It's cool up here in Colorado.

Chief of Staff Manning says that the James E. Owens Detachment is the fastest growing detachment in the League. We didn't know that until he came to Colorado

last week. In fact we were sort of ashamed that we had accumulated only forty-six **PAID** members in nine months' time (we were about to get six-guns and go after the other 154 Marines in Colorado). But we're glad to hear it and we want to show you how we do things.

There's going to be dances, picnics, assemblies, excursions, and a **REAL WILD WEST RODEO**. Watch the nags ramble at their best and see how cowboy Marines take 'em for a ride.

No foolin'! The Marines can do anything. Just give 'em a start.

But what we, as Marines, want most is to meet you guys who have fought everywhere. We want to exchange tales once more, the bigger the whoppers, the better. It's a deep longing that grips us. We want to shake hands and look you in the eye again—across the years. And we know that the years haven't dimmed your memories any.

Nine months ago we had a hundred Marines out of work in Denver. In fact that's how we came to start the James E. Owens Detachment. We'll bet there aren't a handful of men now out of jobs and four of that five are "gold brickers." Remember!

Well, Marines wouldn't be Marines if they didn't have a few in every detachment. But we love 'em all just the same.

We're buying a page ad in **THE LEATHERNECK** to tell you **HOW LITTLE** it costs to get to Denver and back from wherever you are. Denver is the virtual geographic center of the United States.

There are five ways to come—by airplane, railroad, bus, your own car and hiking.

Study the tables. See if you can't get together enough dough to make the trip. All fares listed are **ROUND TRIP**. And we guarantee the cheapest bed and board of any spot in the United States. Denver never has felt the depression very much and we're only too glad to share what the good Lord has given us with you.

GET GOING. COME UP TO DENVER AND COOL COLORADO!

KARL L. LEE,

Chief of Staff,

Southwestern Division, M.C.L.

CONVENTION NOTES

The active convention committee is composed of members of the James E. Owens Detachment, Denver. Capt. F. W. De Friess, commandant, Southwestern Division, is chairman and in charge of headquarters.

Committeemen include: C. E. Gaw, A. Endrizzi, W. G. Money Penny, E. L. Savage, Byrne Bee, L. A. Smale, W. H. Stracek, Joe Dolan, D. A. Kimberling and Karl L. Lee.

All mail should be addressed: "National Convention Headquarters, Marine Corps League, Rooms 314-316, Albany Hotel, Denver, Colo."

Special invitations have been sent to all high commanding officers in the Marine Corps and reserves, including Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, commandant; Maj. Gen. John A. Lejeune, retired, and Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler, retired.

An effort is also being made to bring the Secretary of the Navy, the Hon. Claude Swanson, or his assistant, Mr. Roosevelt.

Marines expecting to attend the convention and who have not applied for or received various medals due them are requested to notify convention headquarters so arrangements can be made for formal award during festivities in Denver.

There are hundreds of men entitled to the Purple Heart, Good Conduct medal, battle clasps and other decorations who have never received them.

The convention committee is arranging to have a high ranking officer present to award the hardware **IN STYLE**. The governor of Colorado, the Hon. Ed C. Johnson, Mayor George Begole and Adj. Gen. Neil Kimball, of the Colorado National Guard, will be present at all ceremonies.

Let us know about your medals. We'll cut the red tape in time for you to participate in our formation Sept. 9.

John F. Manning, national chief of staff, visited convention headquarters, Saturday, July 7, and remained through the following Monday when he attended the regular meeting of the Owens Detachment.

He was the guest of Captain De Friess at the latter's palatial mountain club home at Idledale, Colo., Bear Creek Canyon, twenty miles from Denver in the Rocky Mountain Parks.

Second Division engineers at Fort Logan, Colo., as well as veterans of the Second Division Association in the west, will march in our convention parade. The entire Colorado National Guard, also, has been promised.

Bands from the Amerienn Legion (one of the finest in the United States, incidentally), the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the D. A. A. and the Naval Marine Post in Denver also will participate.

It looks like it will be the longest veterans' convention parade in history.

Convention sessions and exercises will be held in Denver City Auditorium, which has a seating capacity of 7,000.

The Denver Chamber of Commerce obtained this concession FREE.

There will be a banquet and dance at the Albany, picnics and excursions to the mountains and a rodeo in Bear Creek Canyon. Charges in all instances will be nominal for delegates and Marines.

FIGHT

Denver is the fight capital of the Rocky Mountain west. Otto Floto brought out Jack Dempsey and other famous fighters here. Max Baer lived many years in Colorado and several of his relatives are residents of Denver.

For half a century Denver has figured big in the annals of the prize ring. Every fight brings out a record crowd.

So—

Your convention committee decided to put on a REAL fight during sessions. We are going to get the best scrappers in the Corps to come out here and meet the best in the country at the auditorium in one grand night of boxing.

We can't announce details of this early date but invitations have been sent out and we'll know more at next press time. One invitation has gone to MR. GENE TUNNEY. Anyone knows that if Gene shows up at ringside or as master of ceremonies the house would be a sell out.

And we NEED the dough to put this convention over. If any of you know Gene plead our case with him. We're getting to him the best way we know how and this is for the GOOD OF THE ORDER.

Don't forget, you Marines coming to Denver in September. We're going to have one of the finest fight programs ever put on in America. Come on and back your man!

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION

THE NATIONAL staff voted to accept the invitation of the James E. Owens detachment, of Denver, Colo., to hold the 1934 national convention of the Marine Corps League, at Denver, and the date chosen as Friday, Sept. 7th, for the opening, with the convention carrying on for the two following days—the 8th and 9th. The scenic advantages of Denver were presented very graphically by the chief of staff of the above detachment in the issue of June LEATHERNECK, so repetition here would be wasted energy, but as these lines are written at Colorado Springs, Colo., the writer is constrained to set forth his opinion that the scenic and climatic conditions are ideal for a very interesting and beneficial assembly of the league for 1934. That the Marines of Colorado, and especially those of Denver, will present an interesting program for the entertainment of all visiting delegates goes without saying, and to judge from the enthusiasm of the Marines present in the rooms of your scribe when official notification was given him, via a telegram, that Denver had won the award to entertain the convention, we are satisfied that this year's national convention will stand out as the greatest in the history of the Marine Corps League. Commandant Moneypenny, of the Denver Detachment, showed what might be expected by his immediate action, and he declared that his detachment would make this year's convention the banner one, and judging from our observations of his associate officers, that we were granted the pleasure of meeting, we agree with him. Captain DeFries has exerted himself in getting the cooperation of the state and city officials and we have been assured that everyone in this state will join in extending a cordial greeting and to judge from the entertainment offered to the delegates present here at Colorado Springs, attending the Disabled American Veterans national convention, we urge every Marine and his lady to exert themselves to attend.

At this writing no program has been definitely arranged, but no doubt an active committee will be appointed, and just as soon as plans are formulated all interested will be notified and THE LEATHERNECK will carry a full report of the program. Ere this, no doubt, all divisions, states and detachments have held their elections and the new officers are functioning, and we sincerely hope that all have acted upon some constructive business to come up before the national assembly. It is essential that every detachment have a representative present, and while the pleasures of attending this convention will afford its appeal, the

business end must not be overlooked, so unless resolutions, and changes in the constitution and by-laws that may be desired are presented, the convention will prove of no benefit to the League. Candidates to carry on the business of the League will be chosen, and it behooves every detachment to consider the desirability of candidates and see that their wishes are voted. Voting by proxy has been accorded in prior conventions, and if the majority desire that privilege be accorded this year, undoubtedly it will be, but it would best serve the interests of the League if every detachment were represented by some member of the detachment. Unexpected business crops up and it is impossible to instruct proxies, and as matters of importance to one section of the country might hold no interest to another, the advantages of local representation is easily seen. It is not the desire of the national division to instruct the various subdivisions of the League, as they are merely to carry out the program set out for them by the national convention assembly, and this can be done only by having the wishes of the detachments presented officially through the detachment delegates. What are your wishes, Marines! Send in your resolutions and all business you desire acted upon. Also elect delegates who will attend, and send their names and credentials to the national headquarters at once, and if unable to have a delegate present, send in your proxy choice, and be sure and instruct him of your wishes. The date is Sept. 7-8-9, and the place is Denver, Colo. Our slogan is ON TO DENVER.

THE DEPARTMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS CONVENTION

The Department of Massachusetts held its convention at Boston, Mass., on June 16-17, with a full representation of detachments, and about 150 delegates and visitors. The convention opened with a banquet at Barrantie's Restaurant, held Saturday, June 16, and a dinner consisting of steaks, chicken and lobster. Entertainment by professional talent was enjoyed, as was also dancing, with the affair breaking up in the "wee, early hours." The principal address at the banquet was delivered by Captain Robart, formerly of the Y. D., AEF, who spoke interestingly of his experiences in France. Captain Blanton, USMC., formerly of the 5th Regiment of Marines in France, now on duty at the Charlestown Navy Yard, spoke, as also did the National chief of staff and Division Commandant, John F. Manning; Roy Rowlee, Div. judge advocate;

L. J. Corbett, Div. Sr. vice commandant; R. W. Robertson, Commandant Bill Anderson, of the T. R. det., and Ray Welch, commandant of the Lawrence det. State Commandant S. L. Spottswood served as master of ceremonies.

The business sessions of the convention opened Sunday, June 17, at 10.30 A. M., and were held at the Sailors and Soldiers Club, Fayette Street, Boston, with all delegates present. Department Commandant Spottswood presided, and the minutes were taken by Department Adjutant Watts, assisted by Division Adjutant Hinekey. The meeting opened in regular form with the minutes of last convention being approved without change, as was also the reports of committees. The Resolutions committee had several resolutions to submit referring to changes in the National Constitution and By-Laws, and these being approved, will be submitted to the consideration of the national convention. The election of officers resulted as follows: R. W. Robertson, "Chappie" of the T. R. det., Department Commandant; Herve Morel, F. A. Beevers det., vice commd.; Roy A. Rowlee, Cape Cod det., judge advocate; Walter Goglin, Holyoke det., chaplain; Roy Keene, T. R. det., sgt. at arms, and John B. Hinekey, T. R. det., John A. Reardon, F. A. Beevers det., Eric Hedin, Cape Cod det., James Finn, Holyoke det., and Dan Molloy, Worcester det., were elected as members of the departmental council. The appointments of chief of staff, adjutant and paymaster will be made at a later date by Commandant Robertson. The delegates voted unanimously to endorse the candidacy of the Division Commandant, John F. Manning (The Boot-top) for the office of National Commandant, and also Dept. Judge Advocate George N. Welch, for National Judge Advocate. Lawrence was elected as the site for the next state convention to be held in 1935.

The Dept. of California will hold their state convention at San Francisco, on June 29, and as this state has been on the job the past year a live-wire and progressive assembly may be anticipated. The California Dept. Comm., A. E. Gilbertson, has reported that his hustling chief of staff, John E. Brock, is busy working up Fresno, Bakersfield and Merced, and he promises to have them on the list of detachments prior to opening of the state convention. Los Angeles and San Diego are also showing signs of activity again, and of course, Oakland is still on its toes. With Gilbertson, Brock and Vincent J. Atton, of Long Beach, Cal., asst. chief of staff, on the job as they always are, only activity can be expected.

These live-wires even reach out into Arizona and have Tucson Marines anxious to sign on the dotted line. Arrangements are under way tending towards the holding of the division convention soon after the state convention.

New Jersey will hold its department convention at Hackensack, N. J., on June 30, and since the majority of detachments have endorsed the candidacy of George O'Brien, of Jersey City, for state commandant, it looks like that state is due for action the coming year, as George is one hustling Gyrene if we judge him from his past activities. George has been the state chief of staff the past year, and has aided materially in making possible the fine showing made in that state, with two new detachments being added to date, and Linden, N. J., ready to get away to a flying start. (Editor's note: In case this "mysterfies" you, George, contact the writer.) The Homer A. Harkness det. of Jersey City held its installation of officers on June 7, and while Jack Brennan, Div. vice commd., did the installing, the chief of staff played an important part therein. On the following evening, June 8, George was to have installed the Capt. Clarke det., at Newark, but he stepped one side to allow the nat. chief of staff to have this honor, and graciously served as installing sgt. at arms. As usual, George O'Brien proved he was a real Marine and would be ready to serve in any capacity that best served the League, and we bet he could have done his duty in the corps as well as a commanding officer as he did a buck private, or grease ball, if he ever hit that detail. Passaic Cty. det. and Morris Cty. det. are also making great progress and will make their presence felt from here on. It is with great regret that we learn of the confinement of Jesse Rodgers, Dept. Commd., in the hospital and we trust he will have but a short stay there, and will soon be back on the job again.

NEW DETACHMENTS

It has been brought to the attention of this office that we have slipped up in properly introducing new detachments, and we apologize for this oversight, and we desire to state that we meant no disrespect or failure on our part to appreciate the value of these new detachments. It was just a case of our pleasure to learn of these new detachments being a reality and maybe our physical disabilities causing us to neglect to properly salute them, that made us accept them as an understood fact, and all we can say is that we are sorry. As brought to our attention, we have been allowing these new detachments to go into THE LEATHERNECK without any statement as to their being new detachments, or by greeting them with a cordial "Hello, Baby-Detachment," and wishing them success. We are sure that these new detachments appreciate that we feel elated at their addition to our ranks, and what we failed to express via THE LEATHERNECK, we hope we did via personal letters to these new detachments. Anyway, as maybe many would appreciate hearing who these new detachments are—that is those joining since our taking over these reportorial duties—we will offer a list of them here, and to each and every one goes our sincere wish for a successful life in the League, and we trust every one of them will progress to such an extent that they will cause the older detachments to come back to life and start hustling again. Here are our Baby Detachments, so everybody up for a rousing cheer to them:

Frank Allen Beevers det., Lawrence,



FOUR OFFICERS OF THE JAMES E. OWENS, M. C. L. DETACHMENT, DENVER

Left to right: W. G. Moneypenny, Commandant; Lawrence A. Smale, Adjutant and Paymaster; D. A. Kinberling, Junior Vice Commandant, and Al Endrizzi, Chief of Staff.

Mass.; Wm. H. McNally det., Holyoke, Mass.; Passaic Cty. det., Paterson, N. J.; Binghampton, N. Y. det.; San Francisco, Cal., det.; Fresno, Cal., det. Also our rejuvenated detachments at Cincinnati, O., Mansfield, O., Akron, O., Indianapolis, Ind., and Denver, Colo. If any have been omitted write in and we will admit our error and offer a sincere apology. Many members at large have been signed up the past year, but not having full data on them we cannot publish an account herein.

LONG BEACH DETACHMENT, NO. 1

Long Beach, Cal.

It is a pleasure for this department to salute and welcome our newest baby detachment, Long Beach, Cal., which desires to be known as Long Beach, No. 1, and with a crowd of Marines like these hombres, we feel it is the wisest thing to let them have their wish. It is true we haven't met or heard anything from any of them except Vincent J. Atton, but if they have the Marine spirit of this Gyrene, and knowing Marines as we think we do, we are not sticking our bean into trouble by arguing with them. Just to show what type of Gyrene Vin Atton is, let us state that through some source or other, he heard of the existence of the League and then and there said, "Man, I'm joining that outfit, and also going to form a detachment right here in my own backyard at Long Beach," and then he had stationery printed with the name of detachment thereon, and elected himself as commandant. Then he wrote this office, and we showed him the better plan to follow, which was to contact State Commandant Gilbertson or State Chief of Staff Brock, and let them help him. He did better than that by meeting these two hustling organizers of the League in California, and sold himself to them with the result that he joined up as a member-at-large, and was appointed as Asst. State Chief of Staff. Then not being satisfied, he sold the League to 13 other Marines with

the result that his dream was made a reality through his efforts, and shortly a charter will be in his hands, and California will have another live-wire detachment. Greetings and salutations, Long Beach Marines; and we greet you with extended arms into the fold of Marinedom as represented by the Marine Corps League, and we anxiously await next month to receive the list of elected officers, and we are sure that we can address Vincent as Commandant Atton, and he will have a progressive set of officers to aid him put the League over in Long Beach. Again we greet you, and wish this baby detachment every success that so live-wire a leader as Vin J. Atton merits. Welcome, infants; so now let's see your timber as Marine Corps Leaguers.

THE BOOT-TOP UNLACES

We had the old sea-bag packed and were on our way to visit as many detachments, and contact as many Marines as possible, the past month, and a good time was had by all—we hope. Our first stop was at the Hotel Astor, where we attended the convention of the 2nd Div. Asso., of which we were a humble part in the A.E.F., and we had one swell time, and hope we succeeded in planting seeds of progress in Marinedom. Many Marines from all over the country were contacted, and informed of the objects and existence of the Marine Corps League, and over 40 letters with full information, and charter applications, were sent out immediately upon our return home, and we sincerely trust that these messages are acted upon better than were the two or three hundred we sent out after the American Legion convention of last year. It is our idea now that personal contact is the most advantageous method of getting Marines pepped up enough to join the League. Over 500 letters have been sent out to prospective Marines by the office of the National Chief of Staff, and we doubt if the results paid for the expense. So far as we have been advised, the result has been nil. Stew bad, Marines; but if we are to

grow, it is up to every Marine to sell the organization by PERSONAL CONTACT. We can, and will, make an opening for you, but it is up to YOU to close the sale. Enough of this, so here's for a report on our tour.

As stated above, we had a fine trip and time at New York City while attending the convention of the 2nd Div., and while there, we attended the installation of officers with the Homer A. Harkness detachment, of Jersey City, N. J., a full account of which is inserted under a report of that detachment's chief of staff. Other than neglecting to state that your national chief of staff was allowed ONLY ONE MINUTE to deliver his message, a full report has been made, so we will pass over this stop. This visit was made June 7, and upon a verbal invitation by the to-be-installed commandant, Charlie Angelo, tendered that morning in New York. We wish you and your detachment a merited success, Charlie, so here's hoping.

On the 8th, we visited the installation of the Capt. Clarke det. of Newark, N. J., where we were royally entertained by the members of this detachment, and we wish to especially compliment and thank Oliver Kelly for his efforts in that direction. The state chief of staff of New Jersey, George O'Brien, was to have installed this detachment, but feeling that an opportunity was offered to have a national officer install them, the installing officer invited the nat. chief of staff to act in this capacity, which we did to our best ability. A few original ideas were incorporated during this installation, and we trust that they will be permanent, as we feel they make this formality impressive. No doubt a full report of these exercises will be made by the chief of staff, so we will not take up space doing so here. We wish to extend our thanks to George O'Brien for his graciousness in extending us the honor of installing this detachment, which we felt honored to do.

Saturday, June 9, we met two of our buddies from Hdqts. Co., 6th Regt., USMC, A.E.F. (Teddy Hopps, of Bloomfield, N. J., and George Christman, of N. Y. City, who were ONLY Kids of 17 years of age when last we saw them), and, Marines, they proved the "tonic" we needed. We forgot the medico's orders, and as no bad effects resulted, everything is O.K. We returned home improved 100% and only sorry to part from these two kids. We met "Doc" Strott, formerly chief pharmacist's mate, assigned to Hdqts. Co., of the 6th, who went through it all, and a fine visit was held by all of us. Doc promised to start a detachment of the League up in his home town, Gloversville, N. Y., so here's hoping. Dan Molloy, of Worcester, said he was anxious to see his detachment at the top of the League, so we told him to put it there, and again we hope. We met good old Dr. Clifford, our national chaplain, and he looked fine and retains his same old faithful-to-the-Marines spirit, and long may he survive as we need many more Dr. Cliffords. Several other Marines we met and who stated they were interested in League

organization in their communities were Gene Reed, of Bethel, Conn.; E. B. Collson, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Joe Lipaky, of Cicero, Ill.; L. P. Whalen, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., and John J. Hrvol, of Lockport, N. Y. We will work on the first one, and the state or division commandants can have the addresses of the others, if interested. We're after them too.

THE BOOT-TOP.

SIMPSON-HOGGATT DETACHMENT

Kansas City, Mo.

The Simpson-Hoggatt detachment joined with the several local veterans organizations in observances of Memorial Day, and at 6 o'clock on the morning of May 30, the Flag of the United States rose slowly to the top of the flagstaff of the Liberty Memorial, and then, as slowly, dropped back to half-mast. It was the beginning of the day's tribute to those who have made the sacrifice supreme that this nation might live. This was the first of many patriotic services conducted by the several veteran and other patriotic societies.

The main service of the day followed a parade to Elmwood cemetery, where Major W. Paul Pinkerton was the principal speaker. Other services before noon included those for the Jewish war dead at Rose Hill; the services for Catholics at Mt. St. Mary's, and a program by the War Mothers and Gold Star League at the Liberty Memorial. The day was not alone for the war dead—it was a day of memories.

The early program at the Memorial was the combined sunrise service and flag raising ceremony of the Simpson-Hoggatt detachment of the Marine Corps League, which had the rhythmic assistance of the drum and bugle corps of the Louis A. Craig post, Veterans of Foreign Wars. The ceremony was participated in also by a detachment of Company A, 110th engineers, in command of Lt. Louis A. Cooper, and by members of Boy Scout troop 140.

Following the raising of the flag, William Sutton, Kansas City, national junior vice-commander of the Marine Corps League, and the Rev. George E. Coleman, pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, spoke briefly. Dr. Coleman offered a prayer in which he asked that the memories of those to whom honor and tribute were being paid today might remain fresh among those who live.

"And may we ask particular blessing," he added, "for the parents of those who have paid with their lives, and especially for the father and mother, here with us today, who were the parents of the first Kansas City Marine killed in the World War."

He referred to Dr. and Mrs. James Y. Simpson, whose son, James Y. Simpson, Jr., was killed in action at Belleau Wood. Mrs. Simpson, as part of the ceremony, placed a wreath at the foot of the Liberty Memorial shaft. Taps then was sounded by two members of the drum and bugle corps and was followed with an echoing Taps by two other buglers posted at the Memorial's

northeast corner. The detachment of the 110th then ended the ceremony by firing three volleys.

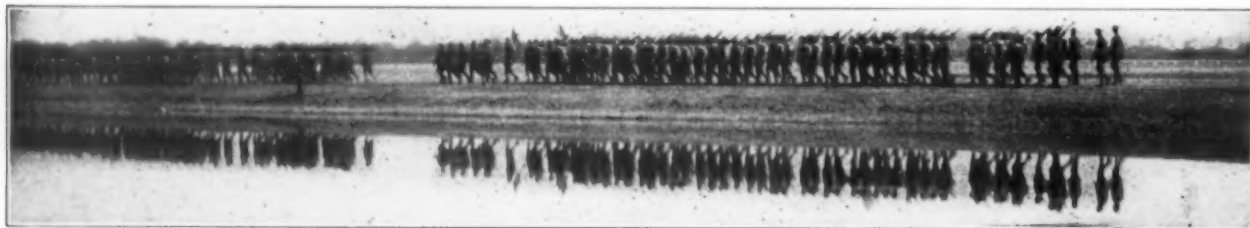
W. V. MALLON,
Adjutant.

JAMES E. OWENS DETACHMENT

Denver, Col.

Our detachment made a real showing on Memorial Day, and our members turned out creditably for the parade, and our reception all along the line of march was enthusiastic, and what makes this day one of our banner ones was the fact that we received ten new applications from Marines and they are now enrolled as members of our detachment. The detachment also played a big part in the local reception to Gen. J. Smedley Butler, who visited our city as guest of the VFW, during the past month. We held our election of officers, and the new officers were installed at our last meeting, and with the enthusiasm of the new officials, we feel we are headed places. We wish at this time to express the heartfelt gratitude of the detachment to the retiring officers, and to assure the new ones that the James E. Owens det., of Denver, Colo., are behind them, and it is our intention not to get too far behind, either. Quite a few new faces are appearing at the meetings, and refreshments are served after the business sessions. We understand that one of our members was informed by his wife that on Father's Day she would give him \$3.00 with which to pay his dues in this detachment, with the understanding that if he failed to do so she would demand her \$3.00 back. He paid, and is one of our active officers. We wish all Marines' wives would take this same action, only don't wait for Father's Day, Marines' wives. Our live-wire adj. and paymaster, L. A. Smale, is going east, and expects to be in Chicago, Ill., from July 31 to Aug. 6, and at Cleveland, O., from Aug. 8 to the 21st. Smale desires to attend meetings of detachments in any of the cities in the vicinity of the above cities, and would appreciate notice of said meetings. He may be reached at Gen. Delivery, Chicago, Ill., and at 2276 St. James Parkway, Cleveland, O. Get in touch with him, Marines.

We were honored by having the Nat. Chief of Staff, John F. Manning, as our guest on July 1, and ten of our members drove over to Colorado Springs and paid our respects to the Old Boot-top, whom we found to be a regular Marine, and as July 1 happened to be his birthday, an enjoyable visit was enjoyed by all. Many valuable points regarding the conducting of a convention were given this delegation, and we were informed unofficially that our city was to be honored by being permitted to entertain the 1934 convention of the MCL, and you visiting Marines are herewith extended a cordial invitation to come and see what real Marine entertainment a la Colorado is. Through the interest of Vivian D. Corbly, Nat. Adj. of the DAV, our detachment was honored by being invited to



serve as a guard of honor during the parade July 4, under the auspices of the DAV, at Colorado Springs, where they are holding their 14th National convention. We have been advised that the Nat. Chief of Staff will extend his stay in our state and will be the guest of our detachment from Saturday, July 7, to the 9th, and we hope to receive much valuable advice from this active Marine. Contrary to the picture painted of him by Division Commandant O'Leary, of Cincinnati, O., we found the Boot-top a very sober person, and much interested in scenery. The meeting with the Boot-top has enthused those meeting him and we all look forward to having him with us at our regular meeting to be held Monday, July 9.

AL ENDREZZI,
Chief of Staff.

OAKLAND DETACHMENT

Oakland, Cal.

The convention of the Marine Corps League in the state of California will be held on July 29, 1934, at 11 A. M. sharp, at the War Memorial Building, in the city by the Golden Gate (San Francisco). Such was the announcement made by State Commandant Earle Gilbertson immediately after the meeting of the State Staff Officers. All members look forward to one real convention this year. The resolution committee is already functioning, and it looks like the Marine Corps League in the State of California is going to insist on the right of vote by proxy when the National Convention swings into action. It further looks like all members will be very keenly interested in the election of the National Officers; it is one of the most important events in the history of the League, at least we in the west think so. I think that the Oakland Detachment deserves a great deal of credit, for it has been the "TRIAL HORSE DETACHMENT" in the State of California, and in spite of the odds and handicaps that the loyal members have experienced at times, it has through the REAL MARINE CORPS LEAGUE SPIRIT, come out a winner. The Oakland Detachment through the hardworking efforts of the State Department (thanks to the able leadership of Earle Gilbertson), has realized the growth and establishment of the San Francisco and the Long Beach Detachments. Congratulations to "Plenty on the Ball" Atton, and "Jerry" Wells and Midlevitch, San Francisco's first Commandant. The appointment of Vincent J. Atton as Asst. State Chief of Staff has developed into a very fine piece of judgment. Most honorable mention of loyalty and sincerity goes to Comrades Kohl, De Coste, Girard, Westlake, Kraft, Rushosky, Parsons, Baxter, Larson, Tice, Bartlett, Beverleigh, Meyers and scores of others. Newton H. Oliver of the Livermore Veteran's Hospital though a bed patient, is also a real Leaguer. The next detachment to become a fact will be known as the Fresno Detachment. We want to extend our sincere appreciation to that real live-wire National Chief of Staff, for his fine cooperation, and untiring assistance, JOHN F. MANNING, the "OLD BOOT-TOP" himself.

JOHN E. BROCK,
Chief of Staff.

DEPARTMENT OF CALIFORNIA

The Department of the State of California, Marine Corps League, has a very busy program on hand. For sometime the general gossip has been, how can we develop the Marine Corps League? After careful thought the State Chief of Staff who was elected to that office to promote ideas in the interest of the League, hit upon one

that is taking the State of California by storm. Yes, we of the Marine Corps League must have a national program that is in the interest of all citizens concerned. Traditions have been made and lived up to as far as the Marine Corps is concerned, but what about putting out some of that Marine Corps action in civilian life? Why can't we serve and be of the same useful benefit to the outside as we have done while we were Marines on "ACTIVE DUTY?" We have been called "International Police." None has ever doubted the ability of the "Leathernecks." Don't you think that it is about time that we were showing our citizens if we have anything on the ball or not? One of the greatest problems of modern times is crime and law enforcement. I know your Leatherneck blood will boil when you think of how this problem is being handled. In the announcement of our program, we take great pleasure in saying that we of the Marine Corps League in the State of California are advocating a "NATIONAL POLICE SYSTEM." It's coming sooner or later, and we certainly should be qualified to bring it before the great American public. People will respond with interest and confidence to this great constructive appeal, and we, though not members of this new enterprise, can aid morally, by instituting a "Minute Men Unit of the Marine Corps League."

RICHARD J. LITZ DETACHMENT

Indianapolis, Ind.

Our detachment was honored by having as its guest at the opening of the Auto Races here at Indianapolis, Ind., our National Commandant, Carlton A. Fisher. The detachment met the distinguished guest at the station and we participated in the parade preliminary to the races at the Speedway. A banquet and program of entertainment was enjoyed that evening, and all attending were impressed by the speech of our national commandant, and we look for a rejuvenation of our detachment and will shortly resume our accustomed place at the head of the active detachments. We meet at our headquarters in the Hotel English, and large attendances are looked for hereafter. The detachment participated in the Memorial Sunday exercises at the Washington Park cemetery, and the graves of our deceased comrades were decorated and a uniformed firing squad fired a volley. On Memorial Day we participated with the local veterans organizations, in the day's ceremonies. In our next communication we will include a roll of our officers and full details of our activities, so until then, adieu.

WM. C. SMITH,
Commandant.

HOMER A. HARKNESS DETACHMENT

Jersey City, N. J.

Recently awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for bravery far and above the line of duty in the United States Marines Corps, Colonel Hiram (Hiking Hiram) Bearss, was the guest of honor at the installation of officers of the Homer A. Harkness Detachment, U. S. Marine Corps League, held in Jersey City. Commandant Hugh Murtha introduced Jack Brennan, Eastern Seaboard Division Vice-Commandant, and a member of the detachment, who acted as installing officer, with the aid of George O'Brien, State chief of staff and past state commandants William Bush and Kenneth B. Collings.

Charles Patrick Angelo was inducted as the commandant of the detachment and then Comrade Rogers of the 51st Company, 5th

Regiment, who served with Angelo in France, presented to Colonel Bearss the *Fleur de Guerre* for presentation to Commandant Angelo as a regimental citation. There were present over fifteen members of the 51st Company to wish him well. They are attending the Second Division Convention at the Hotel Astor in New York. Guests included: Captain Neyland, Adjutant of General Wheeler Post, V.F.W.; "Doc" Brandwine, Commander of Belleau Woods Post; William J. Crecco, Vice-President of the Second Division Post in Newark who was accompanied by Tom Argo and Jack Rothauser; John F. Manning, National Chief of Staff of the U. S. Marine Corps League; James Sheridan, Acting Commander of the Quinn Post No. 52, American Legion; Bob Goldstein, an Ex-Music in the Marines; Lieutenant Ray Joyce, Co. M., 113 N. J. Infantry; Arthur Herman of B.P.O.E. No. 211; Harry Striner, Commander of Jersey Post No. 10, J.W.V.; Leonard Schlick, Quinn Post; Oliver Kelly, Commandant of Newark Detachment, Marine Corps League; Daniel Lau, Commander of General Wheeler Post V.F.W.; John Mannix, Commander of the Veterans of Three Wars, and George Thornton, Past Commander of that outfit, and many others from veteran and civic organizations in the state and city. After the installation coffee and cake and beer was served and dancing was in order. Cakes were made by the wives and girl friends of the members. The following men will serve with Angelo for the ensuing year: William Coughlin, Senior Vice Commandant; Thomas J. Botti, Junior Vice Commandant; John Nyire, Chief of Staff; George Waring, Adjutant; Thomas Kochka, Paymaster; Steve Roberts, Chaplain; Charles Lem'on Jaeger, Sergeant at Arms; Jack Brennan, Judge Advocate; and the Board of Trustees, John O'Connell, Hugh Murtha, Will Bush, Frank Ward, Charles Gallagher and William Davin.

JOHN NYIRE,
Chief of Staff.

HUDSON MOHAWK DETACHMENT

Albany-Troy-Schenectady, N. Y.

Howdy, folks, howdy. After being among the absentees for the past two months, and perusing some of the tall statements from the West Coast boys in this month's issue of THE LEATHERNECK, we decided it was about time we started something. First of all, let's say that we are out to tell the world and the public at large, that we have a candidate for the office of National Commandant at the next convention, where and if it will ever be held. And it is none other than our own Maurice A. Ilch, present senior national vice, and a member of the national staff of the MCL for the past six years. A hard worker, placing the interests of the League above all else, the members of this detachment believe he should be IT for the next term.

Election and installation of officers of this detachment will take place at this month's (June) meeting and a spirited contest is in the air. It's a little too early to give you the result, but you'll hear it next month. Suffice it is to say that both candidates are good hard workers and either will make a good commandant.

However, we are nearing the end of our line for now so we'll let it go at that. We hasten to assure you that the newly elected Chief of Staff of this detachment, Leon E. Walker, will be on deck with all the dope for the following issues of THE LEATHERNECK.

H. M. DEE,

(Continued on page 40)

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

H.Q., FIRST BATTALION, 24TH RESERVE MARINES, CHICAGO

By Sgt.-Maj. Jack Comer

And here we are again, back in the news. We have been upholding the traditions of the Corps by sweltering through more than our rightful share of parades and formations and what not. On May 26, a company composed of men from all companies of the battalion participated in a parade at the official opening of the Century of Progress for 1934. Governor Horner, Admiral Cluverius, General Keehn, and many other notables were present in the reviewing stand as our Marines marched by. The company was commanded by 1st Lt. Roy Beird, and the platoons by Second Lieutenant Foss and Sergeant-Major Comer. The Battalion Commander represented the Marines on the staff of the Navy's Commanding Officer.

On Decoration Day 1st Sgt. Otto Mietzel of Company B took charge of a detail of Marines and journeyed to Austin, Illinois, to participate in ceremonies at which Admiral Cluverius spoke. Companies A, B, and C also participated in ceremonies in various parts of the city on the same day.

Lieutenant Beird commanded a detail of men from Companies A and B, participating in the dedication ceremonies for trophies of Admiral Dewey at the Chicago Historical Society. Rear Admiral Cluverius was the guest of honor, and commended the Marines on their showing. Later, a dinner was given at the Germania Club, for all the men on the detail.

On May 16, 2nd Lt. John M. Bathum,

FMCR., received his commission and assumed command of Company A. Lieutenant Bathum, as first sergeant, organized the company and obtained for them splendid quarters in the Gage Park Field House.

On the same date (May 16), 2nd Lt. Melvin A. Hanson, FMCR., who served in the Marine Corps during the War, was commissioned and assumed command of Company C at Hammond High School, Hammond, Indiana. Lieutenant Hanson was a sea-going Marine, but during the past six years has been associated with a National Guard company. He replaces 1st Lt. James E. Coleman, FMCR., who recently changed his residence.

Second Lt. Edmund Foss has returned to Battalion Headquarters as Adjutant, having been relieved as Company Officer of Company A by Lieutenant Bathum.

The Quartermaster activities have been taken over by 2nd Lt. Kenneth E. Shepard, FMCR., who is ably assisted by Cpl. Roy Green of the regular Marines, who has been assigned to duty with the 24th Reserves to relieve Quartermaster Sergeant Stone. We all were sorry to see Sergeant Stone leave, but that is life in the Marine Corps.

The hard work of Lieutenant Beird, skipper of Company D, and his hard working company officer, Lieutenant David Mooy, and his able Non-coms, is showing results in increased attendance and in the qualification of all men with the calibre .22 rifle.

Our battalion commander, Capt. Harold M. Keller, is busy these days trying not to overlook anything for the comfort and welfare of the men at camp this year. We

train this year at the usual place—the Great Lakes Training Station, from August 5th to August 18th. Judging from the menus prepared by our inspector, Captain Silverthorn, there should be no complaint about the food, and we look forward to a morale as high as our regimental commander's flight into the stratosphere will be.

We noticed Gunnery Sergeant Weaver parading around with a sword on these last few days. He seems to have a hard time making his feet track.

Sergeant-Major Comer and First Sergeant Mietzel seem to be looking for some files.

We see that First Sergeant Bevan is drilling recruits in the Hammond Company, and that First Sergeant Herbst is back on duty again after spending a few days in the hospital. He says that he is feeling much better.

EDITOR BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE COMMISSIONED IN THE RESERVES

Edwin Brayton Wilson, a lifelong resident of Brooklyn and now the Associate Editor of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, has been commissioned a Captain in the Marine Corps Reserves. At a colorful and impressive ceremony held on Saturday, June 23rd, 1934, at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, New York, Captain Wilson was administered his oath of office by Col. Gerard M. Kincaide, U.S.M.C., commanding officer of the Marines at this station. During the war he enlisted in the Corps and saw service with Company B, 11th Regiment, in France. Prior to his enlistment the newly made captain was the assistant city editor of the *Eagle* and wrote quite an article for the *Recruiting Magazine* in which he praised the personnel of the Corps, its tradition and history and he made good the statements made therein by enlisting in the very branch of the service concerning which he had sung praise. He did not forget that he was an editor and soon after the declaration of the Armistice and while stationed at La Pallice, France, he came upon a press which he hired and edited a weekly four-page journal which he dubbed the *Devil Dog*. He still retains a complete file of the various editions which he printed. Upon his return from service he was given back his former position with the *Eagle* and was promoted to city editor; recently he was made the associate editor. He has been connected with the *Eagle* for the past twenty-two years. He is an alumnus of the St. Lawrence University, class of 1912, A.B. He has ever fought for the Corps and his newspapers devoted many columns during the campaign waged against the reduction in the personnel which was threatened during the later part of 1932 and the early part of 1933. He is the vice-president of the City News Association which is owned by the larger and more important metropolitan dailies of New York City; a director of the Rotary Club of Brooklyn; a member of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce; member of the Alumni Council of St. Lawrence University and of the



Col. G. M. Kincaide, USMC., Commanding Marine Barracks Brooklyn Navy Yard, Administers Oath of Office to Capt. Edwin B. Wilson, USMCR., Associate Editor of *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*.

Marine Corps League. He helped to organize the Sgt. Joyce Kilmer Post of the Kings County American Legion named after that famous poet of the A. E. F., who composed many famous poems including the internationally known "Trees," which has been set to music. He is also a member of the publicity committee of the Kings County Legion. He has been an ardent advocate of adequate national defense and a brilliant editorial writer.

The Reserve Corps is to be felicitated by reason of the commissioning into its ranks of this distinguished journalist who has ever been a Marine at heart.

BUCKEYE BLISTERS

By Vic Taylor

The men of Company "F," 2nd Battalion, 24th Reserve Marines of Toledo, Ohio, are standing by their guns, ready to write another chapter in the annals of the Buckeye Marines during the training period, 5-18 August at Great Lakes, Illinois.

Our Sunday trips to Camp Perry have been very successful, and our commanding officer, 1st Lt. Walter A. Churchill, is well pleased with the showing made by the recruits in rifle marksmanship with the caliber .30. All our men have been getting their share of range instructions, both on the line and in the butts. They have also learned the arts of pup-tent pitching, pack-rolling and grenade throwing, and feel they are getting somewhere near the right lineup for camp.

Everyone is in good spirits over the return of drill pay, and from the way the men talk of getting rid of it, we feel the old U. S. is set for another big boom in the near future.

Clarence H. Bothe, the battalion Sergeant-Major, is getting a high polish put on his armful of chevrons so that he can knock 'em over at the Fair this year.

Carlos Lochrke, the battalion Mess Sergeant last year, is still reaping the glories and praises (which a mess sergeant always gets nothing else of but) from his buddies, and is scanning the cook book for new and delicious menus to hash up for us.

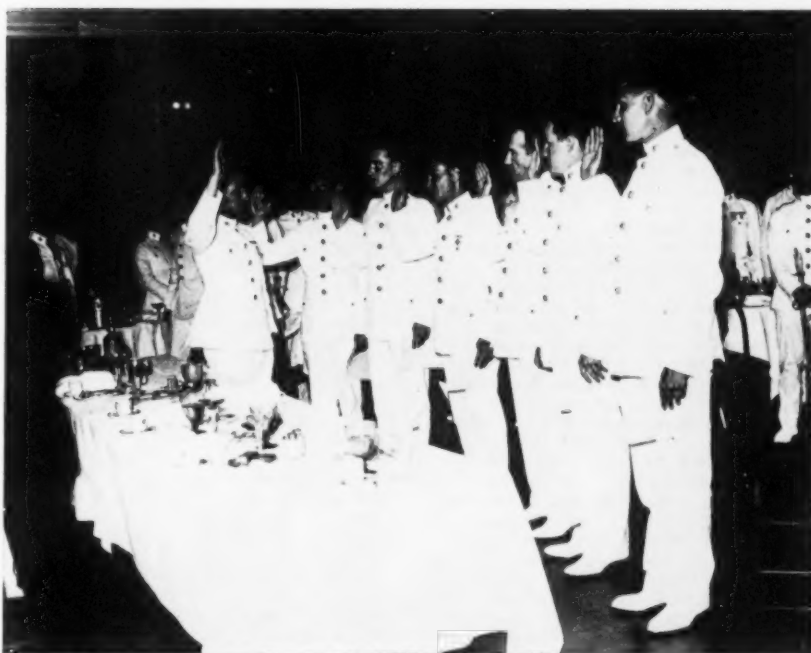
Pvt. John H. Reighard, late of the 1st Separate Training Battalion aboard the U.S.S. *Arkansas*, has enlisted in Company "F," and wants his buddies to know he would like to hear from them.

The new Naval Armory now under construction is rapidly taking shape and everyone is awaiting the time when we can step in and have a real home of our own. The opening and dedication is expected late in the fall, and everyone is looking forward to it.

The next writeup for this section will be due while we are in camp at Great Lakes and with more to give out and tell the world about; in the meantime we will have to listen for and learn to love that brass voice about five-thirty in the morning, "I can't get 'em up."

NEW OFFICERS FOR SIXTH BRIGADE

On the evening of June 5, 1934, at the annual dinner given by the officers of the Sixth Marine Reserve Brigade, Washington, D. C., at the Shoreham Hotel, the Oath of Office was administered by Clark W. Thompson, Representative from Texas, to six graduates of the Candidates for Commission Class. These young men, 2nd Lts. Reed M. Fawell, Jr., Alfred H. Marks, William F. McDonnell, James M. McQueen, James S. Styles and Robert D. Tedrow, Jr., all came from the ranks and have all



Oath of Office Administered by Maj. Clark W. Thompson, USMCR., Representative of Texas, to Six Graduates of the Candidates for Commission Class, Sixth Marine Reserve Brigade, Washington, D. C., at the Annual Dinner given by the Officers of the Organization.

served from one to four years as enlisted men.

The Candidates Class is organized on the 15th of September annually. Candidates for commission are selected by the Brigade Examining Board consisting of the Field Officers, The Adjutant, Brigade Surgeon, and officers below field rank commanding battalions.

To become eligible for admission to the Candidates Class the applicant must:

- (a) Be recommended by his company and battalion commander.
- (b) Have served at least one year as an enlisted man and have attended at least one camp of instruction.
- (c) Hold a position in civil life that will reflect credit on the organization and the income from which will be sufficient to permit the applicant to assume without hardship the cost of uniforms and equipments and other incidental expenses.
- (d) Be physically qualified. Waivers except on very minor physical defects are not recommended.
- (e) Satisfy the Brigade Examining Board as to his ability to meet the above requirements, his ability as an executive and fitness for command rank.
- (f) In addition to the requirements of the Schools attend all company drills and assemblies.

The class meets weekly and for week-end instruction under direction of the regular instructor assigned to the Brigade who prepares the course of instruction to fit the candidate for commissioned rank.

The candidate is required in addition to the instruction received to enroll in and successfully complete the "A" Course, Correspondence Course as given by the Marine Corps Correspondence Schools, and to receive the favorable recommendation of his instructor (Regular Officer) based on attendance, application and adaptability for the service.

On assignment to the class the candidate is required to deposit a sufficient sum, ap-

proximately ten dollars, to cover the cost of books, maps, etc., required for the work of the class.

Uniform is worn during the instruction period.

This year's graduates are the third group to be commissioned from the ranks after undergoing a course of instruction, the first group having received their commissions in June of 1932. In addition to the "A" Course required plus instruction for graduation this year's class has in addition completed approximately one half of the Basic Course.

The policy of the Sixth Marine Reserve Brigade is to fill vacancies in commissioned grades by promotion from the ranks. This plan is working out well and approximately fifty per cent of the present commissioned complement have received their commissions after service as enlisted men.

THE LUCKY BAG

2nd Battalion, 19th Reserve Marines
833 Broad St., Newark, N. J.
(New Jersey Marines)

By T. P. Barton

Whereas our article this time is essentially a camp article, we must first mention that the 6th of June was our Battalion Surgeon's 35th birthday. Lt. (JG) Marc C. Angelillo and Mrs. Angelillo and Marc Junior and Ralph entertained the officers and the sergeant major of the Second Battalion and Capt. Augustus H. Fricke, USMC, at their home at 333 Clifton Avenue, Newark, N. J., on that occasion. Invitations said "Come and partake of a few yards of spaghetti, Italian"—which was delicious, as was the rest of the feast, which lasted from 8:30 until 11:30, and caused belts to strain nearly to the breaking point. The only reason that so much food and other refreshment could be consumed in so short a time was the sheer excellence of it all. Long will this birthday banquet live in the memory of the 2nd Battalion. We wish the doctor

many happy returns of the day. Here's to you, Doc!

Sunday, June 10.—The train started at 8 A. M. by picking up Company F at Jersey City, Companies G and H at Newark, and Company E at Elizabeth to complete the battalion. We arrived at camp at the New Jersey State Camp Grounds, Sea Girt, N. J., 10 officers and 168 men strong. The cooks had been working hard, and dinner was served on time. We found that the camp had been well prepared by the advance party, and we want to express to them, who do most of the work and get the least credit as a rule, that we appreciate the manner in which they pitched the camp. The storm, which arrived soon after we did, showed what an excellent job they had done.

June 10-16 and June 18-21.—Camp routine was well planned, but we would have liked a bit more time for recreation. The swimming was excellent, and a goodly crowd made use of it. The unexpected storm caused the elimination of our overnight problem, but no complaints were heard on that account. First Sergeant McBee and Quartermaster Sergeant Tenny were at all times ready and willing to help us with our problems. First Lt. E. F. Venn saw that food was plentiful and was well selected. Mess Sgt. Aloise Zalusky and First Class Cooks Samuel Azarov, Harrison C. Jones, Adolphe Manasse, and C. A. Rotunda prepared the chow in a most appetizing manner. First Lt. C. R. Long kept us well supplied with the necessities of camp life, and took care of the calibre .30 range in such a manner as to give everyone the best possible conditions under which to shoot. Capt. Paul A. Sheely held sway over the calibre .22 range, and although blinding sun and wind and rain conspired against him, he managed to put through their paces all who presented themselves to him. It was good to have the captain from Bremerton, Washington, with us. The Second Battalion is his baby, and no distance could keep him from it.

Sunday, June 17.—Governor Harry Moore reviewed the regiment, and we feel that he gave the New Jersey Marines an unusually pleasant smile. Our only regret is that he was unable to visit us in our quarters and get to know us better.

Guests of the men were treated to the same meal as the men, and ate it in the galleys, from mess gear. This enabled the folks from home to see just how the boys chow. They visited the tents and saw how we live in camp. Though there was a goodly number of visitors this year, we hope to entertain an even larger number next season, as these visits afford the civilians their only knowledge and understanding of the Reserves, that connecting link between the regular Marine Corps and the public. We feel that if the people back home knew us better, more parents would encourage their sons to join the Reserves. In the regular Marine Corps, enlistment is confined to men who are at least high school graduates, and they come bearing not only their diplomas, but three letters of recommendation from an equal number of responsible citizens, also, testifying to their good character.

Friday, June 22.—This was a big day from all angles. Capt. W. J. Livingston, the paymaster, came up to pay us off. He and Chief Pay Clerk E. J. Donnelly and his assistants surely did things in a most rapid and efficient manner. We wish to thank them for their help in the preparation of our pay-rolls.

Our battalion, under the command of the Non-coms, held a parade. Sergeant Major Mattia acted as the major. Supply Sergeant Friedman made a perfect adjutant. The

first sergeants of the four companies acted as company commanders. Trumpeter Costello, of Company G, was the band. The parade was a huge success. During the ceremony, Lt.-Col. C. Ancrum, USMC, presented the Order of the Purple Heart to Cpl. John Victor Bouvier. Lieutenant-Colonel Ancrum also consented to present the Battalion Trophy to the company selected as most efficient, and medals to the men selected throughout the battalion as best in their respective grades. The Best Recruit Medals (one for each company) were awarded as follows: Company E—Pvt. Charles W. Houston; Company F—Pvt. Michael Mosconi; Company G—Pvt. Harry W. Keebler; Company H—Pvt. Irving I. Weinberg.

The Recruit Medal goes to the best Company E. Pfc. William M. Grier, of "boot" in each company. The Best Private Medal went to Pvt. James A. Dowds, of Company H, won the award in his grade, and Cpl. John Hallo of the same company won the medal for corporal. Sgt. Michael Milo and Gy-Sgt. George Bush brought their respective medals to Company F. In the selection of the Best First Sergeant, the contest was rather close, but the Committee awarded the medal to Frank Aloia, of Company G, giving 1st Sgt. Pearly A. Stone, of Company F, honorable mention.

Sergeant Major Mattia had watched the awarding of the medals with keen interest, and nearly collapsed when Lieutenant-Colonel Ancrum read, "For all-around efficiency, this medal is awarded to Sergeant Major Mattia."

The Battalion Trophy was next put on the block, and was awarded to Company G. Since this is the second time that Company G has won the trophy, it remains permanently in their possession, and Major Krulwich must dig down for another. He will.

Capt. Otto Lessing, following his usual custom, then asked Major Krulwich to award the five-dollar cash prize to the best shot in Company G. Trumpeter Costello, with a total score of 237, took the prize.

The above described ceremonies had just been completed and the men had passed in review when the skies opened, and down came the rain to the accompaniment of a grand scramble for cover.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ancrum, Maj. George Hammer, and Capt. John Drew, USMC, observers from Marine Corps Headquarters, gave us the eagle-eye, and we hope that we passed muster. At all events, we enjoyed their company, as we did the company of "Bill" who accompanied Captain Drew. Lt.-Col. J. J. Staley, USMC, and Maj. E. C. Long, USMC, dropped in to say hello, as did Col. H. C. Reisinger, USMC, and Maj. Fred Patchen, Commanding Officer of Marines at Lakehurst, N. J. The Major's son was with him, and he certainly has grown since we last saw him. General Higgins, of Governor Moore's staff, paid us a visit. The regular army was represented by Colonel Kohler and Major Mills, instructors of the 113th Regiment, N. J. N. G. We had the daily pleasure of association with Colonel Stark, N. J. N. G., in charge of the N. J. State Rifle Range. Major Schmidt, Commanding Officer of the N. J. N. G. Engineers' Battalion, proved to us his prowess as a swimmer. We enjoyed the presence of our visitors, and we appreciate their desire to see us made comfortable in every way.

Capt. Augustus H. Fricke, U. S. M. C., planned the hikes and problems for us, as well as for the other units at camp as well.

We left Sea Girt at 1:00 P. M., Saturday, June 23, and proceeded to home stations, and everyone of the command was cleared and at home with their families in time for

supper—with the exception of the clean-up detail, another of those groups which do a terrific amount of work but are never sufficiently praised. The band marched with us to the station, and we thank them for the send-off.

We feel that the camp was a success; that the men all gained in health as well as in military efficiency and in comradeship; that there was no one but was sorry that the time had been so short; that we will be able to fill any vacancies with the type of men that Marines must be.

The Second Battalion competes with battalions from Pennsylvania and New York in the 19th Reserve Marines, and we confidently state that New Jersey's Marines will continue to be second to none. Marines in the vicinity are especially invited to drop in and look us over. Headquarters will be open on Thursday evenings at 853 Broad Street, Newark, New Jersey, for recruiting. Weekly pay drills commence on July first.

H.Q. CO., 2ND BN, 19TH RESERVE MARINES

By T. P. Barton

We went to Camp with 8 men, taking Pvt. Irwin G. Soicher in addition to the 7 men mentioned in last issue of THE LEATHERNECK. All these 8 men qualified on the .22 calibre and the 6 who had the opportunity to shoot the .30 calibre also qualified on that. H.Q. is small in numbers but large in responsibility. Sergeant Major Mattia was kept busy from dawn until late at night seeing that everything in the Battalion was ship-shape. Supply Sergeant Friedman's day was about 20 hours long. Cpl. Joseph B. Fronapfel kept the lights burning long after all other lights were out, but is shipping over for another 4 year hitch. Pfc. Clifford A. Fronapfel did manage to get time to go up on the range and shoot Expert and is such a bear for punishment that he has put in for a Non-commissioned Officer's correspondence course. Privates Brady, Gialanella and Soicher all did fine work. Sergeant Schulz was Old Man Efficiency himself and won the honor of having Colonel Ancrum ask to see him and compliment him when on an inspection tour. We feel that H.Q. Co. should have a larger authorized strength and be entitled to carry an additional corporal clerk, in order to enable its men to get through their duties in time to take part in the swimming and other recreation provided. This year they were never through during daylight. The men have had their swims and gotten their coat of summer tan.

ECHOES OF "E" COMPANY, 2ND BATTALION 19TH RESERVE MARINES

By "Scoop" Boytos

Gather 'round, all ye Leathernecks. A christening is in order. Or we should say re-christening. No, Top-Kick Kugler did not give birth to a baby Leatherneck. It's a happier occasion than that. You know what, mates? We're going to rename the Camp Grounds at Sea Girt! After a few thousand suggestions, it has been decided to call it—"Goldbricker's Paradise." You know, when a ship is christened a bottle of some sweet smelling rosebuds, bath salts, or sometimes champagne is smashed against the prow, and the operation is usually done by the prettiest young wench that can be found. Well, the boys in "E" Company, 2nd Battalion, who incidentally, are the ringleaders in the plot (This is mutiny, mates. Keep it on the Q.T.), have finally

decided on the beverage. And what do you think? Did you taste the ale in the canteen? Pretty good substitute for champagne when you are gettin' buck private's pay, eh? Well that's the beverage boys, that's the beverage. Of course, there was some talk about using Gunnery Henrickson's Eau de Cologne which he uses after a bawth, but perseverance won.

But there's a couple of hitches, friends; yowsah. For one thing, what are we gonna use for a prow? We do need a prow, you know. Oh, there were all kinds of suggestions. Some people said we should cart the schnozzle of the water wagon which "B" Company, 1st Battalion, uses to go through the motions (you know; right shoulder, present, port, etc.). But that wouldn't do. "B" Company might not like it. And then the genius of "Shanghai," Jim Dowds, the best buck private in 2nd Battalion, came to the fore. He ups and says, he says, "Well boys, I'll tell you what we'll do. As long as this here camp site is bein' named in honor of the goldbricks, and as long as goldbricks make their rendezvous at the heads, the thing to do is knock that bottle of pop against Number 4 head." Number 4 head, in case anyone wants to dispute the fact, is the place where you'll find more goldbricks to play pinocle with than all the others combined.

All kidding aside though, "E" Company does have a snappy outfit. We didn't get the cup offered to the best company in the 2nd Battalion, but mistakes sometimes will happen. There were only a few noticeable errors that the boys made. No one could help it when Corporal "Shaky Kid" Shablick started to lose his garters or something on the parade ground . . . or when some boot whose name we won't mention, dropped his rifle also on the parade ground . . . or when Gunnery Sergeant Henrickson had to leave a formation in a fluster . . . little things like that will always happen.

Well, mates, don't forget the grand christening next summer. And while we're on the subject, we ought to name something in honor of these birds who do nuthin' but chisel cigarettes. Amen.

BRIEFING THE NEWS

(Continued from page 9)

of duty afloat on the Asiatic station for line officers will be two years for commanders and above, two and one-half years for lieutenant commanders and below and for personnel of the staff corps, two years.

"The tour of duty on shore on foreign stations will be two years except in Samoa, which is 18 months," said the bureau. "All officers who have served in excess of time specified will be relieved as soon as a relief is available."

Six Submarines Also to Visit Alaska

Washington, D. C., July 4.—With both Army and Navy airplanes poised for a flight to Alaska, it became known today that in addition to the aircraft, six naval submarines are ready to visit the northern peninsula. The undersea craft are now at San Francisco. They are expected to arrive at Seattle, Wash., July 12, and at Dutch Harbor August 11.

Plans for the trip call for stops to be made at Seattle, Ketchikan, Sitka, Juneau, Cordova, Seward, Kodiak and Dutch Harbor. Capt. Henry M. Jensen, of Washington, will serve as submarine commander. The submarines are the *Barracuda*, *Narwhal*, *Bass*, *Bonita*, *Dolphin* and *Nautilus*.

(Continued on page 40)

SPORTS

(Continued from page 29)

EASTLEY WINS MARINE CORPS RIFLE MATCH

The Marine Corps shooting tournament, held all week at Quantico, Va., finished up on June 30, with Corporal L. E. Eastley of Parris Island, S. C., winning the Marine Corps match with the rifle; Corporal S. J. Bartlett of the Fleet Marine Force capturing honors with the pistol and likewise securing the Lauchheimer Trophy. The Elliott Trophy team match was won by the group from the Marine Barracks at Philadelphia. Some 300 participated.

Corporal Eastley shot a score of 560 out of 600, while the runners-up were Sergeant F. S. Hamrick, also of Parris Island, and Sergeant W. A. Easterling of Boston. Each got 558.

A mark of 513 out of 600 was made by Corporal Bartlett in the pistol competition finals, in which both First Lieut. L. A. Hohn and Sergeant S. T. Roberts of the Fleet Marine Force made 500 out of 600. In the Lauchheimer Trophy shoot, Corporal Bartlett made 1,049 out of a possible 1,200. Sergeant F. S. Hamrick was second with 1,048, and Private First Class R. B. McMahon third with 1,044.

The Marine Barracks team from Philadelphia obtained 1,114 out of 1,200 to win, while the group from the Marine Barracks at Parris Island came second with 1,106 and the Quantico team was third with 1,100.

MARINE BASE TENNIS TEAM VICTORIOUS

The Marine Base has a Tennis Team this season that really deserves praising. This team of Tennis Champions have just won the Eleventh Naval District Tennis Trophy. The trophy won by the Base Tennis Team has been at stake for about five years, with the understanding that the first team to win

the Annual Tournament for the third time would receive the trophy permanently. The Marine Base Tennis Team being the first team to win the Eleventh Naval District Annual Tennis Tournament for the third time has taken the honors together with the silver cup which will be on display, in the Commanding General's Office, among the many other trophies which have kept the Marine Base in the light of athletic honors for years.

The Naval Air Station and the Destroyer Base also having two legs on the silver cup made plenty of competition for the Marine Base. The Naval Air Station with twenty-one wins and nine losses was the nearest competitor, the Marine Base winning by a small margin with twenty-two wins and eight losses.

Introducing the members of the Base Tennis Team we have Sgt. J. M. Callahan, Headquarters Company, who is also remembered as one of the outstanding Marine Base football players. Next, Cpl. Thomas Balaban, Hdqts. Co., known around the Marine Base as a "tennis-fiend." Then we have Private C. L. Daniel, 5th Bn., F.M.F., who also knows his tennis. Last but not least is Pvt. R. S. Steitz, a member of the Post Band, who did his part in winning the silver cup. The substitutes, Cpl. M. A. Rhodes and Pfc. W. C. Hulburd, also had a hand in helping win the cup, both participating in one game each.

Corporal "Pee-Wee" LaRue, Headquarters Company, unofficial manager and "bribe-man," gave his full support to the Tennis Team by transporting the team to all the different matches in his seven passenger Packard touring. Corporal LaRue is a great believer in distinction and by his supreme methods of contact and delivering his distinctive team on the scenes of the matches in distinguished style, it added the same distinction to the victorious team as his Packard's distinction at the Base. We toss our hats into the ring for your psychology, "Pee-wee," and here's hoping that you may transport many more winning teams.



MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY YARD, PHILADELPHIA

Winners of the Elliott Trophy Match, 1934. Standing, left to right: Lt. David McDougal, Lt. G. M. Morrow (Coach). Sitting: Sgt. O. A. Guilmet, Lt. J. D. Blanchard (captain), and Cpl. R. D. Chaney.

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BRIEFING THE NEWS

(Continued from page 39)

Mr. and Mrs. Jaeger Married 50 Years

Washington, D. C., July 1.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jaeger celebrated their golden wedding anniversary last Monday. They were married June 25, 1884. Mr. Jaeger was one of the founders of the first Washington Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Jaeger is well known in music circles throughout the country, and played in an orchestra at Brighton Beach in 1878. Shortly afterward he joined the Marine Band and served under the late John Philip Sousa and Capt. William H. Santelmann. He retired from the band in 1899 and assisted in organizing a symphony orchestra here. He has taken part in nearly every orchestra of the type in Washington. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jaeger are 75 years old.

Haiti Marines Go By Aug. 15

Washington, D. C., July 12.—Carrying out President Roosevelt's promise to President Vincent of Haiti, on the occasion of his visit to Washington recently and reiterated when the President stopped in Haiti to return President Vincent's visit last week, orders have been issued for the Marines to evacuate Haiti by August 15, Secretary of the Navy Swanson announced.

Admiral Standley, Chief of Naval Operations, Secretary Swanson said, has instructed the commander-in-chief of the United States fleet to provide vessels to transport the men and their equipment from Port-au-Prince to the Marine base at Quantico, Va.

Secretary Swanson said the Haitian guard of native troops will be completely nationalized by August 1 and that the withdrawal of the Marines will then immediately get under way, with all of the Marines off the island by mid-August.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

(Continued from page 35)

CAPE COD DETACHMENT

Quincy, Mass.

Here is old Cape Cod detachment back on the job again, and unless the writer keeps the detachment in the lime-light, we fear that our new commandant, D. Chas. Lunetta, will remove us and place some

working chief of staff in our stead. Be that as it may, with Commandant Lunetta at the head to show us the way, we aim to keep our end going, as Charlie sure rates everything from the officers and members of this outfit that we can give him. By the way, let us mention that we believe the fact of our rejuvenation and start to possess our place under the sun is due to that wonderful letter that Charlie Lunetta sent out just before we held our elections this year. Boy, it sure was a wow, and created as much enthusiasm amongst our members as did the visit of the Old Boot-top a few weeks prior, and if any outfit desires to get their membership enthused, send for a copy of that letter and see how it will help your detachment, as it did ours. Visits and talks by any of the national, division or state staffs help considerably also, and we are sure that his finances and health being favorable to make them, the Boop-top is ever-ready to do his part, but where he isn't available, no doubt most of the others would be found agreeable to make these visits, so why not avail yourselves of this great help? Now for some doings of our detachment.

We held our election and installation in the past month, and had the honor of having State Comm. S. L. Spottswood serve as Installing officer, with Div. Sr. Vice Comm. Jim Corbett, as sgt. at arms, and they sure did a sweet job. The following officers were installed: D. Charles Lunetta, commandant; Eric Hedin, senior vice commandant; Ephraim Cohen, junior vice commd.; Ivan Dickinson, adjutant; Raymond A. Rowlee, paymaster; Warren E. Sweetser, Jr., chaplain; Christopher A. Finley, sgt. at arms, and James C. Thomas, chief of staff. After the installation refreshments were served at a local cafe, and talks were delivered by the visiting and detachment officials. Ray Rowlee, our paymaster, acted as toastmaster, which assured that everything ran off smoothly. Entertainment was presented by local talent that was of a high caliber, with Little Johnny, the brother of Diana, taking the high honors. Our break-away hour was rather late so no doubt many excuses were offered by the married men upon their arrival home, but considering the price of "ring-side seats," and the enjoyment offered, all attending had a fine evening and felt well repaid. In closing we must inform you Marines that the writer feels

that Charlie Lunetta came along just in time to lend this detachment out of "the wilderness," and with him as our leader for the coming year, we are headed for the "Great Roundup," and will be found at the head of the parade one year hence. All officers installed possess the ability and pep to make us progress onward, and nothing but success will satisfy us this year, so watch our smoke.

At our last meeting held June 21, we initiated three new members and have several more ready to sign on the dotted line. This detachment unanimously voted to endorse the Div. Comm., John F. Manning, for Nat. Comm., and also Dept. Judge Advocate, George N. Welsh, for Nat. Judge Advocate. As usual, after the meeting we adjourned to a popular restaurant and participated in refreshments, and a fine time was had by all. We had the pleasure and satisfaction of listening to as complete a report of the state convention as only our efficient commandant, D. Charles Lunetta, would be expected to render, and all members voted it the best ever, which is another evidence that this detachment is started and nothing can stop us. With Commandant Lunetta as our leader, we must succeed in everything we attempt. Will be with you next month again.

JAMES C. THOMAS,
Chief of Staff.

BROWN FIELD BULLETINS

(Continued from page 26)

the stamps and the owners "back alive" and sometimes he has a more dangerous time than does the original "bringer-back-aliver," Frank Buck.

JOHN HALE MISSES FREDERICKSBURG CUP BY THREE POINTS OR MAYBE IT WAS PINTS

Old Man John Hale, Quartermaster Sergeant, ex-baseball umpire, present fisherman and baseball player, in addition to his cow pasture pool tendencies, almost won the Mannsfield-Hall Country Club golf cup, last week. John thought that he had won the coveted trophy and went back on Monday after "winning" and some handicappers figured up that he had tied Jan. Jan was fit to be tied and after several innings of baseball on the day before he lost to the handicapper by only three strokes. After the match, it is said that somebody had to stroke down the famous Hale temper. John had already built a shelf in his trophy room for the cup, and then to lose it. It was too much. Other golfers hereabouts that swing mean mashies are Gy-Sgt. Robert Lillie, Staff Sergeant Lee Roberts and Frederick "O, Boy" O'Connor, not to forget our Pro and Mess Sgt. Irvin Briesmiester. The Aviation gang give 'em a tough battle around the greens, roughs, and foulways. Speaking of Lillie, he looks like mighty good prospective Master Sergeant rating to all the gang hereabouts. It is rumored that M. Sgt. Ira Brock is going up for Gunner *poco tiempo* and Bob is the logical man to fill the vacancy. After showing the Navy how to make the highest grade ever received in the radio school at Bellevue, Lillie has proved his ability as a radioman, on the recent maneuvers and here in the shop. This big boy gives anything he goes in for the best he has and with his ability to put out the results are usually the best to be had. Radio is his other hobby, other than golf. The ionized areas about his quarters fairly reek with radio waves and the other understandables about the ethereal science.

BE A-SEEIN' YOU REGULAR
FROM NOW ON

With Corporal Toranieh just back from the Haitian Fourth Estate, we'll be coming back strong to you readers of THE LEATHERNECK every month, we hope. Here we want to hand it to Toranieh for his work in Haiti as the Bowen Field correspondent. With Corporal Hymans as his artist he turned out some real bright work for THE LEATHERNECK. He is here now with Sergeant Major Lang's office force and we'll be askin' him for some dope hereabouts every month. Before we sign off we want to congratulate M. Sgt. Theodore Gooding on his high grades in passing the Marine Gunner's examinations. We understand that Ted (may be the last time we can call him anything but Mr. Gooding) did one of the best exams that have been taken in years for the promotion. If he is as neat about his new billet when he gets it as he is with his shops and equipment, Chief Marine Gunner Roeller will have to check on his laurels as a neat soldier, for this boy Gooding is one of the premier shiners of the Marine Corps. With everything we can think of just about covered we trouble all you people who take the trouble to read this prattle next month.

P. S. To all the boarders around Brown Field, there is a LEATHERNECK News Box located in the vestibule of the headquarters building and anything dropped in the box will get in this contribution to THE LEATHERNECK. Give us some of the low down, some of it we miss.

FRISCO FROLICS

(Continued from page 20)

but in the estimation of your scribe, the journey to Portland for the Festival of the Roses more than compensated for it. The Marines of the *San Francisco* wish to take this opportunity to thank the people of Portland for their cordial reception. It is safe to say that this detachment has had no better time in any other port. We wish, too, to express our regrets that the stay there was not extended, and we all hope to return there in the very near future.

After this cruise, the theme song of the ship will be "Where Do We Go From Here?" However, we do know that there is a protracted stay at Mare Island Navy Yard somewhere in the offing . . .

Groans and Growls—Jack Friedman, dashing communications orderly—"I'm a sea soldier. I don't do so good on land." . . . Where did all the moustaches come from? . . . And why are so many cap and collar ornaments missing, after our visit to Portland? . . . When do we go back to Frisco and Diego and Pedro? . . . And why was Menke dubbed *Flash*?

Why did Slattery and Shepherd pick a boxing ring for the scene of their rehearsal of the Balcony Scene from *Romeo and Juliet*? . . . and what manner of interpretive dancing was Palmer doing at that same smoker? . . . and where did Goodwin learn the touch system? . . . and why did this get into print? . . .

SEA-GOING LOG

(Continued from page 15)

Our dirt disher of the past, Peeceeee V. H. Smith, has been detached to the Navy Yard at Charleston. Also, Private First Class (Music) Clemens has finally received his long-awaited furlough transfer (more power to him). We also said farewell to the Southern Gentleman, Private First Class

Walker, who is putting in the last few months of his "stretch" at the Crossroads of the Marine Corps.

Now for a little dirt: Privates Knight and Miller have been spending a lot of time trying to discover what it is that a certain young lady from Huntington Beach has that keeps one of the lads on his knees, begging forgiveness.

Zero Stevens has us all guessing how he does it. He doesn't have to go ashore, even in New York. The harmonious delineation of his manly physiognomy, no doubt. And where, why, and how does Private Miller, assisted by his infallible aid, R. D. Thomas, spend all those forty-eights? We hear that Private Ramage has an extra-special attraction in Manhattan. So special that he forgot for a while that he was in the Marine Corps. Watch your step, Red. Wimmen is pizen!

It is rumored that there is a lot of poison ivy along Riverside Drive. Private Buchanan will present a lecture in which he will verify the rumor as soon as he gets out of sick bay.

Many altercations (brawls to you!) have arisen over the subject "East Coast women vs. West Coast women." It appears that the East Coast women have the edge at present, for Cpl. J. A. Smith has been seen tearing up photographs known to be of West Coast women, and Private Hammond has had little to say about the girls out there. And the greater part of Abel's letters bear East Coast postmarks.

And that is enough of that. You can draw your own conclusions while I go below and brush up on Damage Control, which comes off tomorrow. See you all next month.

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A CUP O' JOE

(Continued from page 7)

for the two men the road was empty, nor were there any signs of human beings in the woody patches through which they passed.

At length they came to a cross road. An M. P. sitting on a box in the ditch called to them: "Hurry up, you lads. Heinie shells here every night at six-thirty; he's due now."

Hardly had they passed the intersection when a couple of long range shells burst thunderously. These were followed by more of all calibres, until the area was covered by a floor of dancing flame.

"That was close," breathed Red.

A hundred yards farther they encountered a small forage wagon approaching.

The driver was humped lazily on the seat and the two mules plodded along in dignified contentment.

"Boy, we'd better stop that guy before he wanders right into them shells," suggested Rhodes.

"Wonder if he's got any food in that buggy," was Red's comment.

"Whoa!" yelled the driver as he came abreast of the two. "You fellows Marines?"

"Hell, no," Dusty growled almost savagely.

"You ain't run into any of them up thataway, have you?" inquired the driver. "I got bum sailin' orders an' I'm way off my course."

Dusty prodded Red with his elbow. Under his breath he said: "Let me handle this. You just keep your mouth shut."

He turned to the man on the cart. "Yeh, there's an outfit up the road a piece, but you can't get past them shells. The Krauts are blowing hell out of the road. There's another road back the way you came. You'll make better time if you turn around and go that way."

"Suits me," drawled the Marine, jerking his mules about. "I wants to get there as soon as I can because they're supposed to be movin' up to the lines an' if I don't find 'em before they shove off I'll have to follow 'em up—which ain't no place for a mule skinner. Then, too, if this slum's cold when I deliver it they'll raise holy hell."

"This what?" cried Red, forgetful of his pal's imposition to remain silent.

"Slum—chow—in the wagon. Gid-ap, mules; allez-ooop!"

"Wait a minute," called Rhodes. "We're going your way. How's to give us a lift?"

The man pushed his helmet well forward and studied the croup of the off mule in deep thought. "I don't know," he hesitated. "We ain't s'posed to."

"Come on, be a good fellow," Dusty coaxed.

"Well, I don't guess anybody'll know the diff," he said at last. "Get aboard."

"Allez-ooop, shove off, mules," he sang, snapping the reins. The animals resumed their methodical, lazy plodding, unmindful of the shells crashing at the cross road area.

For a time no words were spoken. Each man sat listening to the slow cadence of the hoofs, the bursting shells and the indistinct rattle of small arms in the distance.

"That slum smells good," Red at last hinted.

"Uh huh."

"What's in the other can, coffee?"

"Uh huh. G'lang, you mules; hard a-star-board!"

"I suppose a guy driving a ration cart gets all the chow he wants."

"Uh huh."

They were now approaching the wood that lent its doubtful shelter to Morgan's outfit. With an abrupt cry of warning to Red, Dusty suddenly grasped the driver about the neck. A sort of flying mare hurled him from the seat into the road in a squirming, swearing heap. Before the enraged Marine could get to his feet the doughboy whipped the mules into a gallop and was careening down the road, leaving a wake of mud clots flying behind.

"Hang on, Red!" he warned.

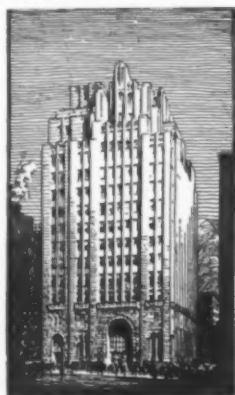
Like a chariot driver he plunged across a ditch and pulled to a skidding stop in the center of a familiar clearing. There was no evidence of his company anywhere; the place was apparently deserted.

"Where'n hell have they gone?" growled Dusty. "Here we are with enough chow to feed the whole kit and caboodle and not a one of 'em here."

A heavy voice boomed out from the concealment of the bushes: "Get that gosh-

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danged wagon outta here! Are you chumps blind? What th' hell do you think that Kraut balloon is up for? Get goin', you damn fools, before you draw fire onto us."

"Our top soklier's sweet an' gentle voice," commented Red, sighting for the first time the menace of the balloon hovering in the sky. "Let's drive it back on the road behind them trees. We can unhitch the mules and shag 'em off."

Dusty picked up the reins. "Gid-up!" A shell screamed out of the sky and a geyser of mud and steel spurted upward. The off mule quivered and sank to the ground. The other animal screeched and plunged about in panic, kicking free of the harness and tearing across the field.

The two doughboys sat in stunned immobility. "What did I tell you, you bleeding fools?" roared the voice from the brush.

"Ooo, let's blow," advised Red as he started climbing down from his perch. He flung himself flat as another shell burst close at hand, showering them with chunks of mud.

Dusty literally dove from the wagon and landed on his face beside his friend. They leaped to their feet and began running. Only when they reached the bushes and were confronted by the infuriated first sergeant did they stop.

Another shell burst in the clearing. Fragments of the ration cart sailed through the air. Tiny bits of the wagon rained down upon them.

"There goes our chow," mourned Red. "A direct hit! Man, we're lucky we weren't still on the damn thing."

"Well, if I had one wish it would be that you were," growled the first sergeant.

"But, Top, we had enough chow for the whole outfit," explained Red, as if that could palliate his breach of military judgment. "An' if the rest of the gang is as hungry as we are they wouldn't mind a bit of shelling to get their bellies full."

The sergeant scowled. "Well, if you Wandering Willies would stay put for a few minutes you might get fed sometime. We scoffed a little bit ago. One of the ration parties got up with some slum an' coffee."

"Coffee!" echoed Red and Dusty in unison. "Is there any left?"

"Do you birds think we're runnin' a short order house? If you can't be here at mealtime you can go without."

Dusty was going to sarcastically inquire after the latest and revised meal schedule, but the top soldier was obviously too serious to rile further. Moreover, a droning sound overhead caused them to raise their eyes. If Boche planes were abroad the men could anticipate added troubles. But the markings beneath the two planes proclaimed them Allies; and presently the German anti-aircraft men were industriously stippling the sky about the birdmen. Straight for the balloon they dove, their machine guns throbbing above the roaring motors. The Germans tried frantically to haul down the balloon. The observers climbed over the side and jumped, their parachutes mushrooming out above them. Incendiary bullets zipped into the inflated bag. It burst into a ball of smoke and flame. The basket shot earthward, with the fiery fragments of the balloon falling more leisurely.

The company commander walked into the clearing and searched the sky with his eyes. He could see no other observers aloft. Then he called loudly for the first sergeant: "Get the men assembled," he ordered. "We're going up!"

The top's whistle blasted sharply and the men emerged from their concealment, looking apprehensively toward the smudge of smoke that hovered about to mark the spot the balloon had once been. The upper air currents were strong, and soon nothing would remain.

The company deployed and moved off through the woods. Silently and grimly they pushed forward. They traversed an open field, where their progress was delayed by the remnants of a wire entanglement. They passed through the outfit ahead, exchanging friendly greetings, like ships meeting in strange waters.

Red and Dusty were in the platoon on the right flank, whose mission it was to retain contact with the next element. For a long time the doughboys moved ahead without sighting anyone from another unit. Then Red suddenly called to Dusty.

"Hey, I just saw one of them guys. He had on that funny looking green uniform."

"Holy cow!" Dusty gasped. "It's that Marine outfit we policed the rations from. Boy, oh, boy, if they ever catch us it's curtains."

"Oh, I don't guess they'll recognize us." The skirmish line came to a small wheat field where poppies bloomed like blood-red jewels. Beyond, faint in the twilight, lay a patch of sinister-looking wood. The infantrymen began wading through the grain.

Somewhere from the depths of the wood a machine gun rattled. Two or three others on the flanks joined in, their short, savage bursts clipping the tops of the grain. The skirmishers had faltered at the first onslaught; now they gripped their weapons tighter and began moving through the wheat like one wades through waist-high water. A few of them went down, some to lie still, others to thresh about.

Red and Dusty and a score of others, soldiers and Marines, were caught by a sudden blast from an unseen gun. They flung themselves down as the storm swept over their heads. Very cautiously one of the Marines raised himself to his knees.

"I see the lousy scum," he said after a moment's observation; "right at the edge of them woods. Let's get 'em!" He leaped to his feet. The machine gun crackled viciously and the Marine toppled over, clutching his stomach.

One of the leathernecks screamed a high-pitched, Rebel yell as he leaped forward. The others took it up and surged toward the hostile pit. A tall, lanky Marine in army clothes jerked the pin from a grenade. He drew back his arm, but before he could throw the bomb a machine gun burst caught him and he fell heavily. The grenade slipped from his hand and lay sputtering on the ground. For a fraction of a second the Yanks froze and stared horrified, hypnotized by the deadly object. Unconsciously they had bunched up closer than they should have been. An explosion would tear them to pieces.

A green-clad replacement darted forward and snatched the bomb. His arm flashed down and up. The missile sailed through the air, falling short of the German pit and bursting harmlessly.

"Phew!" breathed Morgan, "that's guts for you."

"I'll say," answered Dusty. "I'd already picked out a gold star to send to my naw."

"Hell," one of the Marines was growling at the replacement; "you throw bombs like an old woman with rheumatism. You didn't come within a mile of them. You oughtta stayed on the farm an' pitched hay."

The Maxim began chattering again. "Up an' at 'em!" someone yelled. "We can't do no business standin' by!"

They were only a handful now, but they raced toward the spitting weapon. The Germans worked desperately to stop that frantic charge. In swept the Yanks, screaming and cursing. They were mad with the lust of battle. The foremost grabbed the flame-spewing muzzle of the Maxim and upset the thing onto its crew. The rest got in with their bayonets.

Dusty wiped the sweat from his face and looked about him. Three of the enemy who had elected to surrender rather than die were starting for the rear. They were shepherded by a slightly wounded and thoroughly disgusted replacement.

"Aw, listen, Sergeant, this here's my first fight," he was pleading. "Honest, I don't want to go back. I ain't hit so hard that I can't stay. I ain't hurt much, but those gob pill rollers will keep me in the sick bay for the rest of the war. Let somebody else . . ."

"You heard me! Shove off with them squareheads like I told you," growled the

sergeant. "Get goin' before I hit you a kick in the pants. You damn boots are all too bloodthirsty."

The youth prodded the bewildered Germans into a start and the sergeant turned to Dusty: "What outfit you fellows from?"

Rhodes told him.

"What th' hell!" exploded the old-timer, "army people! I thought that in-board platoon was Marines." He was plainly disgusted.

"Do we look like Marines?" Dusty snapped.

"I'll say you don't, Soldier," cackled the other. "But if you buzzards can keep out of our way you can cruise along with us an' we'll show you how to clean up the rest of them nests."

"Well, come on and stop gassing about it," suggested another soldier. "If you shot all that gas at the heinies we wouldn't need no bayonets. That stuff's deadly."

The Marines and soldiers, intermingled, moved on through the woods. Red noticed that the scarred and shattered trees were not as thick as he had first supposed and that the underbrush was clear in many places.

They had not gone far before they were overtaken by the man who had started to the rear with the prisoners. He looked furtively at the sergeant.

"What happened to them squareheads?" demanded the non-com suspiciously.

"Aw, Sergeant, they started to gang up on me and I had to . . . had to . . . Well, that is . . ."

"Yeh, I know," grumbled the other; "but don't you ever pull that stunt again."

The recruit grinned happily and fell in beside Red and Dusty.

"Old buzzard-bait was pretty sore, eh? What company are you from?"

"We're soldiers," Red answered proudly.

"Soldiers," the recruit echoed somewhat stiffly. "Oh, soldiers."

He eased off slightly and was soon talking with another Marine.

"Wow!" was Red's comment. "These birds ain't clannish much, are they? You'd think we had small pox or something the way they avoid us."

Off to the left the battle roared out and Dusty couldn't refrain from saying that the soldiers seemed to be doing most of the fighting.

"Oh, yeah!" snapped one of the leathernecks. "When those Dutchmen know the Marines are coming they don't stop to fight; they just take off under full power."

About two hundred yards into the woods the party came across a German machine gun emplacement. The gun was tilted skyward, like some grim monument above the dead crew. A ring of khaki-clad bodies lay tumbled about the rim of the pit.

"Some outfit's been here already," grunted the sergeant. "We'd better bear off to starboard. Are you army people coming along?"

The doughboys held a hurried consultation. Their job was to keep contact. They were in communication with the Marines, right enough; but they were horribly out of touch with their own organization. However, they decided they would lose both ends of the string if they let go of the one which they held; and there was some chance of connecting up with the other later. So the soldiers and Marines pitched on through the blackening woods. The crepuscular light sent swift shadows flitting along the ground. It seemed as if each man had a grim, sinister Nemesis striding beside him. When they spoke at all the words came from behind locked teeth, guttural and startling in the tense silence.

It was Dusty who caught sight of a gray figure darting before them through the

woods. In a swift motion he whipped his rifle up and jerked off a shot.

"What'y shootin' at?" demanded the sergeant, swinging around.

"I saw a Jerry."

"You saw hell! Nothing but a shadow. What'y tryin' to do, let 'em know we're coming?"

But Red had more faith in his friend. "Did you get him?" he whispered.

"I don't know. It's getting so dark, and the bushes are pretty thick over there. I didn't have time to line my sights. I'm sure I wasn't mistaken, though; it was a German, sure 'nough."

"That means they figure on holding somewhere ahead. He was probably high-tailing back with the story of our coming. They'll be waiting for us."

Abruptly they came upon the body of the German, drilled through the head, sprawling grotesquely where he had been felled by Dusty's quick shot.

"Hey, Sergeant," he called, with a chuckle of elation. "Here's that shadow I imagined I saw."

The Marine non-com knelt down quickly. "Guess you're right," he growled. He rose to his feet and swept a keen eye over his command. "What a fine bunch of dubs you guys are, lettin' a soldier put one over on you like that. Where's your eyes? If you don't start using them pretty soon it'll be too late. Leathernecks—blough—leatherheads would be more like it. Come on, now, follow me; an' look alive because we're due to hit some resistance toot sweet. That heinie the soldier bopped was a lookout."

"Sergeant," inquired a soldier innocently. "Where was you-all lookin' at the time. Your eyes ought to be . . ."

"Pipe down before I ram some rifle stock down your throat."

"You picked a nice day for it, Gyrene, an' there ain't nobody a-holdin' you back."

The doughboy settled himself on guard, the vicious bayonet picking up points of light. The Marine sergeant advanced warily, his command gathering to back him up. The soldiers moved to protect their comrade, muttering ominously.

"If it's fight you guys want, that's what we're here for."

"Wait a minute!" a tall, blond Marine with a mud streaked face was striding forward. "There ain't no call to go off the handle like that. There's enough battle for all of us just up ahead somewhere. I don't think these soldiers are scared of us; an' I know damn well we ain't a-fearin' them. But that ain't no reason we should go tearin' into each other like a couple of bulls over a stray heifer. We're all in this for the same thing, so let's get friendly-like an' go on with th' war. What'y you say, fellows?"

"Jake by me," said the belligerent doughboy, lowering his point. "I was just pokin' fun at the sarge; didn't mean nothing."

"All right, old man," answered the non-com. "No hard feelings. We're all a mite too hot-headed in times like this. Let's forget it an' get back to the war. You three fellows there shove off ahead an' develop any resistance you meet."

The sergeant hurriedly consolidated his force, taking command of the soldiers as well, distributing the automatic riflemen and the men armed with the few grenades that were left. This mixed the soldiers and Marines; but the tense strain had been broken. They were chatting amicably and passing around a generous plug of tobacco.

Slowly the men advanced through the shattered forest. There was no sound coming from ahead. The flanks were thundering and far behind them German counter-battery work was driving Yank cannonneers

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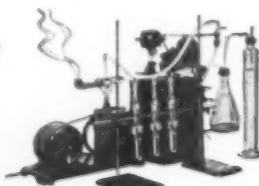
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into shelter pits; but straight in front it was silent as the grave.

"Where's all this resistance we was going to bump into?" questioned one. "We used to have more fights at home when the Fourth Ward Democrats gave a picnic. Oh, boy, was those picnics hot stuff! Chow, you never seen such chow."

"This is a hell of a time to be talking about food," Red grunted. "I'm so hungry I could—"

A crash of machine gun fire froze the words in his mouth. The man to whom he had spoken went down, his face graven in an expression of surprise. Others were dropping, and cries of pain mingled with curses and yells of anger. The unseen guns blasted again.

"Hit th' deck!" bellowed the sergeant. "Get down! Prone position an' work forward."

The men flattened themselves in the mud and began squirming forward like wriggling reptiles. There was no sign of the enemy except for the deadly barrage.

"Where'n hell was that point I sent out?" grumbled the sergeant. "Those lunkheads let us walk right into an ambush."

Foot by foot they dragged themselves ahead. One or two were hit, but most of the firing was too high. They came upon the bodies of their advance guard. Each man had a cord drawn tightly about his throat, neatly garroted before he could cry out the alarm, and then stabbed to death with trench knives.

The sergeant scowled blackly. "Poor devils," he murmured, "they didn't have a chance."

Red hugged the ground. A bullet thudded into his pack, and he hunched up his shoulders like an ostrich hiding its head. He crawled forward, wishing his gas mask wouldn't raise him so high in the air. The mouth of a deep, concrete dugout yawned beside him.

"Anybody down there?" he called.

There was no answer.

"One of you fellows with grenades come here."

A Marine slithered toward him, stopping at the mouth of the dugout and peering into the black depths. "Here's Santa Claus with a little present for you," he called as he tossed the bomb. An acrid, biting odor of powder and stale air blasted forth as the missile exploded. The leatherneck grinned. "I'll know how to hunt rabbits after this war."

Red tightened his belt and groaned. "I'll kill the next one of you guys that mentions food."

Not far ahead they came upon the rest of their party. They were lying prone behind the last few trees of the wood and were pouring rifle fire against a stone building that stood in the center of an open field. The German defense had been reached!

"What's it all about?" Red asked Dusty.

"Somebody says that's an old hunting lodge. Th' Jerries are in there with half a dozen machine guns, an' they've got some more scattered around in shell holes outside. See 'em?"

A ripple of bullets thudded into the tree that protected the two soldiers.

The sergeant was calling out: "Let's see how many men we've got. Sing out your numbers. You, Hawkins, start it off."

"One," bellowed Hawkins. "Two," sang the man on his left. "Twelve," called Dusty. Red stuttered, "Oh, Lord, thirteen!"

"Nineteen men," mused the sergeant.

"Couldn't storm that place with a battalion." He studied the terrain, heedless of

the bullets snarling about. A stone wall three feet high surrounded the hunting lodge. The sergeant noted that the Germans were inside the house itself, apparently leaving none of their force in the courtyard.

"Hm," he remarked to himself. "If I could get a couple of men with grenades close up to that wall they could toss 'em through the windows; an' all the time they'd be protected by that wall. The only trouble is they'd be under fire from the guns in those shell holes in the field." He shook his head slowly. "Nope, I'm afraid it can't be done; an' we can't bomb them out from this distance."

He ducked instinctively as a bullet chipped the tree behind which he stood. "Hey," he called to his men, "keep them guys busy, will you! Try pourin' a little lead into 'em."

"Can't," someone said. "Ammunition's getting low."

Darkness descended heavily and suddenly. The Yanks lay in their fox holes, tense, grim and silent. They had pushed a couple men out on listening post and the rest waited breathlessly for a counter attack.

"Take a shot now and then at them flashes," advised the sergeant. "We don't want 'em to know we're just about out of ammunition or they'll be comin' over after us."

The night wore on. It grew cold. Red lay shivering, tightening his belt against the increasing pangs of hunger. It was worse now he had time to reflect. The machine guns in the hunting lodge kept up their insane chatter. But the others were silent, probably unwilling to disclose their position by the flashes.

"Boy," remarked Dusty in a low voice, "if those krauts decide to counter attack they'd sure catch us flat footed. I think I've got eight rounds and three or four grenades left."

"I ain't got that many," answered Red; "but I'd trade what I have for a can of willie or a cup o' joe."

"I don't think they'll attack. It seems to be a machine gun outfit we're up against," suggested one of the leathernecks. "Machine guns ain't so hot except for defense."

"Yeh, but they've probably got a rifle company or something tucked away for support. Brother, can you figure out what would happen to us if they decided to come?"

Out in the blackness in front of the thin line of Americans a sudden flurry of rifle fire slashed into the stillness. A shell from a mortar struck the ground and flowered out in brilliant pyrotechnics. There were hoarse, guttural cries and the taut men leaped up to meet a horde of approaching phantoms.

Dusty lunged forward with a long thrust. He felt his point strike home. His nerves tingled and his breath pumped in and out from behind set teeth. He was conscious of a swirl of fighting shadows about him. He made out a dim figure advancing behind an outstretched bayonet. It flashed forward and Dusty struck it aside. The cool, keen edge ripped his blouse. An icy finger seemed to have been drawn rapidly across his side. The shadow was recovering its balance, and Dusty smashed forward with his rifle butt.

Another one advanced, weaving about like a boxer, cautiously feinting for an opening. He lunged. Dusty's left arm stiffened. The deflected point slid along the rifle barrel. The Yank attempted a butt stroke but the German anticipated it. The weapons clashed against each other. Slowly the locked rifles rose over head as the two men fought breast to breast.

Dusty could hear his enemy's breath coming in gasps. The sound steadied his own pounding heart. He thrust out his leg, but the German knew that move, too, and Dusty nearly tripped himself.

They threshed about, jerking, pulling and straining. Dusty's elevated arms felt dead, and he knew that his heavier and stronger foe was slowly forcing him backward. Once the sheer weight of his adversary drove him to his knees, but he fought his way back. The German pushed harder and Dusty leaped away abruptly, swinging about in a single motion and shattering his rifle stock on the pot-shaped helmet.

Above the tumult of conflict he heard the sound of running feet. "Held 'em, Yale!" someone cried. "Zurück! Zurück!" came another cry. It was unintelligible to the Americans, but was obviously a command to withdraw, for the raiders turned and pounded away through the brush.

"Don't follow 'em," someone shouted. "They'll try to draw us into their fire-paths."

Dusty stood rooted to the ground, his muscles tense and his bayonet still thrust menacingly forward. He took a deep grateful breath and looked about him. A body or two and three or four wounded men were within range of his limited vision. He could hear them calling for aid, and already there were men kneeling above them.

He thought suddenly of Red and called softly, almost fearfully: "Morgan; oh, Red."

One of the kneeling shadows stood up. "That you, Dusty?"

"Yes. What are you doing?"

"I'm lookin' through these packs. That yarn about German army efficiency is a lotta bull. Not one of these bozos carried emergency rations."

"Don't you ever think of anything but chow?" growled Dusty, greatly relieved. "Come over here and put a first aid bandage on my ribs. I got creased."

Some of the men had cast themselves down in a position of defense against another half-expected attack. The rest busied themselves with the casualties. They talked excitedly. "Boy, you guys got here just in time," said one of the original party. "Another five minutes and they'd have made hash out of us."

"Hash," grunted Red. "That reminds me, any of you fellows got anything to eat?"

"No. We et before we come up. Sergeant Pratt gathered all the messmen from the battalion galleys an' brung us here. We made plenty knots, too. How come you guys got in a jam like this?"

The hostile machine guns were chirping again. Two soldiers crawled forward to take the place of the listening post men who had died in the assault. The remainder settled down for a determined resistance. Each of the newly arrived Marines, about twenty, carried two bandoliers and his belt full of ammunition. This was divided among the defenders.

Red nestled down in his fox hole. He felt more secure now with his belt weighted with cartridges. But he did wish he could get something to eat. He tried to doze, lying half asleep but still conscious of voices about him. One was vaguely familiar; some peculiar quality he had heard somewhere. He tried to place the slow, drawing Southern accent.

"I didn't reckon as how they'd jump me," the unseen man was saying. "The red headed guy keeps talking to me and all of a sudden the other one grabs me around the neck. The first thing I knew I went sailin' overboard, and these two robbers

were taking off down the road with the chow wagon."

Red was wide awake now.

"I know them buzzards," another voice said. "They come cruising around my galley looking for a handout. Believe me if I ever get my meat-fangs on them I'll lay 'em out for inspection. They can't steal my chow an' get away with it."

"Me, too," said the other. "I gets powerful mean when I'm riled; an' right now I'm a heap thataway. I don't aim to ask no whys nor wherefores; no pow-wows or nothing. I just walks up natural like and 'Zowie!' I rips 'em from stem to stern."

Red had heard enough. He crawled from the fox hole and worked his way toward Dusty. He found him sleeping as the dead.

"Hey," Red called, shaking his friend.

"We gotta get out o' here."

"Hah?" demanded the sleepy Dusty.

"Listen, do you know who that Sergeant Pratt who came up with those K. P.'s from the Marines is?"

"Naw, an' I don't care." Dusty started to go back to sleep but Red shook him violently.

"He's that mess sergeant we had the run in with about the coffee. And that guy we stole the chow cart from is with him. They've threatened everything that ain't friendly. That mule skinner says he'll stick us with his bayonet, and he's crazy enough to do it. And if that mess sergeant lays eyes on us we'll go to a labor battalion for the duration of the war."

Sleep was gone from Dusty's eyes. Out in the gray dawn a machine gun ripped and bullets snapped about; but Dusty was thinking of other things.

"They don't know we're here, do they?" he asked. Red's answer reassured him a little. "Well, maybe they won't find it out. We ought to be able to get away without being seen. I ain't scared of that other bird, but that Marine sergeant is mean enough to get us sent to Leavenworth for stealing them rations. I'm in favor of hitting the trail toot sweet."

Red looked at his friend and nodded his consent. It was not yet light enough to distinguish a man's facial characteristics, but it soon would be, and Red suggested a speedy departure. Dusty got to his feet and slipped his arm through the suspenders of his pack. It sent a twitch through his wounded side. He swore softly.

"What's the matter, Mate?" a voice inquired.

The two men spun about. A man in army clothing stood before them. He bore no weapons, but carried a canvas bag with the letters U. S. N. stenciled on the side. His chevrons were something like those worn by Sergeants-major, but they were inverted, with a small red cross in the center, and an eagle had climbed up on top.

"What's the matter?" the man repeated. "Oh, nothing," replied Dusty who was anxious to get away. "I just got stuck a little with a bayonet in that mix up last night."

"All right, take off your blouse an' let's see." The man set the bag down and began rumaging through it.

Dusty looked at the rapidly lightening sky. "I ain't got time," he protested.

"You'll take time. I'm pharmacist's mate attached to the Marines. I'm responsible for casualties and I'm not going to have any gangrene cases if I can help it."

"I'm not a Marine."

"I don't give a damn what you are. Take off your blouse or I'll run you up for refusing treatment."

Helpless, Dusty removed the blood-stained



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garment and sat reclining while the hospital corpsman investigated the wound.

"Hmmm, not so serious," he said, applying a fresh dressing.

"I told you that much."

"You're not telling me anything, Soldier. I'm doing all the telling there's to be done."

The German guns in the hunting lodge were opening up again. Red looked through the trees toward the emplacements and the building they surrounded. The morning sun struck the white walls, shattering into blood-red streaks. The Yank skirmish line was picking up the fire. Marines and soldiers lay with bearded cheeks pressing against rifle stocks and picked off Germans at six hundred yards.

"All right, Soldier," said the corpsman. "You can shove off now."

"Thanks," said Dusty with sarcastic inflection.

The two men had gone no more than a score of paces before they were suddenly confronted by Sergeant Pratt and the mule skinner. The recognition was mutual and instantaneous. With an oath the sergeant leaped forward, closely followed by the other Marine. But neither Dusty nor Red waited. With visions of Leavenworth and labor battalions before them, they turned and bounded through the woods.

The sergeant was bellowing: "Come back here, you filthy sons of"

But the two soldiers were not interested in personalities. Their only desire was to get away fast as possible. They burst from the woods into the open field.

"Stop those buzzards!" roared the sergeant, thundering in pursuit.

Red flung a hasty glance over his shoulder. Others had apparently joined the chase, for half a dozen men were now at their heels. He groaned. The fugitives redoubled their efforts. Machine gun fire rattled about them. They zig-zagged on a new attack. A second burst of fire drove them in another direction. They ran bewilderedly.

"Where are we headed?" Red panted.

A machine gun directly in front of them coughed from its pit. The two Yanks hesitated a moment and then drove forward. Bullets rained about them, from the hunting lodge, from the emplacements beyond it and from the one in front. The air seemed alive with them. Dusty fired one shot from the hip. The Maxim in front stopped its chattering. The four men of the crew took one look at the gun disabled by the lucky, chance shot. They scrambled out of the pit and streaked for the safety of the lodge. In an instant more Dusty and Red dropped panting into the emplacement. A hurried glance told them the Yank posse had swollen to two dozen men.

"What'll we do, fight?" he asked.

The mortar of the night before opened fire. The projectile described a parabola, descending almost lazily and bursting like a Fourth of July flower pot. Debris showered down on the two men.

"High angle fire," Dusty gasped. "We can't stay here. They'll drop those damn things right in on top of us as soon as they get the right range." His head popped over the rim of the shell hole. "We've got one slim chance, but it's better than waitin' here. All the rest of the machine guns are on the other side of the house. They can't shoot around it. If we can get close under that wall without getting shot up by the krauts in the house we'll be safe from all sides. Let's go!"

In an instant he was up and running directly toward the hunting lodge. Red was close behind. They could hear the Yanks

yelling something at them, and they heard leaden slugs thudding into the ground beneath their flying feet. Machine gun fire from the upper windows beat the air about them. A shell from the mortar burst hideously in the hole they had just vacated. Like two base-runners they slid into the protecting shadows of the wall.

"We made it!" Dusty exulted.

They heard feet clatter from the house and come pounding across the courtyard. Half a dozen Germans were intent upon exterminating the two-man menace before it got into action. Through a small hole in the wall Dusty saw them coming. He wrenched a grenade from inside his shirt and tossed it over the wall. It burst in the midst of the advancing men. When the smoke cleared away it showed only one left on his feet, and he was fleeing as fast as he could for the house.

Dusty primed another bomb and hurled it through an open window. It roared and smoke belched out. The machine guns ceased firing. The cry of "Kamarad! Kamarad!" echoed the explosion of Dusty's third grenade.

The Yank detachment came up on the run, and before Dusty knew it they were almost on top of him. He sprang to his feet. The Americans were led by the Marine sergeant who had been with them in the attack the evening before. He flung a bewildered look at the two fugitives. "Crazy fools," he panted, "tryin' to hog all the fight again. All right, the rest of you birds stand outside this gate and make the square-heads come out one at a time with their arms in the air. Holler over to those machine gunners and tell them if they start any shenanigans we'll give this whole outfit the deep six."

There was a look of frank admiration in the sergeant's eyes as he turned again to Dusty and Red. "That was the gamest stunt I ever saw pulled," was his surprising tribute. "I was trying to figure out that move last night, but I couldn't see it clear. But don't always bank on getting your plays backed up like this one was. Sometimes the rest of the outfit don't follow so easy."

"Where's that other sergeant?" was Red's first question.

"Who, Pratt? Oh, he got nicked in the leg, and his mule skinner got one in the arm. The last I saw of them they was helping each other to the rear. Why? Friend o' yours?"

Later that afternoon Red and Dusty stood before a Marine officer down in the depths of the dugout Red had discovered the previous evening. They listened while the sergeant explained with profane emphasis how they had made a two-man charge, wiped out one nest and bombed the lodge garrison into submission. It certainly did sound like something the way he told it, and the officer nodded his head in appreciation.

"That's splendid work. It carries on and fulfills the standard of tradition established by our Corps. What company are you men from?"

"We're soldiers, Sir," answered Dusty, giving his regimental designation.

"Soldiers," echoed the shocked officer. "Well, I'll be damned; soldiers." He appeared considerably annoyed. "But even so," he admitted, "the act was performed while you were serving with a Marine detachment—and it was a damn fine piece of work. I'm going to see that it doesn't go unrewarded. I'll do all within my power to bring . . ."

A choking noise from Red interrupted the Marine, for the doughboy's eyes had



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gone beyond the radius of candle light. They were focused on a man who had come in from the other room of the dugout. The man bore in one hand a mess kit heaped with smoking stew, and in the other a cup of coffee, black and steaming. "Here's your chow, Major," he said.

"If it's all the same to the major," Red gasped, "I'd rather have that cup of coffee than all the medals the army puts out. I ain't et for a week, honest."

For an instant the major scowled, suspicious of being ridiculed. Then the humor of the situation broke upon him. "Well, there isn't any reason you shouldn't have both, is there?" he asked, jerking his thumb toward the mess kit.

MY YANGTZE ARMED GUARD DETAIL

(Continued from page 5)

gained sanctuary with the law. I pulled out the slip of paper on which the Chinese address had been written and showed it to the local gendarmerie. They scanned it, discussed the matter at length, and then pointed up a narrow alley.

This alley, I am now certain, was the longest, filthiest, vilest, most mephitic, and most inhospitable alley in the whole of China. After I had engaged myself in this labyrinth for ten minutes, I knew there would be no question of retreat possible; I simply had to go ahead and find the address on the slip, for I was completely lost now and did not know where the Han was, or how to orient myself. Being in the midst of human habitation, I had not thought to look at the sun and notice its direction. It would have been a sensible

precaution, for with my lack of knowledge of the local dialect I might have been in the great north woods, or the heart of the Gobi desert. I thought that if I persisted in walking down one alley I would eventually reach the edge of the city, but apparently no alley led anywhere. They back tracked upon themselves, they twisted and

turned, they forked and became cul-de-sacs, and, on the whole, they were quite disheartening.

I stumbled on, the cynosure of rather hostile eyes, the recipient of what must have been, to judge from the tone, rather terrible epithets; amid pigs and wolfish looking dogs, decrepit and mangy and with dyspep-



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tie temerments and a tendency to baring yellow fangs at Marines; senbby children, mud, and ordure buckets; elbowing my way through a million Chinese, more or less, until I thought I should never get out with a whole skin. Every time I saw what I thought an intelligent Chinaman, I stopped and showed him my paper. Immediately I was surrounded by a throng of curious people—no people could possibly be more curious or less discreet than the Chinese—all pushing each other out of the way to get a closer and better look at the paper and its possessor. The address was passed from hand to hand, and each inspector gave it a close scrutiny, even though he was illiterate. And as for me, holes were being bored through and through me by gimlet-like eyes. One must indeed have reserves of patience in China. Sometimes the slip of paper disappeared from my sight, and then I would begin to push through the mob in search of it. It was, in a sense, a bit of plank for me to cling to in a lonely sea rather inclined to turbulence. At each of those stops I was overwhelmed by a flood of words from the bystanders, which may have been insults for all I know, but which were probably attempts at orienting me. After some time of this sort of thing, someone was usually struck by the idea that all the "walla-walla" was probably unintelligible to the foreign devil, and then, with commendable initiative, this individual pointed out the proper alley to follow, or made other gestures suited to the occasion.

I had been on the way for perhaps three hours when I met a man who, upon being shown the paper, pointed in the direction from which I had just come. Ah! Either this was a wrong lead, or I had passed my address since encountering my last informant. I must be getting "warm" now! Having back-tracked a bit, I again proffered my paper for inspection, and a heavy door was pointed out to me. I knocked. There was no answer. I pushed the door open and went into a sort of courtyard where a Chinaman was cooking his rice in the lee of a wall. I showed my slip to him.

He shook his head, gesturing with his cooking paddle.

"Boss, he no here."

"What? No here?"

"No. He gone out."

It is easy to imagine my consternation. All this for nothing! But no, this would not do: I must insist. After all, this was just an address I had shown him, and perhaps my friend was not the only white man staying here; or it might be that this was not the place. Perhaps I had simply been directed to one of the few places in Hanyang where a white man lived. But how to make the man understand? he did not seem to know much English.

Then I had an inspiration! I recalled that my friend had mentioned his Chinese name to me once—he had adopted a Chinese name in addition to his patronymic to facilitate intercourse with the people.

"I wanthee see Fu San Bai, savee?"

"Oh," he answered, "Fu San Bai? Wanthee see Fu San Bai?"

"You said it, my lovely lotus. I wanthee see Fu San Bai."

He dropped his kettle and led me back into the alley from which I had just emerged. After a few steps we met another member of the Hanyang anti-hill. Having been deposited with the latter, I was led down a still narrower and still more filthy alley for about fifteen minutes. Then, hymbye, as they say in pidgin English, we came to a large stone building. We entered.

At last I saw my friend. *Quel soulagement!*

The river from Hankow to Ichang is very similar to the lower section. The same mud banks, the same muddy water, the same mud colored vegetation are there. However, this being the time of low water, it was not plain sailing. A day out of Hankow we came to Singti Crossing, a low place in the river. There was but five feet of water there when we arrived, and our draft was seven feet eleven inches. Passage was evidently impossible until we lightened ship. For this purpose a smaller lighter came alongside and a portion of our cargo was transferred to it. She proceeded over the bar with this load to a large ship that had been held up on the other side of the bar for weeks on her way downstream. The lading was transferred to the larger ship temporarily, then the little lighter returned to relieve us of some more of our cargo.

While we were waiting at anchor, a small red steamer attempted the crossing. Somehow she got out of the channel and went fast aground. But the skipper was a resourceful man, and he detailed the whole of the crew and the passengers to help clear her. He had these crowd against one rail, then, at a signal, to run to the opposite rail. They did this repeatedly, the engines turning over full speed astern all the while. Being thus rocked, the little ship eased herself out of the mud and back into the channel. But the maneuver was an odd sight.

For the purpose of securing better control and more power, we started across the bar lashed side by side to the small lighter. Three men were posted at each helm, and one of the skippers, a red-bearded fellow with a cigarette glued to his lower lip, commanded both ships. He leaned out of the pilot house and shouted commands to the quartermasters of both ships.

"Hard aport," he would vociferate.

"Aye-ah-po," repeated the quartermasters in unison as they spun the wheels accordingly.

"Starboard a bit—easy helm."

"Stabit—aye-yi-yo," they chanted in confirmation.

Our lashed bows pointed first this way and then that. Junks were tacking across our course, and the boatswain, helped by our siren, was waving them frantically aside. A deckhand on the outboard side of each ship sounded the bottom with a long bamboo pole.

"See an a ha fee . . ."

"Sehan fee . . ."

"See fee . . .!" We had been lightened until we drew but six feet of water! And then we struck. With a wrench that nearly parted the two ships, and that threw everyone forward, we buried our keel in the sand. The vessels trembled and groaned, grinding on the wooden buffers between the hulls. The engine room telegraphs clanged.

"Extra full speed ahead!"

The very bones of the ships trembled as the engines turned over their maximum. We moved; an inch, two inches; and then, very slowly, we plowed our way through the sand, our deck plating vibrating with the throbbing Diesels.

"Fie fee . . . eet!"

"Fie feet!"

"Fie an a ha feet!"

We went a little faster now, half a knot, perhaps, still churning through the sand. Our skipper shouted to the other captain: "We'll make it all right, Andy!"

And we did. Drawing six feet of water, we pushed through in five feet. The bottom was soft, and there was no damage done to either bottom plating or propellers.

The two little lighters tied up alongside the large ship, and a double transfer of

cargo commenced. Our colleague of the bar transferred what she had on board back to our hold while, on our other side, the large ship retransferred what had been left aboard her temporarily after the first portage. These operations went on during most of the night to the chanting of the coolies and the accompaniment of jarring thumps that shook the ship as heavy boxes and cases were tumbled about below. Sleep was rather spasmodic that night.

The rest of the way to Ichang was run during the day only, as the channel had to be followed very closely because of the low water. At night we anchored. But even so, on four occasions we touched bottom. And once we spent a whole day pulling another lighter off a mud bank, nearly stranding ourselves in the process.

Before reaching our next stop, Shasi, we passed a spot from which ships were often fired upon. There was a high hill overlooking the city—the stream had narrowed to three hundred yards at this point—and it was from this eminence that attacks had been delivered. However, when we passed, everything was as peaceful and serene as Death Valley at high noon.

At Shasi we tied up nearly a week, awaiting cargo. There is a modern cotton press in this city. The native cotton is shipped to Shanghai, where it is mixed with exotic varieties—American or Indian—in order to make it of sufficient substance for twisting into thread. Three of us walked several miles along the narrow stone pathway between the bank of the river and the houses crowding the bluff. In the course of the promenade we noted several new species of odors and waded through an extraordinary amount of garbage, mulemutes, and swine littering the narrow pathway. At the end of our walk we came upon an ancient, grass grown pagoda of seven stories, with the usual Buddha squatting complacently behind burning joss-sticks. We saw many gray-clad soldiers, some of whom seemed quite well equipped. On the return journey we took another road, along an ancient crenellated wall. We then debouched into a wide, newly paved street with an astonishing number of new buildings along its length. Each had a *bas-relief* above its door, flamboyantly painted, but of beautiful workmanship. The populace here was celebrating a dragon festival, and at this time there was much excitement in the streets. Cymbals crashed, drums throbbed, firecrackers popped. Long, serpentine dragons, gaily colored and carried by a score of men by means of long poles thrust into the body of the hippogriff at intervals, writhed above the heads of the crowd. Men clad in satin, bewigged and painted to resemble women, danced a semi-lascivious dance on stilts with a good deal of grace and acrobatic ability.

Added attraction was given the feast by our presence. We excited as much notice in our strange uniforms as Chinese soldiers strolling down the main street of Podunk, Iowa, would have stirred in corn-belt breasts, had the situation been reversed. We were treated quite well, however, with one exception: a certain ragamuffin, the prototype, no doubt, of those peculiar-humored individuals who are seen even in the Middle West, insisted on following us several blocks, calling us "pig's head" and other choice epithets, to the vast amusement of the crowd. Finally one of us went after him with uplifted cane and chased him half a block—to the still greater amusement of the assembly—and we had no further trouble.

(Continued Next Month)



What's all the shouting about?

"I'M TELLING YOU, *flavor* is what I counts!"

"Yeah? And I'm telling you it's *mildness*!"

"Listen, you, a *cool* smoke is what I want."

Take it easy, men! Why not smoke a tobacco that has *all* these points? Edgeworth, of course!

Mild? Say—Edgeworth is a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the Burley plant, what tobaccoists call the "mildest pipe tobacco that grows." Flavor? Listen—the blend and treatment of Edgeworth that gives that rare, rich flavor is famous all over the

world. And it's a cool, slow-burn-ing smoke.

Try it, and prove what we say. Your canteen has Edgeworth. Just ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. All sizes, 15¢ pocket pack-age to pound humidior tin. Several sizes in vacuum-packed tins.

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If you want a liberal sample of Edgeworth and a genuine old-fashioned corn cob pipe to try it in, you'll get both promptly—by just sending a dime with your name and address to Larus & Bro. Co., 3000 Cary Street, Richmond, Va.

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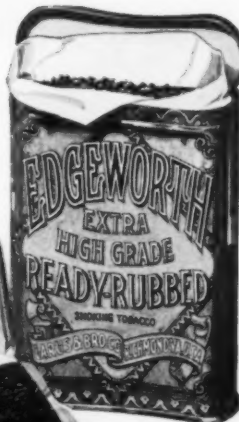
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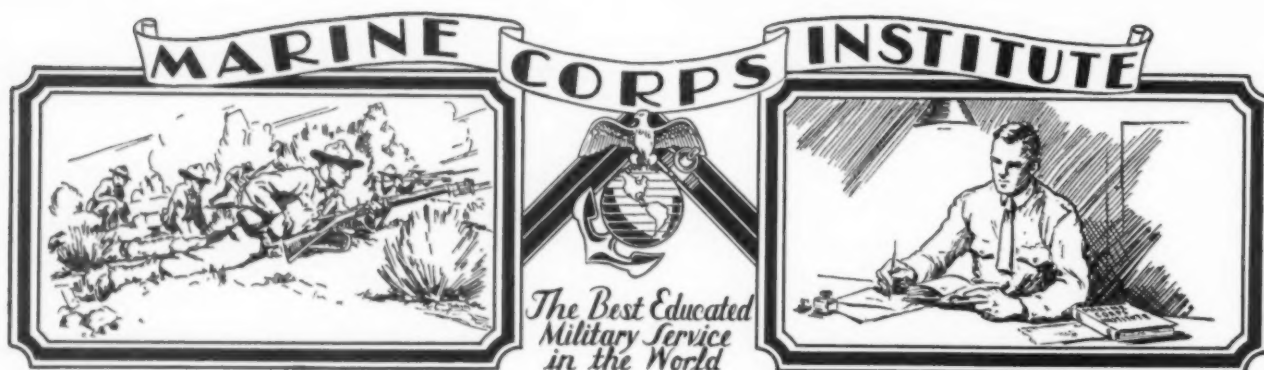


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You can buy Edgeworth in vacuum-packed tins in several sizes from two ounces to half pounds and pounds. In these airtight tins the tobacco remains in perfect condition indefinitely in any climate.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidior tin. Sold the world over.





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and correspondence schools of the outside. But this condition does not now exist in your case, for the Marine Corps Institute is always open for your enrollment in any academic or vocational course that may interest you—and the enrollment, together with the textbooks and complete instructions, is free of charge.

If you are not at present enrolled, you should select a course from the list below and mail your application immediately. An opportunity such as the Marine Corps Institute offers will probably never be presented to you again in the years to come.

— **CONSIDER THIS OFFER CAREFULLY** —

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

- ☐ Please send me INFORMATION regarding the course before which I have marked an X:
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> French |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy | <input type="checkbox"/> Good English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographic Secretarial |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountant Secretarial | <input type="checkbox"/> Grade School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> Motorbus Transportation |

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|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Naval Academy Prep. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects* |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Architect's Blue Prints | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor & Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Maintenance | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry |

Name _____ Rank _____

Organization _____

Station _____

Mailing Address _____

*State subjects desired in applying for this course.

THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on May 31	16,147
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT —May 31	1,182
Separations during June	1
Appointments during June	1,181
Total strength on June 30	6
ENLISTED —Total strength May 31	1,187
Separations during June	14,965
Joinings during June	419
Total strength on June 30	14,555
Total strength Marine Corps June 30	619
	15,174
	16,361



THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, The Major General Commandant.
Brig. Gen. Douglas C. McDougall, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.
Brigadier General Rufus H. Lane, The Adjutant and Inspector.
Brigadier General Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.
Brigadier General George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. Frederick A. Barker.
Lt-Col. Clarke H. Wells.
Maj. William W. Ashurst.
Capt. George W. McHenry.

Officers last to make numbers in the grades indicated:

1st Lt. George R. E. Shell.
Senior grades by selection.

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

JUNE 1, 1934.

Col. Russell B. Putnam, APM, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Office of the Assistant Paymaster, San Francisco, Calif., to report not later than 1 August.

Maj. Harold L. Parsons, on 15 June detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Army War College, Washington, D. C. Authorized to delay reporting until 1 September.

Capt. Merritt B. Curtis, on or about 15 June detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to report not later than 30 June.

Capt. William K. Snyder, detached MD, NP, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

JUNE 2, 1934.

Col. Charles F. Williams, on 15 July detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

Lt-Col. Maurice E. Shearer, on 1 June detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Maj. Clyde H. Metcalf, on 1 July detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay one month enroute.

Capt. Ralph G. Anderson, relieved from duty with the Civilian Conservation Corps and ordered to return to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Capt. Joseph W. Knighton, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of the Pacific via the U.S.S. "Chau-mont," scheduled to sail from Shanghai, China, on or about 6 July.

Capt. William McN. Marshall, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via the U.S.S. "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 27 June.

Capt. Clarence H. Yost, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via the U.S.S. "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 27 June.

1st Lt. James H. N. Hudnall, on or about 26 June detached MD, U.S.S. "Henderson," to MB, Norfolk, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

1st Lt. Howard R. Huff, detached MD, U.S.S. "Sacramento," to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. Frank P. Pyzick, detached MB.

(Continued on page 52)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

JUNE 1, 1934

Sgt. Carl Obluck—NYd, Washington to Chicago.

Sgt. Gerald A. Newhouse—Quantico to Chicago.

Sgt. Arnold C. McPike—Quantico to Marine Corps Institute.

Sgt. Paul H. Miller—Parris Island to Quantico.

Cpl. Robert C. Gunsalus—Quantico to Marine Corps Institute.

JUNE 4, 1934

Gy-Sgt. James P. Drummond—Parris Island to Quantico.

Sgt. Edwin F. Carter—Indian Head to Norfolk.

Sgt. Dennis R. Dobbs—U.S.S. "West Virginia" to Quantico.

Cpl. Dorsie R. Smith—West Coast to Quantico.

Cpl. John D. Stuckey—U.S.S. "Ranger" to Iona Island.

Cpl. Lionel J. Gelinas—Quantico to Sunnysvale.

JUNE 5, 1934

Gy-Sgt. Leo W. Adams—Haiti to San Diego.

JUNE 6, 1934

Sgt. Frederick G. Lewis—1st Bn., FMF., to Quantico.

Cpl. John F. Eckert—Philadelphia to Cape May.

JUNE 7, 1934

Sgt. Leslie H. Row—AS, FMF., to Quantico.

Sgt. Fred O. P. Seyfert—Boston to Newport.

Sgt. John S. Durant—Quantico to Norfolk.

JUNE 8, 1934

Cpl. Hersel D. C. Blasingame—Quantico to Charleston.

JUNE 9, 1934

Sgt. Gust Sturt—Parris Island to U.S.S. "Pensacola."

Sgt. Carl W. Daulton—Quantico to U.S.S. "Portland."

JUNE 11, 1934

Gy-Sgt. Albert F. Marcott—West Coast to Pearl Harbor.

Stf. Sgt. Clyde E. Purvis—Pearl Harbor to United States.

Sgt. John A. Nolen—FMF. to NOB, Norfolk.

Cpl. Glen C. Colbert—U.S.S. "Pensacola" to FMF.

JUNE 12, 1934

Cpl. Paul C. Stanley—Indian Head to Cuba.

Cpl. Stanley King—Indian Head to MB, Washington.

Cpl. Cletus D. Dayberry—West Coast to Parris Island.

Cpl. Edward Brown—U.S.S. "Saratoga" to San Diego.

Cpl. Edward J. Coen—West Coast to Parris Island.

Cpl. Edgar L. Hardin—Coco Solo to Charleston.

JUNE 13, 1934

Sgt. Edward L. Livermore—MB, Washington, to NH, Portsmouth.

Sgt. Natoire G. Brais—Quantico to Parris Island.

(Continued on page 53)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

GALAZIEWSKI, Anthony J., 6-29-34, at New York for Cavite.

HOLLAND, James B., 6-27-34, at New Orleans for Pensacola.

ARNDT, Charles L., 6-28-34, at Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

WILLIAMS, Hayward G., 6-22-34, at Savannah for Parris Island.

FOY, William LeD., 6-22-34, at Bremerton for Bremerton.

RUPAKUS, Paul J., 6-28-34, at Quantico for Quantico.

CALLAWAY, Richard W., 6-23-34, at Savannah for Quantico.

TAYLOR, Parker, 6-27-34, at New London for New London.

CAMPBELL, Maurice, 6-25-34, at Indian Head for Indian Head.

HARNEY, Stanley L., 6-23-34, at Parris Island for Parris Island.

KNAPP, Theodore, 6-21-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

NUNES, John, 6-25-34, at Parris Island for Parris Island.

HELBLING, William, 6-25-34, at Pittsburgh for Quantico.

WOOD, John F., 6-25-34, at Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

BROBERG, Carl J., 6-20-34, at Los Angeles for San Diego.

PSAUTE, Frank L., 6-20-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

CHESSER, Olyn I., 6-20-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

LEMONS, Johnnie G., 6-24-34, at Quantico for Quantico.

STEPHENSON, Frank P., 6-20-34, at San Diego for Philadelphia.

RAYNOR, Dewey D., 6-24-34, at Washington for Hdqrs., Washington.

POWELL, Lexia L., 6-20-34, at Los Angeles for San Diego.

BOGART, Lloyd A., 6-16-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

EARHART, Arthur W., 6-21-34, at Charleston for Charleston.

FRAZER, Howard C., 6-20-34, at Mare Island for San Diego.

GOODOFF, William A., 6-17-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

NOLEN, John A., Jr., 6-22-34, at Quantico for Quantico.

PERKINS, Paul G., 6-18-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

JERABEK, Charles F., 6-20-34, at Chicago for Quantico.

BOWMAN, George E., 6-18-34, at San Francisco for San Francisco.

SMYTHE, Robert H., Jr., 6-17-34, at Mare Island for Mare Island.

BOYNTON, James, 6-21-34, at Boston for Philadelphia.

KELLY, Frank J., 6-16-34, at Mare Island for Charleston.

KRASHUSKI, Leo, 6-16-34, at Mare Island for Mare Island.

RAWLEY, John J., 6-21-34, at Portsmouth, N. H., for Portsmouth, N. H.

STIREWALT, Thomas E., 6-20-34, at Norfolk for Norfolk.

KREIN, Henry, 6-13-34, at Seattle for Bremerton.

PETERSON, Claire G., 6-13-34, at Seattle for Seattle.

(Continued on page 53)

U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 51)

NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MD, U.S.S. "Henderson," to report at San Francisco, Calif., on or about 27 July.

2nd Lt. Richard W. Hayward, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to MD, U.S.S. "Sacramento."

ChfPayClk. Fred S. Parsons, on or about 20 June detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Asiatic Station via the U.S.S. "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 27 June.

On acceptance of appointment as second lieutenants in the Marine Corps, the following named assigned to duty at MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 5 July: Clyde R. Nelson, Joseph L. Dickey, Elmore W. Seeds, John P. Condon, John A. Butler, Ralph K. Rottet, George C. Ruffin, Jr., Victor H. Krulak, Harold O. Deakins, Maurice T. Ireland, Henry W. Buse, Jr., Samuel R. Shaw, Robert S. Fairweather, Robert E. Hommel, Joseph P. Fuchs, John W. Sapp, Jr., Lehman H. Kleppinger, Harry W. G. Vadnais, Frank C. Tharin, Bennet G. Powers, Samuel F. Zellers, Lawrence B. Clark, Arthur J. J. Hagel, John E. Weber, Floyd B. Parks.

JUNE 4, 1934.
Col. Charles R. Sanderson, AQM, on 2 July detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Depot of Supplies, Marine Corps, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lt-Col. Jeter R. Horton, AQM, detached Depot of Supplies, Marine Corps, Philadelphia, Pa., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to report not later than 18 June.

Lt-Col. Harold B. Pratt, on 2 July detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Recruiting District of Boston, Boston, Mass. Authorized to delay one month en route.

Maj. Harry Schmidt, APM, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the U.S.S. "Henderson," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about 10 Aug.

Capt. Merritt B. Curtis, detailed an Assistant Paymaster, effective 15 June.
1st Lt. James E. Shaw, Jr., relieved from duty with the Civilian Conservation Corps and ordered to return to MD, RS, San Francisco, Calif.

JUNE 5, 1934.
Maj. Arthur J. White, on 20 June detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

1st Lt. Frank J. Uhlig, detached MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay reporting to 12 July.

1st Lt. John G. Walraven, on 15 June detached MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. John A. White, on or about 15 June detached MB, SB, Coco Solo, I. C. Z., to MB, Quantico, Va., via first available commercial steamer.

The following named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated with rank from the dates shown: Col. Frederick A. Barker, 1 March, 1934 (No. 2); Lt-Col. Clarke H. Wells, 1 May, 1934; Maj. William W. Ashurst, 1 May, 1934; Capt. Ralph D. Leach, 1 May, 1934 (No. 1); Capt. George W. McHenry, 1 May, 1934 (No. 2) 1st Lt. Mercade A. Cramer, 1 May, 1934 (No. 1); ChfQmClk. James M. Fountain, 19 February, 1934.

JUNE 6, 1934.
Lt-Col. Edwin N. McClellan, on 15 June detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Maj. Thomas E. Thrasher, on 2 July detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Recruiting District of Los Angeles, Los Angeles, Calif. Authorized to delay one month en route.

Capt. Edward B. Moore, orders from Recruiting District of Portland, Portland, Ore., to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., modified to MD, RS, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

Capt. Lewis G. Merritt, on or after 1 July detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Aircraft Two, NAS, San Diego, Cal.

1st Lt. John M. Greer, on 2 July detached MD, U.S.S. "Reina Mercedes," NA, Annapolis, Md., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay reporting until 12 July.

1st Lt. William C. Lemly, on 9 June detached Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Dept., Wash., D. C., to V8 Squadron 14-M, U.S.S. "Saratoga."

1st Lt. Alfred R. Pefley, on 2 July detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay reporting until 12 July.

2nd Lt. Samuel B. Griffith, on 2 July detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va. Authorized to delay reporting until 12 July.

2nd Lt. Chandler W. Johnson, on 2 July detached MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay reporting until 12 July.

2nd Lt. Edgar O. Price, on 2 July detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay reporting until 12 July.

ChfPayClk. John J. Darlington, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., ordered to his home, and retired on 1 October, 1934.

On 1 July the following named officers detached stations indicated to MB, Quantico, Va., to report not later than 12 July:

1st Lt. Joseph W. Earnshaw, MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Archie V. Gerard, MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif.

1st Lt. George H. Potter, MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

1st Lt. Harold C. Roberts, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Robert S. Viall, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Samuel K. Bird, MCB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Max W. Schaeffer, MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

2nd Lt. William F. Parks, MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

JUNE 9, 1934

Capt. Robert S. Pendleton, on 15 June

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detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NTS, Newport, R. I.

ChfMarGnr. Henry Baptist, retired on 1 September.

ChfMarGnr. John J. Mahoney, retired on 1 September.

ChfMarGnr. William R. Perry, on 15 June detached MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., ordered to his home and retired on 1 October.

ChfPayClk. Delmar J. Dee, detached Office of the Assistant Paymaster, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

ChfPayClk. David H. McKee, detached Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., to Office of the Assistant Paymaster, San Francisco, Calif.

ChfPayClk. Leonard J. Straight, on 1 July detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

JUNE 11, 1934

Maj. Arnold W. Jacobsen, detailed an Assistant Quartermaster effective 20 July.

Capt. John K. Martenstein, detailed an Assistant Quartermaster effective 17 July.

Capt. Ery M. Spencer, detailed an Assistant Quartermaster effective 6 July.

1st Lt. Wilbur S. Brown, detached MB, NS, Guam, to Asiatic Station via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. Thomas A. Wornham, on 15 June detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

JUNE 14, 1934

Lt-Col. Harry G. Bartlett, about 15 July

detached First Brig. Haiti, to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., via first available commercial steamer.

Lt-Col. Edwin N. McClellan, orders from Hdqrs. Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., revoked. On 15 June detached Hdqrs. Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to First Brig. Haiti, via the S.S. "Cristobal" scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about 19 June.

1st Lt. James H. N. Hudnall, orders from MD, U.S.S. "Henderson" to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., modified to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Wilbur S. Brown, orders from MB, NS, Guam to Asiatic Station revoked. JUNE 16, 1934

Maj. Edwin P. McCauley, detailed an Assistant Quartermaster effective 1 August.

Capt. William F. Beattie, detailed an Assistant Quartermaster effective 1 August.

Capt. Howard M. Peter, detailed an Assistant Quartermaster effective 6 August.

Capt. Leland S. Swindler, AQM, on 2 July detached Hdqrs. Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. David K. Claude, on 16 June detached MD, U.S.S. "Medusa," to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

1st Lt. Harold D. Hansen, on or about 25 June detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va., to report not later than 30 June.

1st Lt. Howard R. Huff, about 5 July detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of the Pacific via the U.S.S. "Chau-mont" scheduled to sail from Shanghai on or about 6 July.

1st Lt. John G. Walraven, orders from MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va., revoked.

JUNE 20, 1934

Capt. Hal N. Potter, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the U.S.S. "Henderson" scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 27 June.

Capt. Frank D. Strong, assigned to duty at MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. Peter P. Schrider, orders from NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Aircraft One, MB, Quantico, Va., modified to Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Chesley G. Stevens, detached MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to Dept. of the Pacific via first available conveyance.

JUNE 21, 1934

Capt. Julian Passmore, on or about 20 July detached MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay reporting until 29 August.

1st Lt. David K. Claude, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MD, U.S.S. "Idaho."

1st Lt. Henry R. Paige, on reporting of his relief detached MD, U.S.S. "Idaho" to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force.

2nd Lt. Louis M. Heinrichs, on or about 2 July detached First Brig. Haiti to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force.

JUNE 23, 1934

Capt. Louis E. Woods, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va., to report not later than 28 Aug.

1st Lt. Herbert P. Becker, on or about 27 June detached Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C., to the Naval Aircraft Factory, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

1st Lt. Granville K. Frisbie, on 5 July detached MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force.

ChfPayClk. William B. Denison, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to Office of the Assistant Paymaster, San Francisco, Calif.

JUNE 25, 1934

Maj. Henry M. Butler, on or about 15 July, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H. Authorized one month's delay.

Maj. Peter Conachy, on or about 15 July detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Capt. Max Cox, on or about 15 July detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Capt. Charles W. Henkle, orders from NAS, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., modified to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Capt. Willard P. Luetze, on or about 15 July detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Capt. John P. McVey, on or about 15 July detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Capt. Samuel A. Milliken, on or about 16 July detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to report not later than 23 July.

Capt. John D. O'Leary, on or about 15 July detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Capt. Robert Yowell, on or about 15 July detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

1st Lt. Fitzhugh L. Buchanan, on or about 15 July detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

1st Lt. John S. Letcher, on or about 23 July detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force.

1st Lt. Henry T. Nicholas, on or about 16 July detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to report not later than 23 July.

1st Lt. Thomas C. Ferris, on or about 23 July detached MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to MB, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. Chester R. Allen, assigned to duty at MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

2nd Lt. George R. Weeks, on or about 23 July detached MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to MB, Washington, D. C.

JUNE 27, 1934

Maj. Ralph E. Davis, on 14 July detached Office of Naval Intelligence, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Francis E. Pierce, on 30 June detached Hdqs. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay one month enroute.

1st Lt. Harold D. Harris, about 25 Aug. detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., to report not later than 31 Aug.

1st Lt. William C. Purple, on 25 July detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga. Authorized to delay reporting until 31 Aug.

1st Lt. Morris L. Shively, about 25 Aug. detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., to report not later than 31 Aug.

1st Lt. Francis M. Wulbern, on or about 20 Aug. detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., to report not later than 31 Aug.

2nd Lt. George O. Van Orden on 10 July detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 51)

Sgt. John L. Banish—New London to Quantico.

Cpl. David Mayo—Quantico to San Diego.

Cpl. Robert S. Hall—Norfolk to Quantico.

JUNE 15, 1934

Cpl. Thomas F. Thompson—Iona Island to Norfolk.

JUNE 16, 1934

1st Sgt. Matthew I. Young—New York to U.S.S. "Henderson."

1st Sgt. Robert F. Harris—New York to U.S.S. "Tennessee."

1st Sgt. Maurice C. Vallandingham—U.S.S. "Tennessee" to Quantico.

1st Sgt. Hans O. Rasmussen—Quantico to U.S.S. "Mississippi."

1st Sgt. William E. Reusch—U.S.S. "Mississippi" to St. Julien's Creek.

Sgt. Joseph M. Broderick—NYd, Washington to Quantico.

JUNE 18, 1934

Sgt. Hiram N. Hunter—New York to Quantico.

Cpl. Oscar B. Weaver—Parris Island to MB, Washington.

Cpl. Howard A. Steele—West Coast to Portsmouth, N. H.

JUNE 21, 1934

Gy-Sgt. Carl Raines—Quantico to Guantanamo.

JUNE 22, 1934

1st Sgt. John C. Wright—Quantico to FMF.

Cpl. Vernon W. Rosemeier—U.S.S. "Saratoga" to FMF.

Cpl. John S. Cassel—Iona Island to Philadelphia.

Cpl. James W. Gahr—U.S.S. "Indianapolis" to Great Lakes.

Cpl. Troy L. Sykes—Dover to Hingham.

JUNE 27, 1934.

Cpl. Philip V. Adamczyk—Haiti to San Diego.

Cpl. Winslow Couch—Haiti to San Diego.

JUNE 28, 1934

PMSgt. John L. Seifert—West Coast to PM, Headquarters.

Sgt. William M. Jimmerson—Pensacola to Parris Island.

Cpl. Everett E. Williams—Quantico to FMF.

Cpl. Elmer H. Weiss—Coco Solo to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. Stephen A. Adalas—So. Charleston to Clerical School.

JUNE 29, 1934

Sup. Sgt. Wenzel G. T. Gregor—Haiti to Guantanamo.

Sup. Sgt. Jesse L. Massey—Guantanamo to Quantico.

JUNE 30, 1934

Cpl. Alvin J. Foerster—U.S.S. "New Mexico" to FMF.

Cpl. Harry D. Ryburn—U.S.S. "New Mexico" to FMF.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 51)

BETKO, Clement F., 6-19-34, at Portsmouth, N. H., for Portsmouth, N. H.

MAYER, Edward F., 6-15-34, at Mare Island for Cavite.

BAKER, John Wm., 6-18-34, at St. Julien's Creek for St. Julien's Creek.

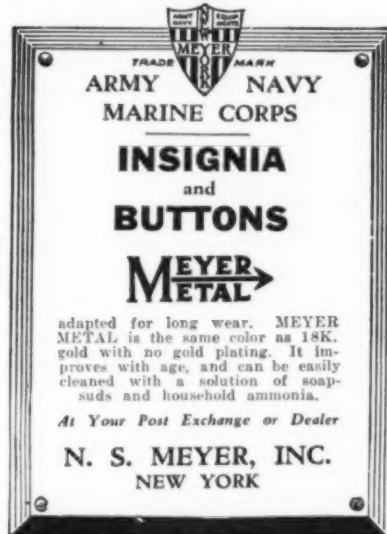
FENTRESS, Eugene R., 6-14-34, at Mare Island for Pensacola.

SALIMAN, John, 5-16-34, at Peiping for Peiping.

TEXLER, Martin Wm., 5-20-34, at Peiping for Peiping.

BRADLEY, Marvin, 6-16-34, at Pittsburgh for Quantico.

KNIGHT, Charles H., 6-16-34, at Philadelphia for Philadelphia.



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LaROQUE, Arthur N., 6-16-34, at Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

TOLSON, David C., 6-14-34, at Savannah for Parris Island.

HEATON, Frank H., 5-19-34, at Cavite for Cavite.

OLSON, Joseph W., 6-11-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

RIMES, James C., 6-11-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

WREN, Luther A., 6-16-34, at Norfolk for Norfolk.

COLLINS, Edward W., 6-14-34, at Chicago for Quantico.

EVANS, Thomas D., 6-13-34, at Chicago for Quantico.

CRAIG, Owen W., 6-14-34, at Parris Island for Parris Island.

JULSON, Maynard E., 6-15-34, at Quantico for Quantico.

McMILLAN, Daniel S., 6-14-34, Indian Head for Indian Head.

MARCOFSKY, Abe, 6-15-34, at New York for Cavite.

HANSFORD, Earl W., 6-12-34, at Chicago for Quantico.

DeWITT, Rodney R., 6-8-34, at Bremerton for Bremerton.

LUKASIK, Walter J., 6-14-34, at Washington for Washington.

LOGUE, Clifford M., 6-12-34, at Pittsburgh for Newport.

RODANSKI, Walter, 6-5-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

COX, Albert V., 6-11-34, at Parris Island for Parris Island.

WEIBEL, Albert R., 5-15-34, at Cavite for Cavite.

KRASCO, Fred, 6-11-34, at Boston for Quantico.

AGNEW, Lee, 6-10-34, at Yorktown for Yorktown.

CHARETTE, Joseph C., 6-7-34, at Mare Island for Pearl Harbor.

GARRISON, Victor T., 6-11-34, at Portsmouth, Va., for Parris Island.

HARMANN, William W., 5-31-34, at Port au Prince for OS 9M, Haiti.

JACKSON, Layne G., 6-10-34, at New York for New York.

SCHUETTEL, Fred Wm., 6-10-34, at Quantico for Quantico.

STANSLOW, John J., Jr., 6-2-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

COUGHENOUR, Norman D., 6-5-34, at Los Angeles for San Diego.

HULBURD, William C., 6-4-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

MUNARI, Herman J., 5-12-34, at Cavite for Cavite.

PETRIE, James G., 6-4-34, at Keyport for Keyport.

STUTTS, Richard M., 6-9-34, at Quantico for Quantico.

MULINA, Andrew, 6-8-34, at Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

DILL, William W., 6-6-34, at Chicago for Quantico.

SISSON, Walter C., 6-5-34, at San Francisco for San Francisco.

WILLIAMS, George E., 6-3-34, at Sunnyvale for Hawthorne.

ELDER, Sidney B., 6-7-34, at New York for Philadelphia.

McLEOD, Steven W., 6-6-34, at Pensacola for Pensacola.

PREMO, John Wm., 6-7-34, at New York for New York.

STRAUS, Joseph, 6-8-34, at Washington for Washington.

WELLS, Jack G., 6-7-34, at Norfolk for Norfolk.

ELMORE, Boyd W., 6-4-34, at Savannah for Parris Island.

KAMINSKI, Edward J., 6-5-34, on U.S.S. "Pensacola."

VAUGHN, Russell L., 6-6-34, Charleston for Coco Solo.

GARCELON, Frederick F., 5-14-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

LONG, James B., 6-3-34, at Great Lakes for Great Lakes.

MADDY, Leo S., 5-17-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

WATSON, William F., 6-5-34, on U.S.S. "Lexington" for San Diego.

WILMER, Clement F., 6-5-34, at Portsmouth, Va., for Portsmouth, Va.

ISAACSEN, Elmer E. Sr., 6-3-34, at Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

LYNN, Herbert D., 5-29-34, at Sunnyvale for Sunnyvale.

PERRY, Jake W., 6-4-34, at Norfolk for Norfolk.

PIERCE, Barry W., 5-11-34, at Shanghai for Shanghai.

WILLIAMS, Blaney J., 5-2-34, at Quantico for Quantico.

YOST, Harry R., 5-19-34, at Pearl Harbor for Pearl Harbor.

GLASGOW, Walter, 5-28-34, at Mare Island for Mare Island.

LEHMAN, Edwin R., 5-5-34, at Peiping for Peiping.

ROWE, Edward F., 5-28-34, at Mare Island for Mare Island.

RUBEN, Edward A., 6-1-34, at Portsmouth, N. H., for Portsmouth, N. H.

SCHMITT, Martin P., 5-26-34, at Mare Island for Mare Island.

SHORT, Paul S., 5-26-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

TURNER, John C., 5-28-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

SMITH, Jay T., 5-29-34, at New Orleans for Pensacola.

BABCOCK, Elton S., 5-30-34, at Quantico for Quantico.

PIGOTT, Zebidie W., 5-15-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

RUGGIERO, Gennaro, 5-29-34, at Boston for Cavite.

SZYKOWSKI, John V., 5-17-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

PROMOTIONS

TO SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:

Maxwell F. Dickerson.

TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND TECHNICAL

WARRANT:

Thomas F. Sweeney.

Robert D. Cullum.

Lewis J. Fields.

Ralph H. Glib.

Milligan G. Hereford.

Clifford G. Wulk.

TO CORPORAL, REGULAR WARRANT:

William B. Waesing.

Brice Maddox.

Leo L. Miotke.

William A. Dudley.

Edmund B. Walden.

James E. Williams.

Alonso T. Carpenter.

William S. Rice.

Garland B. Hespass.

Isom O. Selvy.

Plummer W. King.

Andrew W. Wylie.

Roland J. Fenner.

Everett C. Kalvin.

Gordon R. Holmgren.

William V. Lynes.

John A. Witt.

James W. Gahr.

TO CORPORAL, SHIP AND TECHNICAL

WARRANT:

Elbert H. Arndt.

Harold R. Hacker.

Matthew T. Kotch.

Frank G. Paul.

James M. Walker.

Lynn A. Rodolph.

Leon Kaiser.

Edward C. Hoefler.

Edward J. Herron.

Tom J. Stewart.

Norman A. Terpsten.

Loyal A. Macey.

William H. Livingston.

Chester E. Conary.

Roland E. Brandley.

Henry LeR. Fransen.

Jessie K. Base.

Culledge E. Curry.

Ernest G. Griffin.

Thomas H. Simpson.

William R. Clark.

Howard J. J. Weiss.

William J. Thomas.

Frank C. Hannon, Jr.

Robert J. Bynum.

Cromer W. Smith.

DEATHS

Officers

WRIGHT, John Newton, Major, USMC, retired, died June 17, 1934, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, Calif.; Next of kin: Mrs. Nettie G. Wright, wife, 2167 Fifth Ave., San Diego, Calif.

Enlisted Men

GREER, Alexander J., Staff Sergeant, USMC, died June 5, 1934, as result of being struck by airplane propeller at Quantico, Va. Next of kin: Thomas D. Greer, father, Felton, Del.

GULLEDGE, Horace J., Private, USMC, died June 21, 1934, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Canacao, P. I. Next of kin: Mr. Joel B. Gullledge, father, 500 Lipscomb Street, Fort Worth, Tex.

MATTHEWS, Wirt E., Private, USMC, died June 21, 1934, as result of an automobile accident at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Puget Sound, Wash. Next of kin: Mr. James W. Matthews, father, Jamestown, N. C.

POOL, Barney N., Private, USMC, died Apr. 15, 1934, of fracture of skull at Quantico, Va. Next of kin: Mr. Marshall A. Pool, father, Route 4, Statesville, N. C.

FAGAN, Barney, QM. Sgt., USMC, retired,

died May 28, 1934, of disease at San Francisco, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Jane Murtha, niece, 141 San Benito Way, San Francisco, Calif.

FITZGERALD, Michael, QM. Sgt., USMC, retired, died June 4, 1934, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Margaret McGuire, sister, 49 Palisade Road, Rye, N. Y.

McNAMARA, Daniel J., Sgt. Major, USMC, retired, died June 4, 1934, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs. D. Emblay, sister, Rumson, N. J., c/o Box 95, Seabright, N. J.

VANPOUCKE, Jacques L., Principal Muslim, USMC, retired, died June 23, 1934, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mr. Alfonso Vanpoucke, son, 4103 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

MITCHELL, George, Sergeant, Class II (d), FMCR, inactive, died June 1, 1934, of multiple crushing injuries of body as result of being run over by tractor at San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Helen W. Mitchell, wife, 2107 Fort Strockton Drive, San Diego, Calif.

BENEVILLE, Earl J., Private, Class IV (a), FMCR, inactive, died July 6, 1933, from asphyxiation, illuminating gas at Brooklyn, N. Y. Next of kin: Lillian Beneville, mother, 2 Forest Ave., Ridgewood, N. Y.

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NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Leave Manila 12 July; arrive Guam 18 July, leave 19 July; arrive Honolulu 29 July, leave 30 July; arrive San Francisco 7 August, leave 17 August; arrive San Pedro 19 August, leave 20 August; arrive Canal Zone 21 August, leave 22 August; arrive Port au Prince 31 August, leave 3 Sept.; arrive Port au Prince 6 Sept., leave 6 Sept.; arrive Guantanamo 7 Sept., leave 7 Sept.; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk 12 Sept.

CHAUMONT is scheduled to make two special trips to Port au Prince and return, departing N.O.B. Norfolk on 22 Sept. and 13 Oct., and tentatively scheduled to depart N.O.B. Norfolk about 8 Nov. for regular trip to the West Coast, and Asiatic Station.

HENDERSON—Leave Guantanamo 2 July; arrive Port au Prince 3 July, leave 3 July; arrive Canal Zone 6 July, leave 10 July; arrive San Diego 21 July, leave 23 July; arrive San Pedro 24 July, leave 25 July; arrive San Francisco 27 July, leave 10 August; arrive Honolulu 18 August, leave 21 August; arrive Guam 4 Sept., leave 5 Sept.; arrive Manila 11 Sept., leave 13 Oct.; arrive Guam 19 Oct., leave 20 Oct.; arrive Honolulu 2 Nov., leave 5 Nov.; arrive San Francisco 13 Nov.

NITRO—Leave San Diego 3 July; arrive Pearl Harbor 11 July, leave 23 July; arrive Puget Sound 2 August, leave 8 August; arrive Mare Island 11 August, leave 18

August; arrive San Pedro 20 August, leave 22 August; arrive San Diego 23 August, leave 25 August; arrive Canal Zone 4 Sept., leave 7 Sept.; arrive Port au Prince 10 Sept., leave 10 Sept.; arrive Guantanamo 11 Sept., leave 11 Sept.; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk 16 Sept.

RAMAPO—Operating temporarily under Commander Base Force.

SIRIUS—Leave Puget Sound Yd. 16 July; arrive Seattle 16 July, leave 24 July; arrive St. Paul-St. George-Dutch Harbor 30 July, leave 19 August; arrive Seattle 25 August, leave 31 August; arrive Puget Sound Yd. 31 August.

SALINAS—Operating temporarily under Commander Base Force.

VEGA—Leave Philadelphia 23 July; arrive Boston 30 July, leave 7 August; arrive New York 8 August, leave 16 August; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk 17 August, leave 3 Sept.; arrive Guantanamo 8 Sept., leave 8 Sept.; arrive Port au Prince 9 Sept., leave 10 Sept.; arrive Canal Zone 13 Sept., leave 17 Sept.; arrive San Diego 29 Sept., leave 2 Oct.; arrive San Pedro 3 Oct., leave 6 Oct.; arrive Mare Island 8 Oct., leave 20 Oct.; arrive Puget Sound 23 Oct., leave 1 Nov.; arrive Mare Island 4 Nov.

Headquarters Bulletin

COMMENDATION

Corporal Leslie Desadier, of the Marine Barracks, Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, has received from the Major General Commandant a letter of commendation for the prompt and efficient first aid treatment given a young man injured in an accident in the city of Norfolk, thereby probably saving his life.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—Fourth Marines (a): Does the Adjutant at Formal Guard Mount in resuming his post, after assigning the Officers and NCOs of the guard, pass around the officers and NCOs or does he immediately take his post?

Answer—The Adjutant at formal guard mount, in resuming his post after assigning officers and noncommissioned officers of the guard, does not pass around the officers and noncommissioned officers, but moves directly to his post after making the last assignment. This assignment of officers and noncommissioned officers is not an inspection of officers and noncommissioned officers. If there is no officer on duty with the guard, the adjutant, later in the formation, inspects the guard which includes all members of it. If there is an officer on duty with the guard, he is commanded to inspect the guard, but while he is doing so, the adjutant observes the general conditions of the guard which includes those men who were previously assigned posts by the adjutant. (Reference: Landing Force Manual, U. S. Navy, 5-31c (3), (4) and (5).)

Q. (b): The guard being in column of Platoons, ready to pass in review:—A NCO armed with a rifle has been regularly detailed as the Commander of the Guard:—The adjutant commands "Pass in review, forward, march." When does the Commander of the Guard (a NCO armed with a rifle) come to the right shoulder? At the starting of the march or before?

Answer (b)—The noncommissioned officer armed with the rifle, acting as commander of the guard, comes to the right shoulder with the guard. "In all formations and movements, a noncommissioned officer commanding a platoon or company, carries his rifle as the men do, if he is so armed. He takes the same post as prescribed for an officer in command. When giving commands, making reports, or drill-

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ing a unit his rifle is at right shoulder if he is so armed." Previous to the command Pass in Review; Forward March; the commander of the guard armed with the rifle will be at the order. The command, Pass in Review, is given by the adjutant and, therefore, the noncommissioned officer in command of the guard will come to the right shoulder with the guard. If the commander of the guard has been in the habit of repeating the adjutant's command, Forward March, he naturally will come to the right shoulder before giving his command, Forward. If this has been done, it is unnecessary. Landing Force Manual, Par. 1-13-L states: "Commanders or leaders of sub-divisions repeat commands whenever repetition is deemed necessary to insure prompt and correct execution." The formal guard mount is a ceremony in which the size of the unit is such that all concerned can hear the adjutant's command without having the command repeated. It would appear, if formal guard mounting involves sufficient troops to have the guard pass in review in a column of platoons and there is no commissioned officer acting as commander of the guard, the use of a noncommissioned officer who is not armed with the rifle would be warranted. (Reference Landing Force Manual, 5-31d (6), (7), (8), (9), (10) and 1-12e.

Q. (c): At the command "Posts" given by the First Sergeant of the company, does the Platoon Sergeant face to the right and march to his post in line of file closers or does he about face and then march to his post in the file closers? (He is three paces in front and center of his platoon before the command "Post" is given by the first sergeant.)

Answer (c)—At the command, "Posts," given by the first sergeant of the company the regulations are not explicit as to the movements made by the platoon sergeant, but merely state "The platoon sergeants take their posts." Training Regulations 420-50, paragraph 25 (3), and 420-45, paragraph 13 (b), throw some light on the question; these prescribe that in executing any movement officers and noncommissioned officers maintain a military bearing and precision of movement, and that a new post be taken by the most convenient and direct route, except where otherwise prescribed. If the platoon sergeants about face at the command, "Posts," they then must make another facing to the left before moving to their post. These two movements maintain a military bearing and precision of movement, but the change of position is not taken by the most convenient and direct route, which would be right face and then step out to resume their posts. At the command "Posts," given by first sergeant, the platoon sergeants will execute right (left) face and step out to resume their posts.

Q.—Captain, San Diego: Landing Force Manual prescribes that, in assembling of the pack, the bayonet is placed in the scabbard, "eye to the front"; Training Regulations, that the bayonet is placed in the scabbard, "ring to the rear." Information is requested as to which should govern.

Answer—The Marine Corps is governed by the provisions of the Landing Force Manual. However, the Board to Recommend Uniform Method of Display of Uniform and Equipment for Inspections, has included in its recommendations to the Major General Commandant that the eye of the bayonet be to the rear, as the bayonet is more easily extracted from that position. The change will be published after the recommendations of the Board are approved by the Major General Commandant.

Q.—First Sergeant, San Diego: Information is requested as to what books used by the Marine Corps contain instructions as to entrenching tools carried by each man by number, front and rear rank, of a squad, rifle company?

Answer—This has also been considered by a Board and will be published when approved.

Q.—NCO, Shanghai, China: Can the answers given in the Headquarters Bulletin be construed as "Official Answers," and used in preparing various paper work in an office and also settling differences of opinion on drill?

Answer—Answers in Headquarters Bulletin are official in respect to opinions stated, but are not to be regarded as orders. Questions arising in paper work or drill are settled by the officer or noncommissioned officer in charge or in command.

MARKSMANSHIP COMPENSATION (M. C. O. 74) MARINE CORPS ORDER) NO. 74

HEADQUARTERS
U. S. MARINE CORPS,
Washington, June 25, 1934

MARKSMANSHIP QUALIFICATION — Marine Corps Order No. 57, dated May 16, 1933, is hereby rescinded effective June 30, 1934. Effective July 1, 1934, paragraph 3 of Marine Corps Order No. 46, dated July 1, 1932, is hereby amended to read as follows:

3. For purposes of additional compensation, enlisted men who have qualified as expert riflemen are designated as first-class and will be paid \$5 per month additional compensation during the period of qualification as otherwise set forth in the Marine Corps Manual and Marine Corps Orders.

For purposes of additional compensation, enlisted men who have qualified as sharpshooters are designated as third-class and will be paid \$3 per month additional compensation during the period of qualification as otherwise set forth in the Marine Corps Manual and Marine Corps Orders.

No additional compensation for qualification as marksman will be paid.

JOHN H. RUSSELL,
Major General Commandant.

Approved:
H. L. ROOSEVELT
Acting Secretary of the Navy

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HIGH SCORE (Rifle)—Officers and men attaining a score of 325 or better over the regular qualification course for the target year 1934 according to reports of target practice covering qualifications for Marksmanship Qualification Order No. 4.

Cpl. Leonard A. Oderman	337
Cpl. Thomas E. Richards	335
Pvt. Harold A. Barrett	332
Pvt. Russell M. Catron	332
Cpl. Harold C. Borth	331
Cpl. Willard Brown	330
MT-Sgt. Cyril A. Gould	329
1st Sgt. Theodore Knapp	329
Cpl. Roice L. Biffle	329
Cpl. Louis E. Easley	329
Pvt. Robert C. Marshall	329
Pvt. Emmitt Perdue	329
Pvt. Milton D. Wolgamott	329
Gy-Sgt. Ensle G. Abrahams	328
Gy-Sgt. Frederick E. Sparling	328
Pfc. Willard R. Baker	328
Sgt. Julius Rich	327
Cpl. Howard E. Warren	327
Pfc. Alexis A. Jedonoff	327
Pvt. Melvin L. Rankin	327
2nd Lt. Raymond B. Hurst	326
1st Sgt. Thomas O. Kelly	326
Sgt. Green B. Evans	326

RIFLE QUALIFICATION FIRING AT THE PRINCIPAL RANGES SO FAR RECORDED FOR THE TARGET YEAR 1934

	Experts	Sharpshooters	Marksmen	Unqual.	Qual.
Camp Wesley Harris	41-34%	40-33%	30-24%	11-9%	91%
Hasco	87-13%	183-28%	295-46%	83-13%	87%
Cape Haitien	12-13%	18-20%	41-46%	19-21%	78%
Guantanamo Bay	15-10%	24-18%	42-28%	65-44%	58%
Hongkew	45-8%	120-22%	250-46%	129-24%	76%
Maquinaya	24-30%	26-32%	25-31%	5-6%	94%
Mare Island	20-9%	56-27%	82-39%	53-25%	75%
PARRIS ISLAND					
Post Orgs.	52-33%	41-26%	51-32%	13-9%	91%
Recruits	65-7%	192-19%	449-45%	284-29%	71%
Puolca Point	40-25%	64-40%	43-27%	14-8%	92%
SAN DIEGO					
Base Orgs.	48-26%	49-27%	63-35%	22-12%	88%
Recruits	4-2%	27-11%	88-37%	117-50%	50%
Sumay, Guam	14-25%	8-14%	23-41%	11-20%	80%
Other Ranges	43-16%	52-20%	114-43%	56-21%	79%
MARINE CORPS	510-13%	902-23%	1596-41%	882-23%	77%

Sgt. Irving N. Kelly	326
Sgt. Joseph C. Mattie	326
Pfc. Albert J. Miller	326
Pfc. Walter J. Wells	326
Pvt. Junius D. Baker	326
Pvt. Buford M. White	326
Str-Sgt. Joseph G. Vogt	325
Pfc. Lynn A. Rodolph	325
Pvt. Otis R. Shaw	325

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT

Cpl. Valentine J. Kravitz — HIGH SCORE (Pistol)—Officers and enlisted men attaining a percentage of 94 or better over the pistol qualification course for the target year 1934 according to reports of target practice covering qualifications for Marksmanship Qualification Order No. 4:

Pfc. Pierce S. Knapp	97
1st Lt. Ion M. Bethel	96
1st Sgt. Theodore Knapp	96
Gy-Sgt. John Hamas	96
Gy-Sgt. Thomas W. Reynolds	96
Cpl. John B. MacDougall, Jr.	96
Pvt. Carl L. Propet	96
Gy-Sgt. William C. Lewis	95
Gy-Sgt. John C. Miller	95
Cpl. Harold C. Borth	95
Pfc. Egbert V. Ross	95
2nd Lt. Julian G. Humiston	94
1st Sgt. Jack Salesky	94
Gy-Sgt. Ollie "S" Royalty	94
Sgt. John A. Burns	94

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT

Gy-Sgt. Joseph R. Tiete	97
Cpl. Valentine J. Kravitz	97
Pfc. Pierce S. Knapp	97
Pfc. Harvie C. Sheets	97
Pvt. Thomas A. Stroope	97

TARGET PRACTICE

HAWTHORNE MARINES WIN—In a 10-man team match, the team from the Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot, Hawthorne, Nev., defeated the Carson City Rifle Club, Carson City, Nev., by a score of 1627 to 1487, a margin of 140 points. The match was held on 20 May, 1934, at the Naval Ammunition Depot range.

THE WENATCHEE RIFLE CLUB THIRD ANNUAL SHORT RANGE RIFLE TOURNAMENT was fired at Wenatchee, Wash., 28-29 April, 1934. A team from the Marine Barracks, Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash., consisting of two officers and ten enlisted men, participated in this tournament. There was a total of four .30 caliber matches fired, one of which was a team match, together with aggregates for slow fire standing, rapid fire at 200 and 300 yards, and grand aggregate. The Marine team consisting of Sgt. John C. Blodgett and Sgt. Clarence J. Anderson won the (2-man) team match, while the standing aggregate was won by Sgt. Clarence J. Anderson.

Washington State Rifle Association Annual Rifle Matches

A team from the Marine Barracks, Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash., participated in the Annual Rifle Matches of the Washington State Rifle Association, fired at Fort Lewis, Wash., 26-29 May, 1934, and won two individual matches, two team matches, placed second in two team matches; won three perpetual challenge trophies, and 18 individual places. The team was captained by 1st Lt. Andrew J. Mathiesen.

Pearl Harbor Marines vs Hawaiian National Guard

On 20 May, 1934, a rifle team from the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Pearl Harbor, T. H., defeated the 298th Infantry, Hawaiian National Guard in a 10-man team match by a score of 2656 to 2610. The match was fired over the National Match Course.

MARINE ODDITIES



IF I WAS THE
MGC I'D--
ETC. ETC.

MAYBE HE WILL BE SOMEDAY! IT JUST
ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT CONGRESS
COULD APPOINT A BUCK PRIVATE AS
MAJOR GENERAL COMMANDANT OF
THE MARINE CORPS.

THE FRENCH FOURREGERE, WORN LOOPE
AROUND THE SHOULDER OF U.S. TROOPS
DECORATED WITH THE CROIX DE GUERRE,
ORIGINALLY WAS A HANGMAN'S NOOSE.
A FLEMISH REGIMENT WHICH HAD RUN AWAY
IN BATTLE WENT INTO THEIR NEXT ENGAGEMENT
WEARING A SHORT LENGTH OF ROPE WITH A
SPIKE ATTACHED--TO MAKE IT EASY FOR THE
DUKE OF ALVA TO CARRY OUT A THREATENED
HANGING. IN THE BATTLE THEY REDEEMED
THEMSELVES SO GLORIOUSLY, THE ROPE AND
SPIKE BECAME A SYMBOL OF COURAGE.



MAJOR PERCY CROSBY, USMCR
CREATOR OF THE FAMOUS "SKIPPY"
(HONORARY CORPORAL, USMC) IS NOT
ONLY NOTED AS A CARTOONIST, BUT
ALSO AS AN ARTIST OF SERIOUS
PAINTINGS. HE HAS WON THE WARMEST
PRAISE FROM ART CRITICS IN EUROPE
WHERE HE IS BETTER KNOWN FOR HIS
SPORT PAINTINGS.



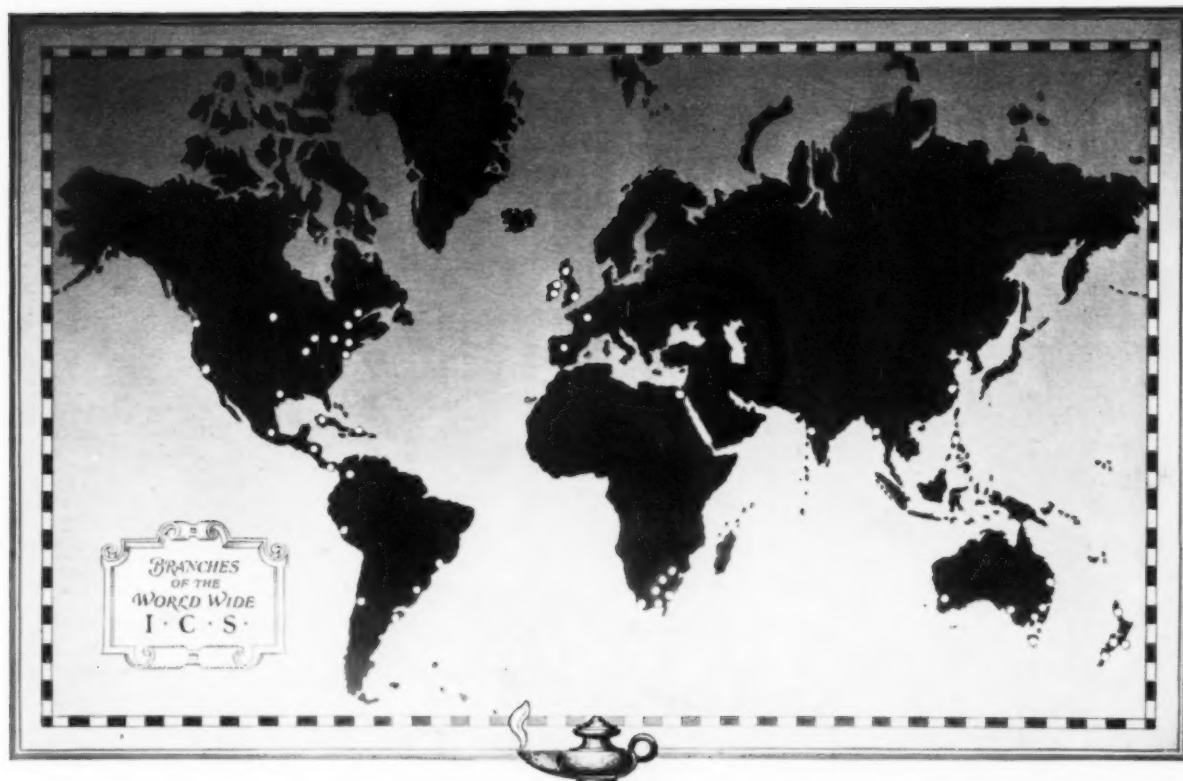
CLAYTON LINDSAY, A MEMBER OF
THE U.S. MARINE BAND OWNS A
SOLID GOLD FLUTE, ONE OF THE
VERY FEW IN EXISTENCE.



THE U.S. FRIGATE CONSTITUTION "OLD IRONSIDES"
TOOK 1,100 PRISONERS DURING THE
WAR OF 1812. THE WHOLE U.S. NAVY
DID NOT LOSE DURING THE ENTIRE
WAR THAT MANY OFFICERS, SAILORS
AND MARINE PRISONERS.

Ilkym

The EMPIRE of the LAMP



ALEXANDER dreamed of empire and conquered the Orient. Caesar pushed his legions to the misty edge of the North, and claimed the world for Rome. The ships of Columbus cruised the coasts of unknown continents and Magellan carried his nation's flag around the globe.

But no empire of conquest or discovery has ever reached as vast an area of the earth's surface as the far-flung student organization of the International Correspondence Schools — the Empire of the Lamp.

Not only has this great institution extended its service to more than three and a quarter million students in the United States and Canada; in forty other countries, all over the world, more than half a million men have enrolled for home instruction with the I. C. S. It is said of the British Empire that the

sun never sets on its dominions. And equally true is the statement that the study lamps of I. C. S. students are never dimmed. Somewhere they burn always, lighting the way to achievement.

In Shanghai a young Chinese bends above his engineering paper. "The supporting strength of a concrete beam . . ." he writes. And ten years hence he will be a builder of the new China.

In Melbourne a clerk is studying salesmanship, and in Madrid an importer is learning English. All up and down the world and on the high seas, through every hour of the twenty-four, men are at work beneath the lamp.

There are over 491,496 I. C. S. students in Great Britain and Ireland. Nearly 150,000 have joined the Schools in Latin America, and the number increases swiftly year by year. The little

country of Colombia alone furnished a total of 1500 new enrolments in the year 1928.

Branch offices of the I. C. S. are maintained in many foreign capitals, and they have proved of great help to ambitious students. In the London Office alone, two hundred and fifty people are employed.

The International Correspondence Schools have more than justified their name. They have become a major influence in world affairs; a student brotherhood that knows no boundaries of race or flag. They present, today, an educational service as far-reaching as the mails, and as enduring as Man's desire for knowledge.

If you wish to know more about the work of the I. C. S., write for the booklet, "The Business of Building Men."

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

FOUNDED 1891
SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

MEMBER, NATIONAL
HOME STUDY COUNCIL



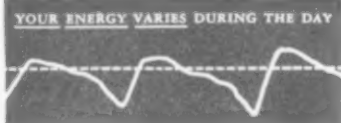
WORN OUT...and then he smoked a Camel!



"DOG-TIRED" AFTER WORK...with a long evening ahead...and dinner time still an hour away! Just one of the many times during the day when you will want to light up a Camel—for restoring your flow of healthful energy. You'll like Camels—a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

FOUND

**Important Facts for
Smokers Discovered
by Science!**



*Experience of Camel smokers
is now Explained*

From a famous research laboratory in New York comes a basic discovery that throws new light on our past knowledge about cigarettes. It embodies an "energizing effect"... a harmless restoration of the flow of natural body energy... a delightful relief from fatigue and irritability. When you smoke a Camel you enjoy an increase in your flow of energy. And this benefit you get from smoking Camels can be enjoyed over and over again... *without upsetting your nerves.*

Copyright, 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

**Let CAMELS increase
your flow of ENERGY**

Tired? Light a Camel. And as you enjoy its cool, pleasing fragrance, you feel a new flow of energy... a quick and delightful "energizing effect."

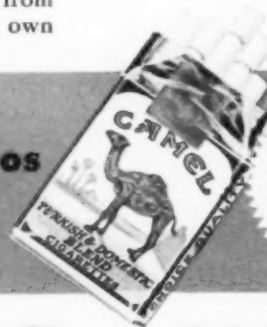
You've probably noticed this yourself and wondered how it happened. The "lift" you get from Camels is a release of your own

natural energy...made easily and harmlessly available.

So when you're feeling "all in," smoke a Camel. That tired feeling slips away. Camels have helped your own body to help itself.

You can smoke just as many of these delightful Camels as you want. And you need *never* worry about your nerves. For Camel's costlier tobaccos *never* get on your nerves.

**CAMELS
Costlier Tobaccos
never get on
your Nerves**



Camels are
made from finer,
**MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS** than
any other popular
brand.

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

